

Lawrence Arms, The

"There's No Place Like A Stranger's Floor"

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Teeth ripped out of gums hit
Sparkling gray squares of concrete
Screams in technicolor pain
Doubled over spitting blood

The freezing rain
Never felt so good
To wake up in some town
On some floor to some sound
Voices rattle through my veins
You're slowly imploding
Your worlds are corroding

Please let it work itself out
We've got time to melt
You haven't said a single thing
A six month recurring dream

Oil stains
Glisten in this light
Fluorescent yellow blue and red
It's not worth talking
When everything goes left unsaid

The freezing rain
Slants down in icy sheets
On some street where someone
Is cursing what they've done
And walking quickly towards the train
Cold and dejected
In a brightly lit steel frame

Please let it work itself out
We've got time to melt
You haven't said a single thing
A six month recurring dream

Your eyes are a cloudy morning
My lips are this sealed letter
Ineptly yours, sincerely sorry
It's something you feel

In the sole of your shoe
On a loud city bus
On some aching afternoon

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