Eighteen Inches

The Lawrence Arms

Face down on the ground
Storm clouds lie in white snow piles all around
I don't know if I can make it through
One more winter in this town

Voted worst in show the last two years Got a refill on my tears Another bottle Of foam-yellow clear

An old man twitching on the train Reminds us of mortality The snow everywhere Reminds us of the rain

And my burned and brittle skin Cracked and blistered in the wind Is testament to repetition As the impossible happens again

So, what's your New Year's resolution?
Take off those ten unsightly pounds
The snow is piling higher
And your face is growing closer to the ground

Raising your glass at the office party
Photocopy your secretary's ass
It's no more pathetic
Than our self righteously self important tasks

Of barfing rhetoric on shiny table tops
As our collars and turtlenecks choke us right there in the coff
ee shops
Winter will not wait for you
Ironically, your worst fear has come true

Pontification means nothing

When I woke up and looked around I found my dreams had melted into dirty puddles on the ground