

Drunk Tweets

The Lawrence Arms

One, two, three
Fuck you, if I'm wrong I don't wanna be right
Fuck you, I'll be drinking in the streets all night
Fuck you, I'll decide if I'm wasting my life
You're rotting away and killing my high
Fuck you, it's a thing, I was born this way
Fuck you are my very favorite words to say
Fuck you, I'll eat a few and I'll throw the rest away
Snacking like an asshole in the USA
I eat more for a snack than you do in a day so fuck you

Fuck me, I'm sinking deeper and deeper in doom
Fuck me, I got a Raskolnikovian gloom
Six moves ahead but still fully consumed
I am what I am and I do what I do
Now the Cerberean dogs are slathering
I can feel my stories all unraveling
Bigger Thomas at the heart of a citywide scavenging
It's closing in around me
I can't believe they found me

And it's all well and good to cry doom on the streets
Like the prophets with their sandwich boards, beards and hard feet
But there's no unraveling the rings of the tree
Lord, keep my soul the fuck away from me