

Nebraska

The Lawrence Arms

Hey mike I wish I could help you figure something out
But it's been too long since we spoke
Your sarcasm radiates unhappiness
So withdrawn and rooted deep inside
Are you content at twenty-seven
Were you hopeful at 17?
A void the size of oceans stretches out between us
I guess our blood is suppose to be a bridge
Can you pull yourself up from this self hatred
Can you pull yourself up
Frustrations driven you to angry dreams
Let nebraska disappear in golden flames of grain
I know you can't imagine having company right now
There's a world of tired faces that understand this pain
There's a better life waiting on the outside
Of these decaying walls
Your bitterness doesn't surprise me
As these pointless days go screaming by
Rejected sour eyes can't imagine blue skies
I wish you could find something to live for
Besides the agony of bleeding towards the last breath
I truly believe that you want more than this (this is killing y
ou)
That what you want is very simple
Somehow so complex to get
Please don't hate yourself.