

Lawrence Arms, The "Your Gravest Words"

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All these
Words trip
Over cracks in the sidewalks
Uptown,
One year
I'm distantly distressed

I'm finally coming close to ghost
I'm dancing on your gravest words
I'm toasting all the coldest stares
All the loneliest of eyes

I am a satellite,
Never getting signals right
You are a constellation
I can barely make you out tonight
The city lights are burning too bright

I cut
And paste these sections of maps into my days
Sunspots
Almost feverish
Can you feel me shivering?

I'm finally breaking out of orbit
I'm clinging to your finest words
I'm draining all the angry glares
All that's building up inside

I am a satellite,
Never getting signals right
You are a constellation
I can barely make you out tonight
The city lights are burning too bright

And the dreamers
Walk slowly through the crowds
Nothing can stop us now

I am a satellite,
Never getting signals right

You are a constellation
I can barely make you out tonight
I can barely make you out tonight
I can barely make you out tonight
The city lights are burning too bright

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