

## Sixteen Hours

The Lawrence Arms

So, I think I know what I'll be doing today  
Vague thoughts of exercise while I laugh in the face of good health  
Stakes get raised, harder to wake up every day  
Embarrassment fuels redemption, the solution is the same

Sucking hard on the death, sucking life out of me  
Water insides with dehydrants, a black lung, an ignition key  
Another night accelerates to stop and stay the same  
Another 16 hours down the drain

Waking up, coughing up, hardened throats and blackened lungs  
It's easy to stop stopping anytime you want  
Growing pains from growing old, fingertips burn from the cold  
Blood and oxygen, another evening killing friends

Will I wake up tomorrow?  
Will it be another replay of today?  
Down the drain and out the door  
When too much begs for more