

Seventeener (17th and 37th)

The Lawrence Arms

I never wanted to die old,
But it's too late now,
My heart has grown so cold.
And the corpse I leave behind
Ain't gonna be,
No pretty boy
It's a sick sack of disease.

We thought about
Ways we'd love to go.
High and beautiful,
And fucking in the snow.
On New Years Day or Christmas Eve,
On a warm November night buried beneath the orange leaves.
It's a few dreams on the ways that we could leave.

My heart got kicked out of all its homes,
And dying young just didn't work and so I guess I'm dying old
And there ain't nowhere left to go,
'Cause all my loves would rather be alone.

And yesterday I woke up to find,
The black in my beard had turn to white.
And the pretty girls that used to smile at me,
Just stared off straight ahead or looked down at their feet.

So tonight I'll sit up here
With these street lights and these seventeen beers.
Straight from the page of a teenage diary,
Underneath these shitty stars like I was seventeen.

(I mean)

That my heart got kicked out of all its homes,
And dying young just didn't work and so I guess I'm dying old
And there ain't nowhere left to go,
'Cause all my loves would rather be alone.

And there ain't nowhere left to go,
'Cause all my loves would rather be alone.