

All the Week

The Lawrence Arms

misleading utterings shadow boxer right hook mood swings my end
urance test i coughed and bled and caught my breath tender in a
burning sense the way we spoke when we were silent repressed i
n living scenes black and white like old t.v.s screens front po
rch confessional bottled feelings finally smashed against the w
all this is the virus sitting in silence armed with expression
with vague misconceptions came to me in a bleeding dream on fil
tered avenues of light blue serenity turned red angrily thought
provoking in a distant tense a perfect paragraph of broken nar
rative these dusty floors don't seem to come clean anymore i'm
watered down evaporated from the ground connections faltering d
ehydrated when the phone rings