

# Sum 41, Heart Attack

Remember when there was nothing else to do,  
But lie in bed and, wonder how it was  
Always up to you, and no one else and,  
Early mornings, made by warnings, what's the point of the alarm that I'm ignoring?  
It's even raining, I'm not complaining, but waking up is hard to do so,

Turn my head it's back to bed with no delay,  
Can't be bothered by the phone ten times a day.  
Why get up my morning doesn't even start till two?  
Forget reality waking up is hard to do.

Remember when we would hang out every day, and we would rather,  
Not be told what to do or what to say, Cause nothing mattered.  
Never boring, slept in mornings, not ashamed of the habits that I'm forming.  
It's not important if days are shortened, I can't make time when nothing's new,  
Cause waking up is hard to do so,

Turn my head it's back to bed with no delay,  
Can't be bothered by the phone ten times a day,  
Why get up my morning doesn't even start till two?  
Forget reality waking up is hard to do.

What's a day when it all ends up the same, and lasts forever?  
Can't complain when there's nothing there to blame, and things can't be better.  
Summer evenings, teenage grievings,  
Got no problem with the life that I've been leading.  
No concentration on hesitation.  
I can't make time when nothing's new,  
Cause waking up is hard to do so,

Turn my head it's back to bed with no delay,  
Can't be bothered by the phone ten times a day,  
Why get up my morning doesn't even start till two?  
Forget reality waking up is hard to do!