

Acheron River

The Lawrence Arms

It's an inorganic rehash of a process so profound
It's a thousand freshly sharpened stakes dug deep into the ground
It's the heads of all dissenters and the distant plume of smoke
And I hope those fuckers choke

Did you hear the dead, decaying circus lumbering ahead
Did you see the starving elephants or did you turn away instead
Man, I'm so high and lonesome at the bottom of the hill
Never thought I'd lose it, but it's looking like I will

So get out, get out, get out the ropes, get out the stones and
let's get low
Get out, get out, get out the way I'm drowning this mortal soul
Take me down to the river take me to where all the poisons go
And let's ride that fucker home woah woah

Season seven of the worst show that I've ever seen
Starts around eleven and it's stars all weary me
'Cause I don't try to shake shit up and I don't bitch or give a fuck
I'm just on the train that's stuck in several thousand different
ruts
Well, It's the part where everybody's drinking just to die
And the point where everyone's got bloodshot blackened eyes
Here's the fucking spoiler, everybody dies
You fuck it hard all goddamn night
You're goddamn right, you're goddamn right

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let's get low
Get out, get out, get out the way I'm drowning this mortal soul
Take me down to the river take me to where all the poisons go
And let's ride that fucker home woahaohuah

Oh baby if I'm dying can I have another round
I know, but I want one even if I don't need it now
I'm dying high and lonesome at the ending of my days

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's get low
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And we'll ride that fucker home