

## Light Breathing (Me And Martha Plimpton In A Fancy Elevator)

The Lawrence Arms

Me and Martha Plimpton in an elevator  
Her golden labrador kissed my index finger  
Two in the morning, summer saturated  
I'd been drinking and it'd be raining

And it felt so strange, cause I didn't know what to say  
And when she smiled, I turned away

But that's so like me, timid, self conscious, crippling  
She seemed so friendly and I must have seemed uninteresting  
Soaked from walking and smelled like booze and cigarettes  
I stood there listening to her light breathing

And I wanted to say that I really loved her films  
I wanted to make her laugh and smile but I stood still

I managed to mutter hello  
Her eyes shining in the fancy elevator lights  
I stood awkwardly, hands fluttering  
The doors parted and she said goodnight to me

And her voice was like a song that wouldn't leave my head  
And I thought, Martha I'm running on empty

Well, I couldn't help but think I missed another chance to live  
But isn't that the way it always ends?

The way it always ends