

## Wisdom Teeth

Frank Turner

It's been eighteen months since I kissed you once  
So just saying "hi" just isn't going to fly  
But if you give me a clue and a minute or two  
Then I might remember your name  
And I hate to insist that I was really that pissed  
But to tell the truth, in my flush of youth  
I would drown my sight until faces and nights seemed the same  
And a nervous shrug and an awkward hug  
Won't get me out of the hole that I've dug  
So I slip the noose with a poor excuse  
And talk to someone, anyone else  
And I sit with my friends and I try to pretend  
That I never did that sort of thing again  
But I'm lying to myself

And suddenly it's as clear as clear could be  
I'm not quite the perfect man that I hoped I'd be  
And though I always tried to live an honest life  
To tell my truth I've told my share of lies

I remember you, of course I do  
But I don't recall how many times we've been through  
This little game, that always ends the same  
With you sad and me far away  
And every time I repeat the line  
That the fault's not mine and I wasn't unkind  
But the worst part is that I've got nothing else to say

And all the pretty little pictures of faith and firm devotion  
That I painted as a child  
Well they have fallen by the wayside, along with all my puppy-  
fat  
But my days have taught me this  
That every day I spend pretending that I always choose the right  
t path  
Is a day that I choose the wrong

Oh yes my wisdom teeth have been giving me grief  
They woke me up to find that I'm exactly the kind of  
Guy I said that I'd rather be dead than be  
In the days before I got laid