

Lawrence Arms "The Last One"

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tired of these drunken evenings listening to my
staggered breathing nowhere to fall back in but to
sleep you're beautiful in dreams where words pour
from my mouth in streams rivers i could never recreate
i dreamed you traced worlds against my back i
dreamed you'd never known me last night i said that
this would be my last you took up so many pages the
same dead words in different phrases so much i'm
almost out of ink woke up january rain idly sliding down
the window pane i had a dream you taught me how to
speak i wrench my hands around my neck cuz i didn't
speak cuz i was suffocating it's about time i started to
believe i promise this will be the last one

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