

Lawrence Arms, The "Navigating The Windward Passage"

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Drinking
Death wish
Nights can't
Save this
Glass eyed
Slack jaws
Scream from safe homes

I've got it wrong
Time and again,
Song after song

You've got answers:
Killing to please, swooning disasters
So inventory me, drop me in your fishbowl
I'm dying to breathe through your tight pigeon hole
A dead man in dead dreams

When I'm gone you won't miss me
You're dying to fist me out of the closet and into the
fire
Out of these dumb little quips that inspire
Outright outrage enrages you now
You're lifeless, you're sticky
Kicking dead cows
Fuck your sound

One shot,
All wrong
One lie,
All gone
Cry for yourselves, I'll die with my own help

These words
Are mine and this grave that we share time after time
Chokes my life out
You ask yourselves what I'm crying about
These tears that are falling are wetting deaf ears
You cry for your protests and say I don't care
I couldn't care less I don't answer to you
I couldn't care less if you're repulsed through and

through
A dead man in dead dreams

When I'm gone you won't miss me
You're dying to fist me out of the closet and into the
fire
Out of these dumb little quips that inspire
Outright outrage enrages you now
You're lifeless, you're sticky
Kicking dead cows
Fuck your sound

When it's all said and done,
Do you really think that you were the only one?
You were here before you,
You'll be here when you're gone
Another lemming humming protest songs

Out of the closet and into the fire
Out of these dumb little quips that inspire
Outright outrage enrages you now
You're lifeless, you're sticky
Kicking dead cows
Fuck your sound

Fuck your sound, yeah
Fuck your sound, yeah

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