

Sum 41, Nothing On My Back

Was happiness a fad?
Or was it in the lost and found again behind the issues.
It might not be so bad,
We're all addicted to our tragedy,
I guess it's what it had to be.

With nothing on my back
It's still enough to bring me down.
My mind's about to crack,
Cause what i thought could not be found.
Matter of in fact,
it's harder still when you're around
with nothing on my back
I can't help but drown.

I might as well belong to both of you.
and the mess you always seem to drag me through.
That night forever always haunting me.
But I guess it is what it's supposed to be,
But spare your thoughts of sympathy.

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