

Four Years

Senses Fail

I take a shot of Jameson or Jack to start the morning off with
old friends
I'll celebrate like it's the anniversary of the day that we first met
I've been practicing our eulogy, separated all our things
I took my name off of the lease I'm leaving

'Cause dear, four years hurts less than five
(And it's never a good time)
I am sorry for all my crimes
And the wandering gaze of my unfaithful eyes

Now I wonder as I am sliding under the subtle control of the drink
If I have enough left in the bottle to say all the things I'm thinking?
I've been practicing my exit plan, nervously checking time
I still don't know how I'll survive

'Cause dear, four years hurts less than five
(And it's never a good time)
I am sorry for all my crimes
And the wandering gaze of my unfaithful eyes
It's clear I am an awful mess
(I had to get this off my chest)
Soon the only thing I'll have left
Is your memory and promises never kept

When she came home I made her sit
My feet tap out a rhythm as I draw breath in
To hurt the only one I've loved
"This is so damn hard but I am giving up."
"The person that you love is dead,
I flooded him out with the Jack and Jameson,
So happy anniversary.
The best gift I could think to give you was to set you free."

Wake up, you're sleeping
Wake up, you're sleeping behind the wheel
Wake up, you're sleeping
Wake up, you're sleeping behind the wheel
Behind the wheel