

Sum 41, Count Your Last Blessings

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

Misery's best friend
Can't be a dead-end
A bag full of regrets and I'm coming clean
So 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

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My own enemy
I don't hear you now
Perfect tragedy
God bless us denial

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