

The Disaster March

The Lawrence Arms

There was a time and a place that was all full of mistakes.
And a face that was all full of shit.
I was frustrated and angry.
I was more than alive.
A catcher in the rye.
I was a jet plane, a thin membrane.
Washing and preening and shedding all hope.
I'm Hot Shots Pt. Deux.
I'm Down Periscope.
The rope that I'm hanging from keeps telling me what to do.
I'm pissing on the fire and learning a remarkable truth about you.
Ugly is ugly. Transformation is a dream.
So love what you are, not what you would like to be.
I'm a drunk with a job, I got the pictures to prove it.
I got some junk in my trunk and the dance moves to move it.

I am written on subway walls.
I am bitter when I fall.

Shout me in the streets and parks.
Scrape your voices on the stars.