

Portrait of a Cigarette Smoker at 19

Less Than Jake

I used to be a stereotype
Half alive with half open eyes
With a one track mind
And a flawed design
Feeling like I was lost
At sea at only the age of 19
Floating around in alcohol and apathy
Taking in too much caffeine and nicotine
If we make it outta here alive
Just say you won't look back to see
Just who we left behind (there might not be a next time)

With all the ups and downs and turn arounds (might not be a next time
)
To the breaking up to breaking down (might not be a next time)
Yeah we were the ones to say (there might not be a next time)

I used to be a stereotype
Someone you'd never recognize
With fingers so yellow
That they matched the yellow skies
And there was a few things I memorized
From all those blurry times
Like bottles clinking under blinking signs
And a few last words from long lost friends of mine
If we make it out of here alive
Just say you won't look back to see
Just who we left behind (there might not be a next time)

With all the ups and downs and turn arounds (might not be a next time
)
To the breaking up to breaking down (might not be a next time)
Yeah we were the ones to say (there might not be a next time)

And if we make it outta here alive (if we make outta here alive)
Just say you won't look back to see
Just who we left behind
Just who we left behind

After all the fuck ups and fallouts (there might not be a next time)
With all the ups and downs and turn arounds (might not be a next time
)
Through all the breaking up to breaking down (there might not be a ne
xt time)
Yeah we were the ones to say (there might not be a next time)

There might not be a next time (might not be a next time)

Words to live by
we're all doing just fine