

Asa Phelps Is Dead

The Lawrence Arms

Hey brother can you spare the time?
Skin and bones that's melting in a backwards way to grow.
Out of heart and out of mind,
And kiss me in the rearview when you go ... dying at 23,
I'm trying on my apathy with a tired conversation floating in t
his ether sky,
Tried again too many times, and doesn't it get worse ...
Sit and stare seems like we're running out of dimes.
Bodies that we burn as fuel, irreversible decline.
Pocket lint and turpentine warm my insides,
Wash these ashes from my eyes death with an attitude,
I'm putting on my sunday suit tired as a conversation held one
too many times
A year or two or three or ten or twenty more ...
Waiting