

## Criminal

The Lawrence Arms

My anger is a sign of disgust with myself  
A stewing serenade I hear the sirens on their way  
The chemicals inside of me just kept on swimming through my veins  
Maybe I should make a move and try to leave this all behind  
I listen to the absence of noise  
Dead summer breeze, I'm inflated with suspicions  
Seems I've identified again the criminal of my intent  
Imagine exercising that same routine you reinvent  
I'm just a cold face on the street  
slow and somber in my patterns  
I'm just a friend you'll never meet  
I am the love that never happens  
My days exist in meaningless ways  
I need a way to shake this  
I'm making lost time famous  
My heart goes rushing to my head whatever happened to me  
Weeks spin forward I'm aware that I've been living in reverse  
I always hesitate like the future is engraved  
Roots here grow really deep they're networked beneath the city streets  
It's a structured kind of madness  
I always turn away back to a safer fate  
I always hesitate