

## Lawrence Arms, The "The Old Timer's 2x4"

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Walking dead on two burned feet  
Do you have anything left to say to me?

From barber chairs and baseball gloves  
To calling names and slaps and drugs  
From son, you could have been someone  
To hey there, meet my only son  
Lost in the mail for a convenient month

A graduation unattended  
500 miles,  
Five hundred days

We'll never talk,  
Let's count the ways we fake it  
Over every break and you kick yourself  
For making this mistake

Actions dismantle litigation  
And I thought this would be easier for me

Another forced smile on vacation  
Another disappointment paves itself into a two way  
street  
And I see you inside myself  
I want to climb out of my skin  
I see you in myself every day and once again,  
I was the worst mistake,  
Your connection to a thirty year hate  
I tried hard not to believe and I'll try harder not to feel it

So, here's to you  
So, here's to you

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