

# Like A Record Player

The Lawrence Arms

I'm like a record player  
I keep goin' round  
With a needle in my arm  
Making someone else's sound  
And lately I've been dreaming  
Of blue and empty skies  
But nothing like that ever  
Crosses red and weary eyes

I've been traveling with bottles  
Working close with cans  
Sitting up for hours with my best friends in a van  
Now, they say that this ain't living  
But I don't know what they mean  
Cuz I don't feel dead, and baby, you look alive to me  
It's the only game that I know how to play

The time, the time, to say goodbye  
Passed us long ago.  
And I would say I've overstayed  
My welcome but you know  
I don't think I'm ever going home

I don't need a doctor  
Cause anyone can see  
That I had all of these shots  
But, lord, I'm still sick as I can be  
I think I need to rest my head  
So baby come with me  
Lay down here beside me  
Keep me warm while I sleep

There's trouble on the way  
Huh! You'd best believe  
There always is don't worry  
Sit and have a drink with me  
When we go all we got is these days that we made  
And I don't wanna waste them being wistful or afraid

Without all of you I'd be even lower down  
You know what I wanna say but I can't get it out

The time, the time, to say goodbye  
Passed us long ago.  
And I would say we've overstayed  
Our welcome but you know  
I don't think we're ever going home  
I don't think we're ever going home, oh no!