

## Lawrence Arms, The "Minute"

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Another day chock full of choices  
Of things to hate

Another forehead, cobwebby, dull,  
Throbbing, almost pain

Another obtrusive reminder of things  
That I hoped were long gone  
Another obtrusive reminder of things  
That I hoped were long gone

Gone and forgotten  
my stomach feels rotten  
my shoes are all soaked  
And my socks are all cotton  
my insides are black from the smoking and pain  
and every damn song is fucking the same  
this same goddamn train  
Glides soft through the rain  
And I sit and dizzily wait

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