

Lawrence Arms "All The Week"

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misleading utterings shadow boxer right hook mood
swings my endurance test i coughed and bled and
caught my breath tender in a burning sense the way we
spoke when we were silent repressed in living scenes
black and white like old t.v.s screens front porch
confessional bottled feelings finally smashed against
the wall this is the virus sitting in silence armed with
expression with vague misconceptions came to me in a
bleeding dream on filtered avenues of light blue
serenity turned red angrily thought provoking in a
distant tense a perfect paragraph of broken narrative
these dusty floors don't seem to come clean anymore
i'm watered down evaporated from the ground
connections faltering dehydrated when the phone
rings

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