

Trophy Scars, Assistant. Assistants.

Was clawing at the walls in my tiny apartment
Trying to make sense of my life and then it started
My stomach felt weird and my heart was speeding up, man
When all of it was over I spoke up and raised my right hand
"Why do I exist? I got two more years to live."

I'm hardly suicidal and I've been heavy drinking
Two years is what you make it
And I know what you're thinking:
"Jerry's lost his mind again; he's way too self-indulgent."
Maybe you're right
I should never have told you

Do you think I'm lying?
I lie all the time
But I'm telling the truth, man
In two years this voice will die

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick, tick-tock

I've got so many names to thank
Should we start with Mary?

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick, tick-tock

We'll hide our wounds from our parents
We'll eat out our wrists like they're candy
We'll think twice before kissing
We'll miss our old friends like they're dying

I remember when we were just sixteen and dreaming
Drinking in the basement just shouting and screaming
Listening to our favorite records all while thinking
Someday we're gonna be there on stage all singing
Remember breaking hearts and getting hearts broken
Lying to our parents about what we were smoking
Solving all our problems with bottles and women
Even though we knew we were better without them

This is not me, this is not me
This is me
Getting old, getting cold and getting stoned
I'll write backwards and call it art
I'll set things right from the very start
And I know my heart won't get in the way
I hope to God that they take me away
While my foot is tapping out the rhythm
While my foot just taps out the rhythm

Can you hear them screaming?
Oh God
Can you hear them screaming?
Oh God