

Lawrence Arms, The "Hey, What Time Is "Pensacola: Wings Of Gold" On An"

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Killing time
The TV's on
With a bottle of shit

Buried needle
The record player's
Forgotten not to spin

So, you're feeling useless
Well, the bidding starts
At \$19.95

And the survey says
'Cheers and applause'
Another hour dies

Jacking off again
40 in the fridge
Have these dreams put to sleep

So call me up
And tell me something
I'm dying to believe

I don't know
I don't care
I just sit and stare now
I don't think
I just listen to the drone of this old being

Friday night
Steppin' out
And talkin' to the same

So, how's your family?
How was school?
Conversation strain

Force endurance
From this class
It's 11:45

Two more hours
Lumber past
And I feel like I tried

(sigh)
Fucking off again
Talking to this bitch
She hates me, I hate her

So shut me up
And take me somewhere
I'm dying to leave

I don't know
I don't care
I just sit and stare now
I don't think
I just listen to the drone of this machine

I don't know
I don't care
I just sit and stare now
I don't think
I just listen to the voice of this machine

This machine, this machine, yeah
Yeah, this machine

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