

Lawrence Arms, The

"Quincentuple Your Money"

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There's a letter at my mother's house,
Came with a folded flag
It says right now, "I'm coming home in a body bag"

It's a pride and a pain
That are one and the same
It's a burning cigarette,
It's a horrible dream

There's a man in an office who's going through files
And a woman who watches TV
And she doesn't get the jokes told be late night talk
show hosts,
But for some reason she laughs anyway

There's this soap in my bathroom, and it's all covered
in a hairs
There's this hope in my brain, and it's all covered in
prayers

There's a girl in this town who doesn't know I exist
There's a wounded sense of pride and a pain in my fist

There's 12 empty bottles on this table tonight
There's 4 lungs on fire and 4 burning eyes

And something will explode, and someone will cry
And someone will run out and never turn around

There's a park in this city where I used to go,
But now it's covered with fences and cops and light
posts
And I'd never go back even if it was the same,
But it kills me to know that it's changed

There's these kids who have dreams
And there's these dreams that will grow
Until they get so goddamn big that they explode

And what's left in the smoke and the falling debris
Is grownups like them and losers like me

What's left in the smoke and the falling debris
Is grownups like them and losers like me

It's grownups like them and losers like me
It's grownups like them and losers like me

Yeah
Tonight let's go walking down Clark Street
And look at the buildings that we've never seen
We'll stop at the bar and pass out on the floor
Tomorrow we'll forget everything

And we'll replay these days again

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