

With the jobs I've taken  
The bones that I've broken  
Seems nothings the way that it used to be  
Now it's over, I guess that I'm older  
The proof is on paper in front of me  
Write it down, sound it out (oh, oh, oh, oh)  
Make it loud, and this time make it count

I'm sorry, for everything  
I did to you, I didn't mean it  
Late for my own funeral  
As usual

Putting it down on paper  
So I don't forget it all later  
If I could, if I tried anyway  
Said that I learned my lesson  
But I make the same mistakes again  
Think about this every day  
As I watch the towns fade through side view mirrors

With the jobs I've taken  
The bones that I've broken  
Seems nothings the way that it used to be  
But now it's over, I guess that I'm older  
The proof is on paper in front of me  
Write it down, sound it out  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Make it loud, and make it count  
Think about this every day  
We all get old and fade away  
But through it all I won't forget  
You

I'm sorry, for everything  
I did to you, I didn't mean it  
Late for my own funeral  
As usual  
As usual  
(You can give, you can take  
But you'll never forget)

Moving on now to new situations  
Not able to turn to what felt so right (I'm sorry)  
Familiar faces, familiar places  
I can't look on in after one more night (I'm sorry)  
Write it down, sound it out (oh, oh, oh, oh)  
Make it count and this time make me proud