

## Senses Fail "Four Years"

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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 took my name off of the lease I'm leaving

'Cause dear, four years hurts less than five  
(And it's never a good time)  
I am sorry for all my crimes  
And the wandering gaze of my unfaithful eyes

Now I wonder as I am sliding under the subtle 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

'Cause dear, four years hurts less than five  
(And it's never a good time)  
I am sorry for all my crimes

And the wandering gaze of my unfaithful eyes  
It's clear I am an awful mess  
(I had to get this off my chest)  
Soon the only thing I'll have left  
Is your memory and promises never kept

When she came home I made her sit  
My feet tap out a rhythm as I draw breath in  
To hurt the only one I've loved  
"This is so damn hard but I am giving up."  
"The person that you love is dead,  
I flooded him out with the Jack and Jameson,  
So happy anniversary.  
The best gift I could 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

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