

Lawrence Arms, The "The Disaster March"

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There was a time and a place
That was all full of mistakes
And a face that was all full of shit
I was frustrated and angry

I was more than alive
A catcher in the rye
I was a jet plane (a jet plane)
I was a thin membrane
Washing and preening and shedding all hope

I'm Hot Shots Part Deux
I'm Down Periscope
The rope that I'm hang from keeps telling me what to
do
I'm pissing on the fire and learning a remarkable truth
about you

Ugly is ugly
Transformation is a dream, a dream, a dream
So love what you are, not what you would like to be

I'm a drunk with a job and the pictures to prove it
Got some junk in my trunk and the dance moves to
move it
I'm a drunk with a job and the pictures to prove it
Got some junk in my trunk and the dance moves to
move it

I am written on the subway walls
I am bitter when I fall
I am written on the subway walls
I am bitter when I fall

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Shout me in the streets and parks
Scrape your voices on the stars
Shout me in the streets and parks
Scrape your voices on the stars

Woah oh oh

Dear friend
How loud do
You want fife
To shout her
Answers in your ear?

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