

Lawrence Arms

"Asa Phelps Is Dead"

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hey brother can you spare the time? skin and bones
that's melting in a backwards way to grow. out of heart
and out of mind, and kiss me in the rearview when you
go ... dying at 23, i'm trying on my apathy with a tired
conversation floating in this ether sky, tried again too
many times, and doesn't it get worse ... sit and stare
seems like we're running out of dimes. bodies that we
burn as fuel, irreversible decline. pocket lint and
turpentine warm my insides, wash these ashes from
my eyes death with an attitude, i'm putting on my
sunday suit tired as a conversation held one too many
times a year or two or three or ten or twenty more ...
waiting

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