

## Lawrence Arms, The "All The Week"

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Misleading utterings  
Shadow boxer right hook mood swings  
My endurance test  
I coughed and bled and caught my breath  
Tender in a burning sense  
The way we spoke when we were silent  
Repressed in living scenes  
Black and white like old TV's screens  
Front porch confessional  
Bottled feelings finally smashed against the wall

This is the virus  
Sitting in silence  
Armed with expression with vague misconceptions  
Came to me in a bleeding dream  
On filtered avenues of light  
Blue serenity  
Turned red angrily  
Thought provoking in a distant tense  
A perfect paragraph of broken narrative

These dusty floors  
Don't seem to come clean anymore  
I'm watered down  
Evaporated from the ground  
Connections faltering  
Dehydrated when the phone rings

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