

Brick Wall Views

The Lawrence Arms

Don't break too many hearts.
Don't take too many arrows in the chest.
Cry comfortably, let us all know what you're thinking.
Is there a gesture I could use to clearly express
I'm at an utter loss for words?
Is there a part of you that's torn? That's larger than life?
That'll hold on for one more night?

I've got a speech to make.
Followed by a big parade.

Northside. Closed eyes.
All charades go on forever.
Hands tied with fool's pride.
In a slowly fleeing summer.

Just throw your hands up at the sky.
No use trying to explain this.
The clouds are mirrors. I'm disguised.
I'm not all that entertaining.
The city looks the same
Until you notice smaller changes.
It still knows us all by name.
It holds us close to its heart
It holds us close to its heart

All my hopes are unaligned.
This diagnosis is self-designed.

Northside. Dead eyes.
All charades go on forever.
Hands tied with past lives.
In a slowly fleeing summer.

Empty rooms don't have pictures to talk to.
Brick wall views demand uninspired afternoons.
The days are flooding into months.
The nights are staring into centuries.

I've got some older pictures
Of people I see once every couple years.
Intrigued or unamazed.
"You were so much different back in those days."

And now this smile has a bitter curve.
Now these eyes are unenchanted.
And all we see is a faded image of what we used to be.
How can we relate

When we don't know a thing about each other anymore?
When we don't know a thing about each other anymore?
When we don't know a thing about each other anymore?
When we don't know each other anymore?

Is there a gesture I could use to clearly express
I'm at an utter loss for words.