

# Beautiful Things

The Lawrence Arms

Typewriter tell me what year it was  
Typing to the rhythm of a century on the???  
We were out smoking on the sidewalks  
We were lovers drinking to another song on the jukebox

Don't kill all the beautiful things  
I was searching for truth,in the dust of my days  
I was so lost,and I was so young

Cinematic,I was cynical on the city bus  
Literary wrote lyrics like I thought I was  
We were sleeping ,racing for the future  
Bicycle tires ,spinning revolution

Don't kill all the beautiful things  
I was searching for truth,in the dust of my days  
I was so lost,and I was so young

The city was sweating in the summer heat  
I wrote melodies of regret to a def and empty street  
I was so lonely it started to rain  
The lightning and thunder were singing my name  
I thought those songs could save me  
I thought those songs could save me

Don't kill all the beautiful things  
I was searching for truth,in the dust of my days  
I was so lost,and I was so young

We were so lost and we were so young  
Don't kill all the beautiful things