

There's No Place Like a Stranger's Floor

The Lawrence Arms

Teeth ripped out of gums hit sparkling gray squares of concrete
. Screams in technicolor pain. Doubled over spitting blood. The
freezing rain. Never felt so good to wake up in some town on s
ome floor to some sound. Voices rattle through my veins. You're
slowly imploding, your worlds are corroding. Please let it wor
k itself out. We've got time to melt. You haven't said a single
thing. A six month recurring dream. Oil stains glisten in the
light. Fluorescent yellow blue and red. It's not worth talking
when everything goes left unsaid. The freezing rain slants down
in icy sheets on some street where someone is cursing what the
y've done. And walking quickly toward the train, cold and dejec
ted in a brightly lit steel frame. Your eyes are a cloudy morni
ng. My lips are this sealed letter. Ineptly yours. Sincerely so
rry. It's something you feel in the sole out of your shoe on a
loud city bus on some aching afternoon.