

## 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