

I'll Take What's In The Box, Monty

The Lawrence Arms

The sky burns black blue bruised over these lights from the station, these shitty cars, these liquor store signs. let's walk and pretend that we're at the of this scraping, this burning, this is "the hard way" learning. i'm sick. you're tired. oh yeah. the leaves lay in graves on cracked sidewalk tiles and on backs bent concave under weights. i'm not fine, and i'm not the one crying. it can happen to your well, i'd love to believe. but i'm slamming this bottle on this same damned street. i've melted. i've felt it. it stings worse than pain. apathy, exhaustion, it all seems the same, fire away. sit next to me, we can talk or just kiss. you can rub my palm and say better than this your smile makes me cry when it's not on there right, and i'm not fine and i'm not the one crying ... i'm dragginh you down because i'm lonely and i need you around. so smile and sleep ... and in the morning creep out the door. i dunno what you stayed this long for. fire away.