

## A Wishful Puppeteer

The Lawrence Arms

I haven't seen you since that brooklyn night  
i guess it's been about a year by now  
cold and rainy, in a poets words  
Dark and crimson in a drunken way

i was frozen in a window pane  
kind of like i was on a movie screen  
your hair was darker than i remembered it  
i was as awkward as i could have been

so much has changed  
it seems nothing ever changes  
i found a way to wear a thousand different faces

time creeps into my dreams  
breathe deep  
fill your lungs with me

headaches, stalemates  
chest pains, i'm trembling  
ink stains, text to burn  
am i leaving, am i leaving

i found your face  
in my dreams the last two nights  
what are you doing here  
what am i singing for

a window sitter grown into the crutch  
the crutch has always been right there for him  
i'm sorry i'm pushing her away  
i'm talking crimson in a drunken sway  
i'm talking crimson in a drunken sway

so much has changed  
it seems nothing ever changes