

## Drunk Tweets

The Lawrence Arms

One, two, three  
Fuck you, if I'm wrong I don't wanna be right  
Fuck you, I'll be drinking in the streets all night  
Fuck you, I'll decide if I'm wasting my life  
You're rotting away and killing my high  
Fuck you, it's a thing, I was born this way  
Fuck you are my very favorite words to say  
Fuck you, I'll eat a few and I'll throw the rest away  
Snacking like an asshole in the USA  
I eat more for a snack than you do in a day so fuck you

Fuck me, I'm sinking deeper and deeper in doom  
Fuck me, I got a Raskolnikovian gloom  
Six moves ahead but still fully consumed  
I am what I am and I do what I do  
Now the Cerberean dogs are slathering  
I can feel my stories all unraveling  
Bigger Thomas at the heart of a citywide scavenging  
It's closing in around me  
I can't believe they found me

And it's all well and good to cry doom on the streets  
Like the prophets with their sandwich boards, beards and hard feet  
But there's no unraveling the rings of the tree  
Lord, keep my soul the fuck away from me