

# Navigating The Windward Passage

The Lawrence Arms

Drinking, death wish nights can't save this  
Glass-eyed, slack-jaws scream from safe homes  
I've got it wrong time and again, song after song  
You've got answers, killing to please, swooning disasters

So inventory me, drop me into your fishbowl  
I'm dying to breathe through your tight pigeon hole  
A dead man in dead dreams  
When I'm gone you won't miss me, you're dying to fist me

Out of the closet and into the fire  
Out of these dumb little quips that inspire  
Outright outrage enrages you now  
You're lifeless and sticky, kicking at dead cows  
Fuck your sound

One shot, all wrong, one lie, all gone  
Cry for yourselves, I'll die with my own help  
These words are mine, this grave that we share time after time  
Chokes my life out, you ask yourselves what I'm crying about

These tears that are falling are wetting deaf ears  
You cry for your protests, and say I don't care  
I couldn't care less, I don't answer to you  
I couldn't care less if you're repulsed through and through

A dead man in dead dreams  
When I'm gone you won't miss me, you're dying to fist me

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When it's all said and done  
Did you really think that you were the only one?  
You were here before you, you'll be here when you're gone  
Another lemming humming protest songs

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