

Lawrence Arms, The "The Corpses Of Our Motivations"

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Catching up on nothing in the basement I call home
Dismantling discussions on a piss-soaked telephone
I'm all grown up. I've thrown up these feelings lots
before
You're sitting in the park while I'm staring at the door

Enough self-mutilation. I've water-logged and choked
A hundred beers another week ensconced in yellow
smoke
I'm no devil, I just have these demons keeping me
awake,
Pushing on my go-leg, laughing at cut brakes

The corpse of my motivation hangs
In the closet next to skeletons and bloody vampire
fangs

Sleep all day, drink the a away
It's another step closer to the comfort of the grave
This coffin's full of nails, rails and pipe and glass
Rotting under yellow growing grass

Five in the chamber and I'm flying through the air
I've tied my blind fold tightly, I'm cutting my hair
I'm a bullet and a target, and I'm drenched splattered
blood
I've learned my lesson one time, but once isn't enough

So dry your hands, wash 'em clean, wash 'em clean of
me
Wave your victor's flag on your pile of debris
'Cause when you die like a hero, you live like a slave
I'd rather die to see it change than live and watch it
stay the same

Where the corpses of our motivations hang now
On the gallows over-ripe with shit like colostomy bags

So we sleep all day, drink a life away
It's another step closer to the comfort of the grave
This coffin's full of nails, rails and pipe and glass,

Rotting under yellow growing grass

There's a party in the woods and a dance in city streets
And a rumble down the avenue of fifty thousand
stomping feet
And the fire is getting high igniting sweaty powdered
brows
And if he hasn't saved you yet, he isn't gonna save you
now,

Sleep all day, drink a life away
It's another step closer to the comfort of the grave
Sleep all day, drink a life away
It's another step closer to the comfort of the grave
Sleep all day, drink a life away
It's another step closer to the comfort of the grave

And you're more beautiful than you were on the day
that we first met
My angel of the not yet buried dead

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