

The Ymca Down

The Lawrence Arms

I let go away, the worlds biggest...
You can smell the rats are dying as the ships start to sink
Down beneath the hole.
I can raises and peers, up against the bars, staring down their
years.
You told me to get you, 'cause you were at the end.
And I said I wouldn't miss you cause baby I'd be dead.
And at the end I said that I could get away.
Otherwise I'm nothing without you, babe. Oh.

I got... I'm bathing in the sink at the YMCA down the street fr
om the clinic.
And there's a sad old man with sad saggy hands
Just crying under the electric drier for your hands.
And he wept and he's dying and a spider on his nose.
Seem indicated that he's been keeping warm out in the cold.
And he's a lot like me I guess, but we're somehow not the same.
They say you really die the last time anybody says your name.

These... the dream, was nothing that I needed.
These demons to believe, but I somehow not to feel em
And the wings inside his dream, are... to deep her down drown.
Gotdamn this f*cking sound, is reckless and I'm drowning.

I got these black on my teeth, breaking off the bloody deep.
And I haven't seen the dentist in at least six thousand weeks.
And I'm happy as I can be, these whisky and these dreams
I wouldn't dare to follow cause I couldn't dare succeed.
So I ride down chilly roads, so I sit in chilly barns,
So I text and tweet and look at nudes and beat off in the dark.

Back when I was just a boy, the ugly ways to go.
But baby I got old, somewhere I ditched my soul, oh.

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