

## Lawrence Arms "Brickwall Views"

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don't break too many hearts. don't take too many  
arrows in the chest. cry comfortably, let us all know  
what you're thinking. is there a gesture i could use to  
clearly express i'm at an utter loss for words? is there a  
part of you that's torn? that's larger than life? that'll  
hold on for one more night? i've got a speech to make.  
followed by a big parade. northside. closed eyes. all  
charades go on forever. hands tied with fools pride. in  
a slowly fleeing summer. just throw your hands up at  
the sky. no use trying to explain this. the clouds are  
mirrors. i'm disguised. i'm not all that entertaining. the  
city looks the same until you notice smaller changes. it  
still knows us all by name. it holds us close to its heart  
(now repeat) all my hopes are unaligned. this diagnosis  
is self-designed. northside. closed eyes. all charades  
go on forever. ands tied with fools pride. in a slowly  
fleeing summer. empty rooms don't have pictures to  
talk to. brickwall views demand uninspired afternoons.  
the days are flooding into months. the nights are  
staring into centuries. i've got some older pictures of  
people i see once every couple years. intrigued or  
unamazed. "you were so much different back in those  
days." and now this smile has a bitter curve. now these  
eyes are unenchanted. and all we see is a faded image  
of what we used to be. how can we relate when we  
don't know a thing about each other anymore? is there  
a gesture i could use to clearly express i'm at an utter  
loss for words.

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