

3am QVC Shopping Spree Hangover

The Lawrence Arms

limp lines resign themselves to margins. like a drunken vampire
, i miss the sun. i killed this summer, now it's done. let's sp
lit and reconvene in a warmer space. i'm scratching my head tur
ning nights into days. don't talk to me about boredom. don't ta
lk to me about pride. i sucked it all up, i swallowed it down.
it's fine. gangrene hangs on every word. bullshit endings to st
ories unheard. it's unheard of to me to not fathom doom. so, wh
at did you find in my emperor's tomb? some notebooks, some tee-
shirts, some bad spelling errors. strangled syntax, broken bott
les and chairs. this here is my legacy. i leave all of this to
thee. drink at the funeral. piss on the corpse. yell at the sun
till your voice is all hoarse. i'm gone. this is good bye. dea
d as a dream beneath a grey chicago sky.