

Sum 41 "Count Your Last Blessings"

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Last call for regret and defeat
To finish the bottle full of empty dreams
Punch strong headed straight out of line
Another excuse with no alibi

Hitching on the road of decline
With no name streets and no vital signs
I pissed away the best of me
And no one can help me, help me

Misery's best friend can't be a dead end
A bag full of regrets and I'm coming clean
So I feel it, especially the rejects
A bad habit, don't forget it, you better

Count your last blessings
And fill up the wagon
Chases this fee
And now I'm running out of time

My hands are tied and nailed to the cross
I'm looking for all the composure I lost
I'm petulant with a bad attitude
A poster child vision of wasted youth

I dodged the book and found the key
I can't say the same for dignity
I pissed away the best of me
And no one can help me, help me

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So I feel it, especially the rejects
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My own enemy
I don't hear you now

Perfect tragedy
God bless us denial

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