

Alexisonfire, Boiled Frogs

a man sits at his desk
One year from retirement
And he's up for review
Not quite sure what to do
each passing year
The workload grows

I'm always wishing
I'm always wishing too late
For things to go my way
It always ends up the same

Count your blessings

I must be missing, I must be missing the point
Your signal fades away and all I'm left with is noise

Count your blessings on one hand

So wait up
I'm not sleeping alone again tonight
There's so much to dream about
there must be more to my life

Poor little tin man, still swinging his axe
Even though his joints are clogged with rust

My youth is slipping
my youth is slipping away
Safe in monotony SO SAFE day after day

Count your blessings

My youth is slipping
my youth is slipping away
cold wind blows off the lake and I know for sure that it's too late

Count your blessings on one hand

So wait up I'm not sleeping alone again tonight
There's so much to dream about, there must be more to my life

Can't help but feel betrayed
punch the clock every single day
There's no loyalty, and no remorse
Youth stole for a pension cheque,
and it makes him fucking sick
He's heating up, he can't say no

So wait up
I'm not sleeping alone again tonight
There's so much to dream about
there must be more to my life
So wait up
I'm not sleeping alone again tonight
Between the light and shallow waves
is where I'm going to die

Wait up for me
Wait up for me
Wait up for me