

Drunk Mouth Kitchen Smile

The Lawrence Arms

Concerning confrontations
This is a shy and quiet morning
The sleeping dogs awoke last night
The thunder scares them, stiff eyed

Exercise your exorcisms
Anchor down, raise the sail
Autumn night, stay soft and cool
Come morning light, I'll be gone

Spectators are tired of watching
They're filing out the big top doors
I'm buried in the smell of circus
Those dark clouds are rolling in

Drunken mouth kitchen smile
Please summon me softly to sleep
We never talk, we only speak

Today I've seen a dragon
On the ripped up, worn out armrest
Stay back, this skin is laced with sticks of dynamite
I'll be burning out like a shooting star

A thousand pretty lights assail these sinking feelings
I should be on trial for everything I haven't done