

Lawrence Arms, The "A Boring Story"

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No more smiles and no more outrage
Apathy pervasive emotions narcoleptic
No more smiles since fucking Sunday
Sinking feelings drinking early stinking septic
Stinking like a dream

Spoken outside in outside voices
Struck silent into shuddering and cold ground padded
noises
Sucking myself up a truth that I don't need
Last nights I don't believe
No slowing down

No faces smile no lips that frown
Grey to neutral every synapse
Stinking thoughts a pool of dinner
Wipe my mouth and hope to die

This street is cold early morning noises
This body reeling ugly early morning choices
No more drinks 'til fucking noon
Rotten teeth and gums a blackening that sets in soon
And an all revealing smile
Just falling down

Won't make these hours turn around
I wish I could remember what I'm trying to forget

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