

Lawrence Arms, The "Uptown Free Radio"

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It's been twenty thousand days since the best ones
Hotels, plastic sheets, tasteless food, dialysis
machines,

The telephone hasn't rung since April
Staring windows, ballroom jokes, respirators, kidney
stones

Neon skies open up
Three Saturdays a month
The air in uptown swells
The windowpanes can go to hell

Slow summer walking through a bad neighborhood
Toothless smiles renew ventricles
The radio is live the listeners
The listeners have found their reason

The phone hasn't rung since April
The music turns alone
The phone hasn't rung since April
The music turns alone
Alone, alone, alone into home

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