

Lawrence Arms, The "Another Boring Story"

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Displacement, the basement, isolation cemented,
Relented six stairs down
Naked bulb, tired lungs, tired eyes, crooked thumbs
Not up but sideways for now

The rise and fall and gentle drops
Precipitation never stops
I pulled the clouds
Inside me and now it's raining again

Cried in my sleep last night for the first time
Dying while i live,
Living where we die

Futility abounds
Futility abounds
Futility abounds
Futility abounds six feet deep beneath the coffee
grounds

These ashtrays are volcanoes now
Apartments burn in red and brown
Salt the earth and never grow
Notice ashes look like snow
Falling and just sitting there
More trash than the county fair
The smell of crowds, a burning nose
A smell familiarly morose
Half-assed attempt only to fail
Half-assed reflection ghostly pale
You're waving while I disappear
Ashes cementing my fear, go!

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