

Lawrence Arms, The

"3am Qvc Shopping Spree Hangover"

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Limp lines resign
Limp lines resign
Limp lines resign themselves to margins

Like a drunken vampire, I miss the sun
I killed this summer, now it's done
Let's split and reconvene in a warmer space
I'm scratching my head turning nights to days

Don't talk to me about boredom
Don't talk to me about pride
I sucked it all up, I swallowed it down
And it's fine

Gangrene hangs on every word
Bullshit endings to stories unheard
It's unheard of to me to not fathom doom
So, what did you find in my emperor's tomb?

Some notebooks, some tee-shirts, some bad spelling
errors
Strangled syntax, broken bottles and chairs

This here is my legacy
I leave all of this to thee
This here is my legacy
I leave all of this to thee
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Don't talk to me about boredom
Don't talk to me about pride
I sucked it all up, I swallowed it down
And it's fine

Limp lines resign
Limp lines resign
Limp lines resign themselves to margins

Drink at the funeral

Piss on the corpse
Yell at the sun till your voice is all hoarse
I'm gone
This is good bye
I'm gone
This is good bye

Drink at the funeral
Piss on the corpse
Yell at the sun till your voice is all hoarse
I'm gone
This is good bye
I'm gone
This is good bye

I'm gone
This is good bye
Dead as a dream beneath a grey Chicago sky

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