

Demons

The Lawrence Arms

I got too drunk at your wedding and my voice got loud
And I said some creepy things and I staggered around
And even though your best man had to kick me out
It was a pretty good time either way
It seems a fight broke out and an old man was yelling
Cuz no one was buying all the bullshit he was selling
And he threw all his keepsakes on the ground and walked away
Cursing hard to bring back yesterday

And the dying ain't gonna stop
Just because you walk away
And you can cry for everything that you've lost
But you ain't never gonna bring back these days

I hate the Mondays and the Fridays cuz they always define
The endless march of pushing ruthlessly to the light
Well, if I'm gonna be dying then I'm gonna get high
And scream until I'm not feeling the pain

Let's burn a bridge for the fuck of it and kill this night
With some beers down at the pits, with whiskey lips and we'll try
To love for the moment and forget for the night
That life doesn't usually feel great

And the dying ain't gonna stop
Just because you walk away
And you can cry for everything that you've lost
But you ain't never gonna bring back these days

Where we gonna go now that everything's shut down?
I can't go home, so where do you wanna go now?
Let's bring it back around to where everybody's singin'

That the dying ain't gonna stop
Just because you walk away
And you can cry for everything that you've lost
But you ain't never gonna bring back these days
You ain't never gonna bring back these days