

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
Another obtrusive reminder of things that I hoped were long gone

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