

Senses Fail, Four Years

I take a shot of Jameson or Jack
To start the morning off
With old friends
I'll celebrate like
It's the anniversary
Of the day that we first met
I've been practicing our eulogy
Separated all our things
I take my name off of the list
I'm leaving

Because dear, four years hurts less than five
(It's never a good time)
I am sorry for all my crimes
And the wondering gaze of my avertful eyes

Now I wonder as I'm sliding under
The side of control of the drink
If I have enough left in the bottle
To say all the things I'm thinking
I've been practicing my exit plan
Nervously checking time
I still don't know how I'll survive

Because dear, four years hurts less than five
(It's never a good time)
I am sorry for all my crimes
And the wondering gaze of my avertful eyes
It's clear I am an awful mess
(Get this off my chest)
So the only thing I'll have left
Is the memory and promises never kept

When she came home I made her sit
My feet tapped out a rhythm as I draw breath in
To hurt the only one I loved
This is so damn hard but I am giving up
The person that you love is dead
I am bloodied him up with the Jack and Jameson
So happy anniversary
The best gift I can think to give you
Was to set you free

Wake up, you're sleeping
Wake up, you're sleeping behind the wheel
Wake up, you're sleeping
Wake up, you're sleeping behind the wheel
Behind the wheel