

# An Evening Of Extraordinary Circumstance

The Lawrence Arms

Tonight I'll sit around pushing my shit down the drain  
Using a plunger and a clothespin while I wrangle with the chain  
Tonight I'll have potato chips and watch my favorite shows  
Then watch some infomercials, then watch some TV snow

Tonight I'll have nine or ten beers  
Tonight I'll talk on the telephone mindlessly until my ear  
Hurts from the feeling, from the strain of active nothing  
Tonight I'll avoid my hopes and fears

Tonight I'll play shitloads of video games  
Tonight I'll decide too late to go get on the train  
And play out my stupid, misguided version of fun  
Tonight I'll get stupid fucking drunk and be an idiot ashamed of what I've done

Tonight I'll bang out another shitty song  
That's unsatisfying, it's been so fucking long  
Since it really felt any other way  
Tonight I'll crumple up these lyrics and throw them away

Tonight I'll make promises I know I'll never keep  
Tonight I'll talk on the telephone, wishing I had the energy to sleep  
Tonight I'll sit around and bitch  
Tonight I'll get hungry staring at the mustard in my empty fridge

Maybe tomorrow I won't smoke no cigarettes  
Maybe tomorrow I won't look back on tonight with vomit soaked regrets  
Maybe tomorrow I won't drown myself in spite  
Maybe tomorrow I could try, and tomorrow could be better than tonight

Sleep well and dream  
Nasty pillows that give way to some place green  
Sleep well and dream