

## 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