

# Arms Against Atrophy

## Titus Andronicus

A band trip dance  
What could be the harm  
But a six week vacation from the use of my right arm?  
It was just the two hits  
And I remember nothing more  
Only Alex hitting the switch  
and me hitting the floor  
We're taking this lying down  
The one thing I can stand up for is resting supine on the ground  
Mr. McDermott, won't you help me to my feet?  
Because the drumline's going wild in the San Francisco streets  
The long walk home  
An hour and a half  
But quickly turns to three or four with stops at every underpass  
But by June 22nd  
I have done the math  
That's a hundred and five liters I'll consume of Dr. Path  
Some girls will tell their secrets to anyone  
The word "love" gets thrown around a lot near graduation  
So please don't whisper sweet nothings in my ear  
When the sound of shredding vocal chords is what I want to hear  
Because we're going to San Francisco  
And I forget to wear some flowers in my hair  
She's got a secret surname  
That nobody knows  
With the most gorgeous hyphen  
You wouldn't believe the way it glows  
And I'm the only one who gets to see it way up close  
So the rest of you can stick it up your nose  
Last night, I had the strangest dream that I have ever known  
My mother, in a fit of rage, chases me from our home  
My mother, the murderer holds me down in the road  
She's got the nail clippers at my throat

Lyrics provided by

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