

Boiled Frogs

Alexisonfire

A man sits at his desk
One year from retirement
And he's up for review
Not quite sure what to do
Each passing year
The workload grows

I'm always wishing
I'm always wishing too late
For things to go my way
It always ends up the same
Count your blessings

I must be missing
I must be missing the point
Your signal fades away
And all I'm left with is noise
Count your blessings on one hand

So wait up, I'm not sleeping
Alone again tonight
There's so much to dream about
There must be more to my life

Poor little tin man
Still swinging his axe
Even though his joints
Are clogged with rust

My youth is slipping
My youth is slipping away
Safe in monotony
So safe, day after day
Count your blessings

My youth is slipping
My youth is slipping away
Cold wind blows off the lake
And I know for sure that it's too late
Count your blessings on one hand

So wait up, I'm not sleeping
Alone again tonight
There's so much to dream about
There must be more to my life

Can't help but feel betrayed
Punch the clock every single day
There's no loyalty and no remorse
Youth sold for a pension cheque
And it makes him fucking sick
He's heating up, he can't say no

Whoa, oh, oh, oh
Whoa, oh, oh, oh
Whoa, oh, oh, oh

So wait up, I'm not sleeping
Alone again tonight
There's so much to dream about
There must be more to my life

So wait up I'm not sleeping
Alone again tonight
Between the light and shallow waves
Is where I'm going to die

Wait up for me
Wait up for me
Wait up for me