

Bayside, Blame It On Bad Luck

Pound my knuckles hard against the floor.
My head against the wall.
But I did this to myself.
Assume it's just not worth getting back up,
so I'll blame it on bad luck.
And I'll shake responsibility.

I spent some time in a bad place at 18,
wishing I could see something through clear eyes.
Do you ever wake up to realize
that your life is meaningless?
Does it give you strength or lead you to
your grave at a young age?

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It seems that when I ran away from my past
all my dignity, my faith, my pride got left back.
And now I think it's time that I realize
self pity's meaningless.
Though I'm 10 feet deep,
I'll claw my way back out from in my grave.

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So I'll blame it on bad luck.
And I'll shake responsibility.
And say a hard life did this to me.

Now I realize, I'd give anything I have
to walk a day in my old shoes.
Wondering what my first smoke would be like,
my first fuck, my next fuck up.
Or the next band that would change my life
and it changed my life
and it changed my life.

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