

## Lawrence Arms, The "Sixteen Hours"

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So, I think I know what I'll be doing today  
Passing thoughts of exercise while I laugh in the face  
of good health  
Stakes get raised, harder to wake up every day  
Embarrassment fuels redemption,  
The solution is the same

Sucking hard on the death,  
Sucking life out of me  
Water insides with dehydrates  
A black lung an ignition key  
Another night accelerates to stop and stay the same  
Another sixteen hours down the drain

Waking up,  
Coughing up hardened throats and blackened lungs  
It's easy to stop stopping any time you want  
Growing pains from growing old  
Fingertips burn from the cold  
Blood and oxygen  
Another evening killing friends

Will I wake up tomorrow?  
Will it be another replay of today?  
(1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8)  
Down the drain and out the door  
When too much begs for more

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