

## Drunk Mouth Kitchen Smile

The Lawrence Arms

Concerning confrontations  
This is a shy and quiet morning  
The sleeping dogs awoke last night  
The thunder scares them, stiff eyed

Exercise your exorcisms  
Anchor down, raise the sail  
Autumn night, stay soft and cool  
Come morning light, I'll be gone

Spectators are tired of watching  
They're filing out the big top doors  
I'm buried in the smell of circus  
Those dark clouds are rolling in

Drunken mouth kitchen smile  
Please summon me softly to sleep  
We never talk, we only speak

Today I've seen a dragon  
On the ripped up, worn out armrest  
Stay back, this skin is laced with sticks of dynamite  
I'll be burning out like a shooting star

A thousand pretty lights assail these sinking feelings  
I should be on trial for everything I haven't done