Days I Forgot to Write Down

Comet Gain

John, the distance of time is stuck
And when the sharp fucks play
I could be with you today
So John, I hung all the songs
But I'm miles from the smiles
And I've nowhere to sleep
If I don't grow old
I can't become an antique
So i just stay a freak
For someone to keep
These are the days I forgot to write down
These are the thorns they wear in their crown
These are the days I forgot to write down
These are the words buried deep in the ground
And they're not to be found
And they don't make a sound
They sing: ooh, ooh, ooh
Bill, I used to write words to you
But the you in the songs are the ones who have gone
So Bill, try recalling the best of times
And the ghost on the bus is the sadness of dust
And the kids at the club are all sitting in pubs
Still looking for love
As if that was enough
And these are the days I forgot to write down
These are the thorns I wear in my crown
These are the days I forgot to write down
These are the words buried deep in the ground
Not to be found
They don't make a sound
They sing: ooh, ooh, ooh
I, I'm sad from this fog of friends
We fell down in the night
Record shop by day
And Brent, he don't surf anymore
But you drown so slow with nowhere to go
If you're fucked, it's all right
It's Saturday night and you are alive
And you are all right!

These are the days I forgot to write down
These are the thorns I wear in my crown
These are the days I forgot to write down
These are the things buried deep in the ground
These are the days I forgot to write down
These are the words buried deep in the ground
These are the days I forgot to write down
These are the words buried deep in the ground
They don't make a sound
They don't bring you down