

## Lawrence Arms, The "Beyond The Embarrassing Style"

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Is it hard for you to sleep at night,  
The powder glowing in your smile?  
And is it hard to die a fraction at a time?  
Is it just too hard to say goodbye?

Your life spins like a carousel,  
Your hopes are buried in a wishing well,  
Awake in a grave that you dug yourself,  
Just keep on betting on that horse you love,

I can see the sadness in his face,  
Deep behind his lacquered eyes,  
A real devastation quaking in his jaw line,  
The demon always comes alive (comes alive)

Your life spins like a carousel,  
Your hopes are buried in a wishing well,  
Awake in a grave that you dug yourself,  
Just keep on betting on that horse you love,

Do you ever see the light of day?  
(Do you ever see the light of day?)  
Do you ever think that you would live this way?  
Is it just too hard to sleep at night?  
Is it just too hard for you to say goodbye?  
To say goodbye?

And when the sun goes down,  
You better paint the town,  
You just keep riding now,  
Your horse will never touch the ground,

Your life revolves like a carousel,  
Your hopes are buried in a wishing well,  
Dead or alive - it's just so hard to tell,  
It looks like you've already found your hell  
You've found your hell

