

Lawrence Arms "I'll Take What's In The Box, Monty"

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the sky burns black blue bruised over these lights from
the station, these shitty cars, these liquor store signs.
let's walk and pretend that we're at the of this scraping,
this burning, this "the hard way" learning. i'm sick.
you're tired. oh yeah. the leaves lay in graves on
cracked sidewalk tiles and on backs bent concave
under weights. i'm not fine, and i'm not the one crying.
it can happen to your well, i'd love to believe. but i'm
slamming this bottle on this same damned street. i've
melted. i've felt it. it stings worse than pain. apathy,
exhaustion, it all seems the same, fire away. sit next to
me, we can talk or just kiss. you can rub my palm and
say better than this your smile makes me cry when it's
not on there right, and i'm not fine and i'm not the one
crying ... i'm dragginh you down because i'm lonely
and i need you around. so smile and sleep ... and in the
morning creep out the door. i dunno what you stayed
this long for. fire away.

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