

Count Your Last Blessings (Live at the studio)

Sum 41

Last call for regret and defeat
To finish the bottle full of empty dreams
Punch drunk head is 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
Some feel it, especially the rejects
A bad habit; don't forget it: you better
Count your last blessings and fill up the wagon
Chases its feet
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! Misery's best friend can't be a dead-end
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Some feel it, especially the rejects
A bad habit; don't forget it: you better
Count your last blessings and fill up the wagon
Chases its feet
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
God bless us denial Misery's best friend can't be a dead-end
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Count your last blessings and fill up the wagon
Chases its feet
And now I'm running out of time

Songwriters

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