

Lawrence Arms, The "Asa Phelps Is Dead"

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Hey brother can you spare the time?
Skin and bones that's melting in a backwards way to
grow
Out of heart and out of mind,
And kiss me in the rearview when you go

Dying at 23,
I'm trying on my apathy with a tired conversation
Floating in this ether sky,
Tried again too many times,
And doesn't it get worse
Sit and stare

Seems like we're running out of dimes
Bodies that we burn as fuel,
Irreversible decline
Pocket lint and turpentine

Warm my insides,
Wash these ashes from my eyes
Death with an attitude,
I'm putting on my Sunday suit
Tired as a conversation held one too many times
A year or two or three or ten or twenty more

Waiting

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