

Lawrence Arms, The "Like A Record Player"

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I'm like a record player
I keep goin' round
With a needle in my arm
Making someone else's sound
And lately I've been dreaming
Of blue and empty skies
But nothing like that ever
Crosses red and weary eyes

I've been traveling with bottles
Working close with cans
Sitting up for hours with my best friends in a van
Now, they say that this ain't living
But I don't know what they mean
Cuz I don't feel dead, and baby, you look alive to me
It's the only game that I know how to play

The time, the time, to say goodbye
Passed us long ago
And I would say I've overstayed
My welcome but you know
I don't think I'm ever going home

I don't need a doctor
Cuz anyone can see
That I had all of these shots
But, lord, I'm still sick as I can be
I think I need to rest my head
So baby come with me
Lay down here beside me
Keep me warm while I sleep

There's trouble on the way
Huh, you'd best believe
There always is don't worry
Sit and have a drink with me
When we go all we got is these days that we made
And I don't wanna waste them being wistful or afraid

Without all of you I'd be even lower down
You know what I wanna say but I can't get it out

The time, the time, to say goodbye
Passed us long ago
And I would say we've overstayed
Our welcome but you know
I don't think we're ever going home
Home, home
I don't think we're ever going home,
Oh no

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