

Lawrence Arms "Eighteen Inches"

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face down on the ground. stormclouds lie in white
snowpiles all around. i don't know if i can make it
throughone more winter in this town. voted worst in
show the last two years. i got a refill on my tears-
another bottle of foam yellowed clear. the old man
twitching on the train reminds us of mortality, the snow
everywhre reminds us of the rain. and my burned and
brittle skin, cracked and blistered in the wind is
testament to repetition as the impossible happens
again. q: so, what's your new years revolution? a: take
off those ten unsightly pounds. the snow is piling
higher and your face is growing closer to the ground.
raising your glass at the office party or photocopying
your secretary's ass is no less pathetic than our self
righteously self important tasks of barfing rhetoric on
shiny table tops as our collars and turtlenecks choke us
right there in the coffee shops. winter will not wait for
you. ironically, your worst dream has come true:
pontification means nothing when i woke up and looked
around, i foun that my dreams had melted into dirty
puddles on the ground

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