

## 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