

Lawrence Arms, The

"The North Side, The L&L And Any Number Of Crappy A"

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Snow piled on tables, up on scales, into bags
Late night beer and smoke,
Too sleepy and awake
Too sleepy and awake

Crazy eyes over eggs, crazy eyes like mine,
Clothes from a streetcart,
Too much beer for the time at hand
Night time passed by me again

Phone calls that should never be made
Phone calls that speed last night into today

So, where will you be in ten years?
This is the part where you don't say right here

Smoking pain's a pang beneath the left ribcage
Gasping idle breathing,
Burning to these thoughts of leaving
Was it cold hands gripping fears
Of being all alone in the world when I got there?

I'm choking in my sleep
Fostered aching tension,
Demented bruised inventions
Unbelievable,
Burnt out and seasonal

And I've been saying this for years
Packing bags, not cleaning all of last night's empty
beers
A war of words waged by the faithless
Screaming in deep sleep
Unjustifiable stagnation

So, where will I be in ten years?
Hopefully I won't be here

Where will you be in ten years?
Nose and eyes betray/

Where will I be in ten years?
You never did believe me/

Where will I be in ten years?
Under my own skin/

this is the part where you don't say,
this is the part where you don't stay

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