

Lawrence Arms, The "Brickwall Views"

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Don't break too many hearts
Don't take too many arrows in the chest
Cry comfortably,
Let us all know what you're thinking

Is there a gesture I could use to clearly express
I'm at an utter loss for words?
Is there a part of you that's torn?
That's larger than life?
That'll hold on for one more night?

I've got a speech to make
Followed by a big parade

North side
Closed eyes
All charades go on forever
Hands tied with fools pride
In a slowly fleeing summer

Just throw your hands up at the sky
No use trying to explain this
The clouds are mirrors, I'm disguised
I'm not all that entertaining

The city looks the same
Until you notice smaller changes
It still knows us all by name
It holds us close to its heart
It holds us close to its heart

All my hopes are unaligned
This diagnosis is self-designed

North side
Dead eyes
All charades go on forever
Hands tied with past lives
In a slowly fleeing summer

Empty rooms don't have pictures to talk to

Brickwall views demand uninspired afternoons
The days are flooding into months
The nights are staring into centuries

I've got some older pictures
Of people I see once every couple years
Intrigued or unamazed
"You were so much different back in those days"

And now this smile has a bitter curve
Now these eyes are unenchanted
And all we see is a faded image of what we used to be
How can we relate?

When we don't know a thing about each other
anymore?
When we don't know a thing about each other
anymore?
When we don't know a thing about each other
anymore?
When we don't know each other anymore?

Is there a gesture I could use to clearly express
I'm at an utter loss for words

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