

## Acheron River

### The Lawrence Arms

It's an inorganic rehash of a process so profound  
It's a thousand freshly sharpened stakes dug deep into the ground  
It's the heads of all dissenters and the distant plume of smoke  
And I hope those fuckers choke

Did you hear the dead, decaying circus lumbering ahead  
Did you see the starving elephants or did you turn away instead  
Man, I'm so high and lonesome at the bottom of the hill  
Never thought I'd lose it, but it's looking like I will

So get out, get out, get out the ropes, get out the stones and  
let's get low  
Get out, get out, get out the way I'm drowning this mortal soul  
Take me down to the river take me to where all the poisons go  
And let's ride that fucker home woah woah

Season seven of the worst show that I've ever seen  
Starts around eleven and it's stars all weary me  
'Cause I don't try to shake shit up and I don't bitch or give a  
fuck  
I'm just on the train that's stuck in several thousand different  
ruts  
Well, It's the part where everybody's drinking just to die  
And the point where everyone's got bloodshot blackened eyes  
Here's the fucking spoiler, everybody dies  
You fuck it hard all goddamn night  
You're goddamn right, you're goddamn right

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And let's ride that fucker home woahaohuah

Oh baby if I'm dying can I have another round  
I know, but I want one even if I don't need it now  
I'm dying high and lonesome at the ending of my days

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