

Lawrence Arms, The

"Chapter 13: The Hero Appears"

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(1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8)

The well went dry
The blood thinned out
I scrapped through
A thousand layers of paint like years

The secret's in
Congested grins sigh
I'm trying to find places to breathe now

If this were a book I'd call this song the final chapter
If you read it you'd be laughin'
If it could end right now the last lines would be

My body jolted in
And out of stolen sound waves
The world expands or shrinks
On any given Monday
Tuesday evening dyes a room blue
Friday's window has it's own view

If this were a book I'd call this song the final chapter
If you read it you'd be laughin'
If it could end right now the last lines would be

Good friend
How loud do
You want life
To shout her
Answers in your ear?

Streetlights are streaming by on stiff necks
Connected blurs brand the design of things
Keep on counting then
Or maybe hold your breath
I'm trying to exhale you softly

Don't be so vein
I'm not impressed in past tense
I don't do impressions

The blood has dried
(Good friend, how loud do)
Now i can wash my hands with tears you cried
(You want life to shout her)
If you could frame this feeling
(Good friend, how loud do)
At night it would whisper to me
(You want life to shout her)

Good friend
How loud do
You want life
To shout her
Answers in your ear?

Good friend
How loud do
You want life
To shout her
Answers in your ear?

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