

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