

Lawrence Arms, The "Eighteen Inches"

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Face down on the ground
Storm clouds lie in white snow piles all around

(I don't know)
I don't know if I can make it through one more winter in
this town

Voted worst in show the last two years
I got a refill on my tears
(Another bottle)
Another bottle of foam yellowed clear

The old man twitching on the train
Reminds us of mortality,
The snow everywhere reminds us of the rain

And my burned and brittle skin,
Cracked and blistered in the wind
Is testament to repetition
As the impossible happens again

So, what's your new year's revolution?
Take off those ten unsightly pounds
The snow is piling higher
And your face is growing closer to the ground

Raising your glass at the office party
Photocopying your secretary's ass
Is no less pathetic
Than our self righteously self important tasks

Of barfing rhetoric on shiny table tops
As our collars and turtlenecks choke us right there in
the coffee shops

Winter will not wait for you
Ironically, your worst fear has come true:
Pontification means nothing

When I woke up and looked around,
I saw my dreams had melted into dirty puddles on the

ground

When I woke up and looked around,
I saw my dreams had melted into dirty puddles on the
ground

On the ground
On the ground
On the ground

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