

## Lawrence Arms, The "An Evening Of Extraordinary Circumstance"

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Tonight I'll sit around pushing my shit down the drain  
Using a plunger and a clothespin while I wrangle with  
the chain

Tonight I'll have potato chips  
Watch my favorite shows  
Then watch some infomercials  
Then watch some TV snow

Tonight I'll have 9 or 10 beers  
Tonight I'll talk on the telephone mindlessly until my  
ear  
Burns from the feeling from the strain of active nothing  
Tonight I'll avoid my hopes and fears

Tonight I'll play shit loads of video games  
Tonight I'll decide too late to go get on the train  
And play out my stupid, misguided version of fun  
Tonight I'll get stupid fucking drunk  
And be an idiot, ashamed of what I've done

Tonight I'll bang out another shitty song that's  
unsatisfying  
It's been so fucking long  
Since it really felt any other way  
Tonight I'll crumple up these lyrics  
And throw them away

Tonight I'll make promises I know I'll never keep  
Tonight I'll talk on the telephone wishing I had the  
energy to sleep  
Tonight I'll sit around and bitch  
Tonight I'll get hungry staring at the mustard in my  
empty fridge

Maybe tomorrow I won't smoke no cigarettes  
Maybe tomorrow I won't look back on tonight with vomit  
soaked regrets  
Maybe tomorrow I won't drown myself in spite  
Maybe tomorrow I could try  
And tomorrow could be better than tonight

Sleep well and dream  
Plastic pillows that give way to someplace green  
Sleep well and dream

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