

A Boring Story

The Lawrence Arms

no more smile and no more outrage
apathy pervasive emotions narcoleptic
no more smiles since fucking sunday
sinking feelings drinking early stinking septic
stinking like a dream
spoken outside in outside voices
struck silent into shuddering and cold ground padded noises
sucking myself up a truth that i don't need
last nights i don't believe
no slowing down
no faces smile no lips that frown
grey to neutral every synapse
stinking thoughts a pool of dinner
wipe my mouth and hope to die
this street is cold early morning noises
this body reeling ugly early morning choices
no more drinks til fucking noon
stinking teeth and gums a blackening that sets in soon
and an all revealing smile
just falling down
won't make these hours turn around
i wish i could remember what i'm trying to forget