

Joyce Carol Oates is a Boring Old Biddy

The Lawrence Arms

A Broken Record Has A Thousand Answers To Countless
Contradictions
your Condition Is Flooding Through The Streets Again.

now You've Drained Your Thoughts Onto An Empty Page
with Ink As Red As Blood.
some Words Were Never Meant To Be
like I Was Talking To Myself

i Drew A Picture To Remind Me
of What You Look Like When It's Raining
you Use A Lot Of Heavy Words That Never Get You
Anywhere
the Circumbout And Cycling

another Year Has Lived And Died
through Blue Tangled Phone Lines
a Frequency That's Frightening
pretty Lucky Numbers Dialed
to Hear A Stranger's Voice Crying

now You've Drained Your Thoughts Onto An Empty Page
with Ink As Red As Blood
some Words Were Never Meant To Be
feels Like I'm Talking To Myself

figure Eights Grind Your Silver Blades
icy Eyes, Have You Seen The Midnight Sky?

wipe The Sleep From Your Rusting Eyes
fill This Room With Superstitious Smiles
a Chorus Of Our Lives
wipe The Sleep From Your Rusting Eyes
i Want You To See Me For The First Time

you're Blaring And Blaring Jagged Lips
i'm Dying, I'm Dying To Taste Your Icy Eyes
you're Blaring, You're Blaring Jagged Lips
i'm Dying, I'm Dying To Taste Your Icy Eyes

figure Eight, Your Style Is Better Than Your Skate
icy Eyes, Can You See Through My Disguise?

figure Eight, Savor Sour Twist Of Fate
jagged Lips, They're Blaring, You're Blaring Icy Eyes