

Lawrence Arms, The "Purple Haze"

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Another senseless week of crowded thoughts and
crooked teeth
Morning frost and frozen sidewalks

All those days that burn inside us
Swell up in the silence of snowflakes falling magically

But the magic fades into the memory
Sleigh bells ringing laughing all the way

Cold hands of winter grasp as I gasp for breath
Is this my last?
No thoughts of dying no more self loathing for today

So deck the halls with drunken folly
Swallow resolutions line our stomachs with illusions

Car engines sputtering like these smoke filled dreams
Mistletoes and colored light bulbs

And the kiss of winter fades into the memory
Angels singing, lift me off the ground
Yesterday is frozen in the reverie

Tomorrow is melting
Let's raise our glasses to these faintly falling ashes

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