

Lawrence Arms, The

"The Ramblin' Boys Of Pleasure"

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A million times a day I try to fail or fail to try
It's an easy way to live
It's a lifeless way to die
I used to hear "Son, you've got a lot to learn"
I used to hear a lot like the slow dull burn
Of paper and tobacco with bad breath smoke
Singin' "hey man, lemme tell you a joke"
"Well what's attached to a leash that it made itself?"
"The punch line is the way that you've been fuckin'
yourself"

Sit down, shut up
It's a long ride yet
I'm here to tell you something
That's not easy to forget

It's a bird, it's a plane,
It's a goddamn shame
One day until retirement
It was God's way

I'm ready or not
You're here, I come
There's tears on my cheeks
(There's tears on my cheeks)
From being so dumb

There's proof painted on the roof
And it's rainin' and I hate it
I hate it
I hate it
I hate it

There's proof painted on the roof
And it's rainin' and I hate it
I hate it
I hate it
I hate it

There's proof painted on the roof
And it's rainin' and I hate it

I hate it
I hate it
I hate it

There's proof painted on the roof
And it's rainin' and I hate it
I hate it
I hate it
I hate it

Things have changed forever
We're the ramblin' boys of pleasure
Things have changed things have changed forever
We're the ramblin' boys of pleasure

Things have changed forever
We're the ramblin' boys of pleasure
Things have changed things have changed forever
We're the ramblin' boys of pleasure

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