

Punchline, Battlescars

With the jobs I've taken
The bones that I've broken
Seems nothing's the way that it used to be
But now it's over, I guess that I'm older
The proof is on paper in front of me
Write it down, sound it out (oh, oh, oh, ohhhh)
Make it loud, and this time make it count

I'm sorry, for everything
I did to you, I didn't mean it
Late for my own funeral as usual

Putting it down on paper
So I don't forget it all later
As if I could, if I tried anyway
Say that I learned my lesson
But I make the same mistakes again
Think about this every day
As I watch the town fade through side view mirrors

With the jobs I've taken
The bones that I've broken
Seems nothings the way that it used to be
But now it's over, I guess that I'm older
The proof is on paper in front of me
Write it down, sound it out
Oh, oh, oh, ohhhh
Make it loud, and make it count
Think about this every day
We all get old and fade away
But through it all I won't forget
YOUUUUUU!

I'm sorry, for everything
I did to you, I didn't mean it
Late for my own funeral as usual
(2x)
(You can give, you can take
But you might never find the answers)

Moving on now to new situations
Not able to turn to what felt so right (im sorry)
Familiar faces, familiar places
You can't look or live at for one more night (im sorry)
Write it down, sound it out (oh, oh, oh, ohhhh)
Make it count and this time make me proud