

Eighteen Inches

The Lawrence Arms

Face down on the ground
Storm clouds lie in white snow piles all around
I don't know if I can make it through
One more winter in this town

Voted worst in show the last two years
Got a refill on my tears
Another bottle
Of foam-yellow clear

An old man twitching on the train
Reminds us of mortality
The snow everywhere
Reminds us of the rain

And my burned and brittle skin
Cracked and blistered in the wind
Is testament to repetition
As the impossible happens again

So, what's your New Year's resolution?
Take off those ten unsightly pounds
The snow is piling higher
And your face is growing closer to the ground

Raising your glass at the office party
Photocopy your secretary's ass
It's no more pathetic
Than our self righteously self important tasks

Of barfing rhetoric on shiny table tops
As our collars and turtlenecks choke us right there in the coffee shops
Winter will not wait for you
Ironically, your worst fear has come true

Pontification means nothing

When I woke up and looked around
I found my dreams had melted into dirty puddles on the ground