

Sixteen Hours

The Lawrence Arms

So, I think I know what I'll be doing today
Vague thoughts of exercise while I laugh in the face of good he
alth

Stakes get raised, harder to wake up every day
Embarrassment fuels redemption, the solution is the same

Sucking hard on the death, sucking life out of me
Water insides with dehydrants, a black lung, an ignition key
Another night accelerates to stop and stay the same
Another 16 hours down the drain

Waking up, coughing up, hardened throats and blackened lungs
It's easy to stop stopping anytime you want
Growing pains from growing old, fingertips burn from the cold
Blood and oxygen, another evening killing friends

Will I wake up tomorrow?
Will it be another replay of today?
Down the drain and out the door
When too much begs for more