

## 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.  
Goddamn 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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