

Quincentuple Your Money

The Lawrence Arms

There's a letter at my mother's house,
came with a floded flag.
It said Right now, I'm coming home in a body bag.

It's a pride and a pain
that are one and the same.
It's a burning cigarette,
it's a horrible dream.

There's a man in an office who's going through files
and a woman who watches TV.

And she doesn't get the jokes told by late night talk show hosts,
but for some reason she laughs anyway.

There's this soap in my bathroom, and it's all covered in hairs.
There's this hope in my brain, and it's all covered in prayers.

There's a girl in this town who doesn't know I exist.
There's a wounded sense of pride and a pain in my fist.

There's 12 empty bottles on this table tonight.
There's 4 lungs on fire and 4 burning eyes.

And something will explode, and someone will cry.
And someone will run out and never turn around.

There's a park in this city where I used to go,
but now it's covered with fences and cops and lightposts.
And I'd never go back if anything was the same,
but it kills me to know that it's changed.

There's these kids who have dreams.
There's these dreams that will grow.
Until they get so goddamn big that they explode.

And what's left in the smoke and the falling debris
is grownups like them and losers like me.
And what's left in the smoke and the falling debris
is grownups like them and losers like me.

it's grownups like them and losers like me
it's grownups like them and losers like me

Yeah.
Tonight let's go walking down Clark Street
and look at the new buildings that we've never seen.
We'll stop at the bar and pass out on the floor
Tomorrow we'll forget everything

and we'll replay these days again.