

A Wishful Puppeteer

The Lawrence Arms

I haven't seen you since that brooklyn night
i guess it's been about a year by now
cold and rainy, in a poets words
Dark and crimson in a drunken way

i was frozen in a window pane
kind of like i was on a movie screen
your hair was darker than i remembered it
i was as awkward as i could have been

so much has changed
it seems nothing ever changes
i found a way to wear a thousand different faces

time creeps into my dreams
breathe deep
fill your lungs with me

headaches, stalemates
chest pains, i'm trembling
ink stains, text to burn
am i leaving, am i leaving

i found your face
in my dreams the last two nights
what are you doing here
what am i singing for

a window sitter grown into the crutch
the crutch has always been right there for him
i'm sorry i'm pushing her away
i'm talking crimson in a drunken sway
i'm talking crimson in a drunken sway

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it seems nothing ever changes