

I Guess It All Makes Sense At The End

Hank Green

I'd like to do some calculations
In the hopes that I'll come to some realizations
My mind is not what it used to be
That certainly isn't news to me
But I want to know how my life was spent
Now that I know that I'm near the end
So I add subtract multiply and divide
To try and figure out what I did with my life

I spent twenty-seven years in my bed
And there's not much that I would've preferred to do instead
I spent two years chewing and six months wooing
And, I'm sure you're curious, almost three years pooing
I spent twenty five years working for a guy
That I wanted to kill when I didn't want to die
But I spent fifty seven years loving you my friend
So I guess it all makes sense at the end.

I spent nearly a full year masturbating
Second only to the year we spent copulating
I know you're not a fan of this vulgarity
But completeness is important for full clarity
I spent more than seven years watching television
And how could I not regret that decision
But I don't think that I'll ever know how much time
I did or didn't spend lookin' into your eyes.

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I've never known any way but numbers and sums
To understand what we are and what we have become
But like numbers are perfect, that's how this has been for me
And I hope that I still give you everything you need
80 years alive and four eating food
Five reading books and 57 with you
Two eyes one nose one smile one life
It somehow isn't ever quite enough time.

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I spent twenty five years working for a guy
That I wanted to kill when I didn't want to die
But I spent fifty seven years loving you my friend
So I guess it all makes sense at the end.
Oh I guess it all makes sense at the end.
Yeah, I guess it all makes sense at the end.