

# Them Angels Been Talkin'

The Lawrence Arms

What's that sound?  
In the parking lot someone's getting sick  
But the beards just gather 'round to get another picture of his  
dick  
Around the corner there's a party with a million pretty girls  
Black and blue, tattooed and bruised, weary with the world

This high life is running at full steam  
Come on everyone and live this high life with me  
I'm not gonna stop until the devil falls asleep  
Tonight is the march of the meek

I feel the Sparks on my teeth and in my veins  
Summers spent in basements, smoking in the rain  
Number fifteen and Anthony, when will I see you again?  
When is the next time we can raise our voices with our friends  
If I promise just to love you, promise me you'll always change  
It's more than a blackout, or remembering names

The ships and parades fade into dull greys  
and everything ends way too soon  
And up there the angels have been talking  
and you'd best believe what you always knew  
Cuz their words are all true  
And no one is waiting for you.

This high life is running at full steam  
Come on everyone and live this high life with me  
I'm not gonna stop until the devil falls asleep  
Or Jesus gives me back my keys  
Tonight is the march of the meek

Stand up and be counted if you can't live without it