

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