

# Count Your Last Blessings

## Sum 41

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

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