

# Blame It on Bad Luck

Bayside

Pound my knuckles hard against the floor.  
My head against the wall.  
But I did this to myself.  
Assume it's just not worth getting back up,  
so I'll blame it on bad luck.  
And I'll shake responsibility.

I spent some time in a bad place at 18,  
wishing I could see something through clear eyes.  
Do you ever wake up to realize  
that your life is meaningless?  
Does it give you strength or lead you to  
your grave at a young age?

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It seems that when I ran away from my past  
all my dignity, my faith, my pride got left back.  
And now I think it's time that I realize  
self pity's meaningless.  
Though I'm 10 feet deep,  
I'll claw my way back out from in my grave.

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And say a hard life did this to me.

Now I realize, I'd give anything I have  
to walk a day in my old shoes.  
Wondering what my first smoke would be like,  
my first fuck, my next fuck up.  
Or the next band that would change my life  
and it changed my life  
and it changed my life.

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