

## Lawrence Arms, The "Joyce Carol Oates Is A Boring Old Biddy"

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A broken record has a thousand answers to countless  
contradictions  
Your condition is flooding through the streets again.

Now you've drained your thoughts onto an empty page  
with ink as red as blood.  
Some words were never meant to be  
Like I was talking to myself

I drew a picture to remind me  
of what you look like when it's raining  
You use a lot of heavy words that never get you  
anywhere  
The circumbout and cycling

Another year has lived and died  
Through blue tangled phone lines  
A frequency that's frightening  
Pretty lucky numbers dialed  
to hear a stranger's voice crying

Now you've drained your thoughts onto an empty page  
With ink as red as blood  
Some words were never meant to be  
Feels like I'm talking to myself

Figure eights grind your silver blades  
Icy eyes, have you seen the midnight sky?

Wipe the sleep from your rusting eyes  
Fill this room with superstitious smiles  
A chorus of our lives  
Wipe the sleep from your rusting eyes  
I want you to see me for the first time

You're blaring and blaring jagged lips  
I'm dying, I'm dying to taste your icy eyes  
You're blaring, you're blaring jagged lips  
I'm dying, I'm dying to taste your icy eyes

Figure eight, your style is better than your skate

Icy eyes, can you see through my disguise?

Figure eight, savor sour twist of fate

Jagged lips, they're blaring, you're blaring icy eyes

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