

The Last One

The Lawrence Arms

Tired of these drunken evenings
Listening to my staggered breathing
Nowhere to fall back in but to sleep

You're beautiful in dreams
Where words pour from my mouth in streams
Rivers I could never recreate

I dreamed you traced worlds against my back
I dreamed you'd never known me
Last night I said that this would be my last

you took up so many pages
the same dead words in different phrases
So much I'm almost out of ink

Woke up January rain
Idly sliding down the windowpane
I had a dream you taught me how to speak

I wrench my hands around my neck
Cause I didn't speak
Cause I was suffocating
About time I started to believe

I promise this will be the last one