

The Old Timer's 2x4

The Lawrence Arms

walking dead on two burned feet do you have anything left to say to me? from barber chairs and baseball gloves to calling names and slaps and drugs from son, you could have been someone to hey there, meet my only son lost in the mail for a convenient month. a graduation unattended 500 miles, five hundred days we'll never talk, let's count the ways we fake it over every break and you kick yourself for making this mistake ... actions dismantle litigation and i thought this would be easier for me another forced smile on vacation another disappointment paves itself into a two way street and i see you inside myself i want to climb out of my skin i see you in myself every day and once again, i was the worst mistake, your connection to a thirty year hate i tried hard not to believe it i'll try harder to feel it here's to you ya old bastard