

Your Gravest Words

The Lawrence Arms

All these words trip
Over cracks in the sidewalks.
Uptown, one year
I'm distantly distressed.

I'm finally coming close to ghost
I'm dancing on your gravest words
I'm toasting all the coldest stares
All the loneliest of eyes

I am a satellite
Never getting signals right
You are a constellation
I can barely make you out tonight
The city lights are burning too bright

I cut and paste these
Sections of maps into my days.
Sunspots, almost feverish
Can you feel me shivering?

I'm finally breaking out of orbit
I'm clinging to your finest words
I'm draining all the angry glares
All that's building up inside

I am a satellite
Never getting signals right
You are a constellation
I can barely make you out tonight
The city lights are burning too bright

And the dreamers walk slowly through the crowd
Nothing can stop us now

I am a satellite
Never getting signals right
You are a constellation
I can barely make you out tonight
The city lights are burning too bright