

Beautiful Things

The Lawrence Arms

Typewriter tell me what year it was
Typing to the rhythm of a century on the???
We were out smoking on the sidewalks
We were lovers drinking to another song on the jukebox

Don't kill all the beautiful things
I was searching for truth,in the dust of my days
I was so lost,and I was so young

Cinematic,I was cynical on the city bus
Literary wrote lyrics like I thought I was
We were sleeping ,racing for the future
Bicycle tires ,spinning revolution

Don't kill all the beautiful things
I was searching for truth,in the dust of my days
I was so lost,and I was so young

The city was sweating in the summer heat
I wrote melodies of regret to a def and empty street
I was so lonely it started to rain
The lightning and thunder were singing my name
I thought those songs could save me
I thought those songs could save me

Don't kill all the beautiful things
I was searching for truth,in the dust of my days
I was so lost,and I was so young

We were so lost and we were so young
Don't kill all the beautiful things