

A Toast

The Lawrence Arms

You tell me that ya wanna go to heaven
But you run around acting like you're gonna live forever.
You tell me that you're going through hell
But you're puttin' others through it.
You say that I smell like I haven't had a shower in 23 days.
Like an unbalanced beer can two minutes too late.
A look like a stale face from a fresh grave with
A chip on my shoulder and an eye full of rage.
Ca you taste that tbeer with your back to the bar.
Can you smell a cigarette without letting down your guard?
Ten cans, 4 a.m. friends, the sad thing is that you'.vre always
been like this.
Moaning in a bed shaped like a hearse.
Believe the lies that you tell yourself (and it'll never get wo
rse)
You tell me that my problem is thinking
But I can chase it away with a problem like drinking
(chris doing a sean nader-esque scream)
You tell me you don't wanna get old
But you've got a party on the line and a grave on hold.
Like a drunk operator, like a game of roulette,
Like a martini balanced on a whiffle ball bat,
When a hard wind blows it's gonna fall down.
When the wind blows there'll be broken glass all around,
Like a bright shiny apple with a worm inside.
Believe the lies that you tell yourself. this is the only way t
o die