

You Made Me Want To Be A Saint

The Wonder Years

It was how Dave said "us"
Like the last three years had never happened
It was how George walked down and threw dirt onto the casket
It was how I know you would want this to be a fast one
And not some cliché ballad

I'm slowing down in the August air
A heavy heart and shaking hands carried you up here
I buried half of a decade there
It was the better part
You'd catch the reference if only you could hear
Because I can still hear you in the bass drum beat after "I'll
Catch You"
I'm left wondering if you meant anything when you typed out
"You never got me down, Ray. I never went down"

You know the fucked up part is
I kind of always knew we'd have to write a song about this
You know the fucked up part is
I had my fingers crossed that it wouldn't be for you, kid
You know the fucked up part is
It's been months, and I still have nightmares
You know the fucked up part is
I'm never going back there
You know the fucked up part is
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