

## Chapter 13: The Hero Appears

The Lawrence Arms

The well went dry  
My blood thinned out  
I scrapped through  
A thousand layers  
Of paint-like years  
The secret's in  
Conjested grins sigh  
I'm trying to find places to breathe now

And if this were a book  
I'd call this song the final chapter  
And if you read it  
You'd be laughin'  
If it could end right now  
The last lines would be

My body jolted in  
And out of stolen soundwaves  
The world expands or shrinks  
On any given monday  
Tuesday evening dyes a room blue  
Friday's window has it's own view

And if this were a book  
I'd call this song the final chapter  
And if you read it  
You'd be laughin'  
If it could end right now  
The last lines would be

Good friend  
How loud do you want life to shout her answers in your ear?

She lights her streaming by on stiff necks  
Connected prayers used to sign off things  
Keep on counting them  
Maybe hold your breath  
I'm trying to exhale you softly  
Don't be so vein  
I'm not impressed in past-tense  
I don't do impressions

The blood has dried  
(good friend, how loud do)  
Now i can wash my hands with tears you cried  
(want life to shout her)  
If you could frame this feeling  
(good friend, how loud do)  
At night it would whisper to me

Good friend  
How loud do you want life to shout her answers in your ear?  
[2x]