

Lawrence Arms

"Hey, What Time Is 'Pensacola: Wings Of Gold' On Anyway?"

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It's killing time. The TV's on with a bottle of shit. Buried Needle. The record player has forgotten not to spin, so, you're feeling useless? Well, the bidding starts at \$19.95. And while the survey says 'cheers and applause' another hour dies. Jacking off again. 40 oz in the fridge. Have these dreams put to sleep. So call me up and tell me something. I'm dying to believe. I dunno. I don't care. I just sit and stare now. I don't think. I just listen to the drone of this old being. (I just listen to the voice of this machine) Friday night, steppin out and talkin to the same fucking people. "So, how's your family?" "How was school?" Conversation strain. Force endurance from this class. It's 11:45. Two more hours lumber past and I feel like I tried. (Sight of profound apathetic despair) Fucking off again. Talking to this bitch, She hates me. I hate her. So shut me up and take me somewhere. I'm dying to leave.

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