

# The Slowest Drink at the Saddest Bar on the Snowiest Day in the Greatest

The Lawrence Arms

My eyes opened to the emptiness.  
My face was nothing but crooked lines.  
I guess somewhere I really fell behind.  
My feet were cold against the bathroom tile.  
Took a shower just to pass the time.

My mind was full, too much to figure out.

I walk through the snow to a bar where there's no one I  
know.  
Drink slow with nowhere to go.  
And when I leave I'll be singing this song.  
Summer's gone, carry on, I'm a ghost in the dawn.

I was lost on the airplanes.  
I was high on the fast trains.  
My heart was a bird in a small cage.  
And I was drunk on the radio waves.

Too much coffee I'm not steady now.  
Quiet apartment, ears are ringing loud.  
The winter drowns out all the city sounds.

Hang my towel over the shower rod; so many hours just  
hanging on.  
So many chances have come and gone.

All this time passed me by and I was trapped in waiting.  
Sometimes the truth is hard to find and I was scared