

# Calendar Days

## The New Amsterdams

Call it a crutch when you plan it too much  
Waste your whole life without living  
Gimme a moment that should have been spent  
Time isn't very forgiving Wasting away all your calendar days  
I'd tell you again but you'd miss it  
There's a place for everything  
Everything in it's place, oh You look good in this suit, it's tailored for you  
You're hardly alive in your skin  
We've been waiting, where have you been?  
We've been waiting, where have you been? Maybe the sin isn't where we begin  
Don't want to rush in discretion  
Don't want remorse to be drowned in the shore  
This isn't a class just a lesson Start with a story you don't want to tell  
Of the time when you may have been reckless  
You may have been young and foolish then but so, so Show me the pictures you don't wanna see  
Things you don't want me to know  
Everyone's asking, where did you go?  
Everyone's asking, where did you go? Tell me the one about when you were young  
'Cause you're only as old as you feel  
Somebody might take your moment  
While you weren't at the wheel

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