

Lawrence Arms "106 South"

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our trip had ended i didn't know what I had to do who
really cares at all we had to get away somehow we
settled on a place where the open road had closed and
we tried too many times before and i spent the night
alone with three things on my mind money - bills-pills-
thrills and girls (i've been) looking through the pages
of some magazine that i've read a thousand times the
food all starts to taste the same and it's 6:09am and
there's nothing on tv and I'm fucked just look at me
watching the simpsons afraid to call you i know i
fucked up i know i owe you seven hundred please don't
hate me i'll get a job and i'll pay you back somehow one
more night alone and you can take it there'll be more
tomorrow same magazine and tasteless food same tv
screen same shitty mood and i feel like it can't get
worse

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