

Lawrence Arms, The "Light Breathing (Me And Martha Plimpton In A Fancy)"

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Me and Martha Plimpton in an elevator
Her golden Labrador kissed my index finger
Two in the morning summer saturated
I'd been drinking and it'd been raining
And it felt so strange
Cuz I didn't know what to say
And when she smiled I turned away

But that's so like me
Timid self conscious crippling
She seemed so friendly and I must've seemed
uninteresting
Soaked from walking
And smelled like boozed and cigarettes
I stood there listening to hear light breathing

And I wanted to say that I really loved her films
And I wanted to make her laugh and smile but I stood
still

I managed to mutter hello
Her eyes shining in the fancy elevator lights
I stood awkwardly hands fluttering
The doors parted and she said goodnight to me

And her voice was like a song that wouldn't leave my
head
And I thought Martha I'm running on empty

And I couldn't help but think
I'd missed another chance to live
But isn't that the way it always is
The way it always is, ohh

Woo-oh

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