

## Englishman J. "My Song"

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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

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