

The Corpses Of Our Motivations

The Lawrence Arms

Catching up on nothing in the basement I call home
Dismantling discussions on a piss-soaked telephone
I'm a grown-up, I've thrown up all these feelings lots before
You're sitting in the park while I'm staring at the door

Enough self mutilation, I'm waterlogged and choked
A hundred beers, another week ensconced in yellow smoke
I'm no devil, I just have these demons keeping me awake
Pushing on my go-leg, laughing at cut brakes

The corpse of my motivation hangs
In the closet next to skeletons and bloody vampire fangs

Sleep all day, drink your life away
It's another step closer to the comfort of the grave
This coffin's full of nails, rails and pipe and glass
Rotting under yellow growing grass

Five in the chamber and I'm flying through the air
I've tied my blindfold tightly, I'm cutting my hair
I'm a bullet, a target, I'm drenched in splattered blood
I learned my lesson one time, but once isn't enough

So dry your hands, wash 'em clean, wash 'em clean of me
Wave your victor's flag o'er your pile of debris
Cause when you die like a hero, you live like a slave
I'd rather die to see it change than live and watch it stay the same

The corpses of our motivations hanging
On the gallows, overripe with shit like colostomy bags

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There's a party in the woods, and a dance in city streets
And a rumble down the avenue, fifty thousand stomping feet
And the fire's getting high, igniting sweaty powdered brows
And if he hasn't saved you yet, he isn't gonna save you now

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And you're more beautiful than you were on the day that we first met
My angel of the not yet buried dead