

Lawrence Arms, The "Overheated"

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Three days, no happy endings
Highways, I'm hallucinating
I wish I wasn't so mathematic
I wish I hadn't overheated

Heartbeats across a crowed room
April Fool give me a week or two
These drinks are hitting me so hard
I wish I had an angel watching over me

Set up another round
It's raining

Six more drinks before I drown
Bottoms up and spirits down

Have my words lost all weight?
This is weighing on me
Have I got nothing left to say?

Now I remember all the words
Through my smoky eyes
A blurred hotel room stood
I wait to hear you through the static

Three more cigarettes, a time to call off all regrets

This is every selfish song
This is all those moments bleeding
Maybe I made a huge mistake
I always thought that it would come to this

March came without a cost
April falls into the dream again
In May I'll cut myself off at a loss for words
It doesn't mean I'm really over it

Set up another round (set up another round)
It's raining

Six more drinks before I drown

Bottoms up and spirits down

Have my words lost all weight?
This is weighing on me
Have I got nothing left to say?
Have I got nothing left to say?
Have I got nothing left?
Have I got nothing left to say?

And on the 13th of September
I swear that I'll remember
Even if it doesn't make any sense

March 30th we'll be desperate
A happy birthday to me
What a spineless overstatement

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