

# The New Year

Parachute

I'm sick of cleaning up the mess you left behind  
What a way to start the new year  
On my hands and knees cleaning up the dirt and grime  
What a way to start the new year

I'm sick of holding both ends of the tightrope  
Cause when you fall all that's left is old high hopes for me  
Stretched thin to the end trying to keep it all in  
What a way to start the new year

Won't you say that it's alright?  
Won't you tell me it's okay?

Because there's 364 more days  
I might be smiling but you'll never even hear me say  
That I like it in the shadows  
Counting down to zero just to start again  
Oh what a way to start the new year

Don't get me wrong, I hate this holiday  
What a way to start the new year  
On my hands and knees, choosing what I have to say  
What a way to start the new year  
I never realized it could mean so much  
Just to go to bed later when we have to get up all the same,  
And we scream and clap for the end of what was and what we've become

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Won't you tell me it's okay?

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Was it really that bad?  
And could it be better?  
Well, I don't know, but with you I still have hope  
That this could be my year  
364 more days, 1 million chances left to find you and to see your face  
Making light out of the shadows, finally get to zero  
Maybe we'll both say  
364 more days, 1 million chances left to find you and to see your face  
Making light out of the shadows, finally get to zero  
Maybe we'll both say  
What a way to start the new year