

Chapter 13: The Hero Appears

The Lawrence Arms

The well went dry
My blood thinned out
I scrapped through
A thousand layers
Of paint-like years
The secret's in
Conjested grins sigh
I'm trying to find places to breathe now

And if this were a book
I'd call this song the final chapter
And if you read it
You'd be laughin'
If it could end right now
The last lines would be

My body jolted in
And out of stolen soundwaves
The world expands or shrinks
On any given monday
Tuesday evening dyes a room blue
Friday's window has it's own view

And if this were a book
I'd call this song the final chapter
And if you read it
You'd be laughin'
If it could end right now
The last lines would be

Good friend
How loud do you want life to shout her answers in your ear?

She lights her streaming by on stiff necks
Connected prayers used to sign off things
Keep on counting them
Maybe hold your breath
I'm trying to exhale you softly
Don't be so vein
I'm not impressed in past-tense
I don't do impressions

The blood has dried
(good friend, how loud do)
Now i can wash my hands with tears you cried
(want life to shout her)
If you could frame this feeling
(good friend, how loud do)
At night it would whisper to me

Good friend
How loud do you want life to shout her answers in your ear?
[2x]