

## Minute

### The Lawrence Arms

Another day, chock full of choices of things to hate  
Another forehead, cobwebby, dull, throbbing, almost pain  
Another obtrusive reminder of things that I hoped were long gone  
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Gone and forgotten, my stomach feels rotten  
My shoes are all soaked and my socks are all cotton  
My insides are black from the smoking and pain  
And every damn song is fucking the same

The same goddamn train  
Slides soft through the rain  
And I sit and dizzily wait