

Englishman J., My Song

Friday night
Ms. Sissie's in L.A.
And I'm sittin' on mom's back porch
I've been thinkin' again
All I do is drink too much
And dream up different ways
To crawl a little further outta touch
Waste away my days

So you can listen to this song I sing
But this song I sing is still for me
bye-apa-bye-aye
bye-apa-bye-aye-aye-aye
bye-apa-bye-aye
This is my song
bye-apa-bye-aye
bye-apa-bye-aye-aye-aye
bye-apa-bye-aye
This is my song

So this is my life
Wake me when it's over
Coz I just turned 27
But I'm feeling so much older
I'm not supposed to be this bitter
I'm not supposed to be this mad
All my plans were so much bigger
Than everything I am

So you can listen to this song I sing
But this song I sing is still for me
bye-apa-bye-aye
bye-apa-bye-aye-aye-aye
bye-apa-bye-aye
This is my song
bye-apa-bye-aye
bye-apa-bye-aye-aye-aye
bye-apa-bye-aye
This is my song
My, my

Somedays I hate the way it's all come down
I hate the way the scene's played out
I hate the way the movie ends
And I wish I could take back what's been said
Coz I feel like maybe I've been wronged
Coz I used to know where I belonged
But these days I'm just not so strong
Well this is my voice
My, my song
bye-apa-bye-aye-aye-aye
bye-apa-bye-aye-aye-aye