

## Lawrence Arms

# "Recovering The Opposable Thumb"

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Is there any hope for us, or are the rumors true?  
Are we just the mulch and kindling that accrues?  
Can we recover from this?

I've seen expressions in department stores.  
I've smelled regression wafting up from these shores.  
This is not a celebration of slipping through some  
crack.  
This is sloth and devastation and we're the resulting  
trash.

Count all your fingers tonight.  
And believe what you find!  
(I'm sick of making small talk in this rotting chowline.)

Can we recover?  
We cover our heads and run for the gutter!

Toby Keith's horses and Toby Keith's men  
finally put us all in our place.  
It's a wonderful hug when there's so much MORE to  
love,  
when there's steaks and hearts jammed in your face.

This is the fucking slop line and we're scratching with  
our hooves.  
How much of evolution must we finally disprove?

Count all your fingers tonight.  
I can't believe what we find.  
Can we recover?  
We cover our heads and we run for the gutter!

Dear Mother,  
I'm sorry. There was nowhere left to run.  
We fought and we fought until our bullets ran out,  
and they took us one by one.  
Dear Mother,  
Im sorry. We had just barely begun.  
This will be the last letter from your only son.  
Yeah I do not believe!  
Recover as one...

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