

Birthday Song

Chris Trapper

One day you'll need someone to dress you
You'll be spilling food down on your face
The next a priest will God bless you
And it won't mean that you sneezed
But the time in between
Is lost like a dream
Your melancholy mood comes too late
So pick that old ass of yours
Up off the floor
For tonight we celebrate

And the years go by
And we don't know where they went
We just let them fly
'Cause they were all heaven sent
We're on borrowed time
And we still owe half the rent
For soaking up the sunshine
'Til we're dead gone
We will laugh until we drop
Here's your birthday song
May your party never stop
Singing on and on
We go stumbling down the block
Soaking up the good wine

We're covered in silver confetti
There's bottles all over the floor
Just because your bank account's empty
It don't mean that you're poor
The nights just like this
Make me feel like I'm rich
Like the fire still burns in my core
So raise that old glass of yours
Up towards the sky
We're not counting anymore