

Lawrence Arms, The ""I'll Take What's In The Box, Monty""

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The sky burns black blue bruised over these lights
From the station, these shitty cars,
These liquor store signs

Let's walk and pretend that we're at the of this
scraping,
This burning, this "the hard way" learning

I'm sick; you're tired, oh yeah

The leaves lay in graves on cracked sidewalk tiles
And on backs bent concave under weights

I'm not fine, I'm not fine
And I'm not the one crying
I'm not fine, I'm not fine
And I'm not the one crying

I'm sick; you're tired, oh yeah

It can happen to you
Well, I'd love to believe
But I'm slamming this bottle on this same damned
street
I've melted
I've felt it
It stings worse than pain
Apathy, exhaustion,
It all seems the same,

Fire away
Fire away
Fire away
Fire away

Sit next to me, we can talk or just kiss
You can rub my palm and say better than this
Your smile makes me cry when it's not on there right,
And I'm not fine and I'm not the one crying
I'm sick; you're tired, oh yeah

It can happen to you
Well, I'd love to believe
But I'm slamming this bottle on this same damned
street
I've melted
I've felt it
It stings worse than pain
Apathy, exhaustion,
It all seems the same,

Fire away
Fire away
Fire away
Fire away

I'm dragging you down
Because I'm lonely and I need you around
I'm dragging you down
Because I'm lonely and I need you around

So smile and sleep
So smile and sleep

And in the morning creep out the door
I dunno what stayed this long for
In the morning creep out the door
I don't know what stayed this long for

Fire away
Fire away
Fire away, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Fire away
Fire away
Fire away

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