

Lawrence Arms, The

"Drunk Mouth Kitchen Smile"

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Considering confrontations
This is a shy and quiet morning
The sleeping dogs awoke last night
The thunder scares them stiff eyed
Exercise (your exorcisms)
Anchor down (raise the sail)
Autumn night,
Stay soft and cool
Come morning light
I'll be gone

Spectators are tired of watching
They're filing out the big top doors
I'm buried in the smell of circus
Those dark clouds are rolling in
Drunken mouth (kitchen smile)
Please summon me softly to sleep
(We never talk, we only speak)

Today I've seen a dragon
On the ripped up worn out armrest
Stay back the skin is laced with sticks of dynamite
I'll be burning out
Like a shooting star
A thousand pretty lights
Assail these sinking feelings

I should be on trial
For everything I haven't done
I should be on trial
For everything I haven't done

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