

Brickwall Views

The Lawrence Arms

Don't break too many hearts
Don't take too many arrows in the chest
Cry comfortably, let us all know what you're thinking

Is there a gesture I could use
To clearly express I'm at an utter loss for words?
Is there a part of you that's torn, that's larger than life?
That'll hold on for one more night

I've got a speech to make
Followed by a big parade

Northside, closed eyes
All charades go on forever
Hands tied with fool's pride
In a slowly fading summer

Throw your hands up at the sky
No use trying to explain this
The clouds are mirrors, I'm disguised
I'm not all that entertaining

The city looks the same
Until you notice smaller changes
It still knows us all by name
It holds us close to its heart
It holds us close to its heart

All my hopes are unaligned
This diagnosis is self-designed

Northside, dead eyes
All charades go on forever
Hands tied with past lives
In a slowly fading summer

Empty rooms don't have pictures to talk to
Brick wall views demand uninspired afternoons
The days are flooding into months
The nights are staring into centuries

I've got some older pictures
Of people I see once every couple years
Intrigued or unamazed
"You were so much different back in those days"

Now this smile has a bitter curve
And now these eyes are unenchanted
And all they see is a faded image of what we used to be
How can we relate?

When we don't know a thing about each other anymore
When we don't know a thing about each other anymore
When we don't know a thing about each other anymore
When we don't know a thing about each other anymore

Is there a gesture I could use to clearly express

I'm at an utter loss for words?