

Lawrence Arms, The "106 South"

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Our trip had ended
I didn't know what I had to do
Who really cares at all?
We had to get away somehow
We settled on a place
Where the open road had closed
And we tried too many times before

And I spent the night alone
With three things on my mind
Money, bills, and girls
Money, pills, and girls
Money, thrills, and girls

(I've been) looking through the pages
Of some magazine that I've read a thousand times
And the food all starts to taste the same
And it's 6:09 AM
And there's nothing on TV
And I'm fucked just look at me

Watching Simpsons
Afraid to call you
I know I fucked up
I know I owe you
Seven hundred
Please don't hate me
I'll get a job and I'll pay you back
Somehow

One more night alone and you can take it
There'll be more tomorrow
Same magazine and tasteless food
Same TV screen same shitty mood

And I feel like it can't get worse
And I feel like it can't get worse
And I feel like it can't get worse
And I feel like it can't get worse

