

## Hickey Avenue

The Lawrence Arms

We talk a lot in crappy cars and restaurants and shitty bars  
We ain't trying very hard but we've got that fucking bark  
We talked the talk, packed up the shit where the fuckers would  
be feeling it  
If they could hear the epithets and the rejoinders that we spit

We talk a lot and now we're feeling fine  
We talk a lot, yeah, we've got nothing but time  
And baby you don't know what it's like

So let's keep rolling out of this shitty yellow light  
'Cuz we've been trolling through this endless parade of identical days  
Nothing changes, it only rots away

We talk a lot but no one's listening  
We've been over this before  
Now it's happening again  
Now we're squawking with them crows  
We hang on wires and watch the city and its busy days below  
We talk a lot, it's the only thing we know  
It's time to ride all goddamn day and night  
What have you got? I want to melt down with time  
I'm scratching out my insides

So let's keep rolling out of this shitty yellow light  
'Cuz we've been trolling through this endless parade of identical days  
Nothing changes, it only rots away

What are we doing here? Nothing  
That's what killing me  
That's what's fucking killing me

So now we're rolling out of this shitty yellow light  
'Cuz we've been trolling through this endless parade of identical days  
Nothing changes and we've forgotten what this used to be like