

## Lawrence Arms

# "The Corpses Of Our Motivations"

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catching up in the basement that i call home.  
dismantling discussions on a piss soaked telephone.  
i'm all grown up. i've thrown up these feelings lots  
before. you're sitting in the park while i'm staring at the  
door enough self mutilation. i've waterlogged and  
choked one hundred beers, another week ensconced  
in yellowsmoke i'm no devil, i just have these demons  
keeping me awake, pushing on my go-leg, laughing at  
cut brakes. the corpse of my motivation hangs in the  
closet to the comfort of the grave. this coffin's full of  
nails, rails and pipe and glass, rotting under yellow  
growing grass. five in the chamber and i'm flying  
through the air. i've tied my blindfold tightly, i'm  
cutting my hair. i'm a bullet and a target, and i'm  
drenched in splattered blood. i've learned my lesson  
one time but once isn't enough. so dry your hands,  
wash 'em clean of me. wave your victor's flag on your  
pile of debris because when you die like a hero, you  
live like a slave. i'd rather die to see it change than live  
and watch it stay the same where the corpses of my  
motivations hang on the gallows over-ripe with shit like  
colostomy bags (pie anyone?) there's a party in the  
woods and a dance in city streets and a rumble down  
the avenue of fifty thousand stomping feet. and the  
fire is getting high, igniting sweaty powdered brows.  
and if he hasn't saved you yet, he isn't gonna save you  
now, ...and you're more beautiful than you were on the  
day that we first met. my angel of the not yet buried  
dead.

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