

# Four Years

## Senses Fail

I take a shot of Jameson or Jack to start the morning off with old friends  
I'll celebrate like it's the anniversary of the day that we first met  
I've been practicing our eulogy, separated all our things  
I took my name off of the lease, I'm leaving 'Cause dear, four years hurts less than five, it's never a good time  
I am sorry for all my crimes and the wandering gaze of my unfaithful eyes Now I wonder as I'm sliding under,  
thus out of control of the drink  
If I have enough left in the bottle to say all the things I'm thinking  
I've been practicing my exit plan, nervously checking time  
I still don't know how I'll survive Because dear, four years hurts less than five, it's never a good time  
I am sorry for all my crimes and the wandering gaze of my unfaithful eyes  
It's clear, I am an awful mess, get this off my chest  
Soon the only thing I'll have left is your memory and promises never kept When she came home I made her sit  
My feet tap out a rhythm as I draw breath in  
To hurt the only one I've loved  
This is so damn hard but I am giving up The person that you love is dead  
I flooded him out with the Jack and Jameson  
So happy anniversary  
The best gift I could think to give you was to set you free Wake up, you're sleeping  
Wake up, you're sleeping behind the wheel  
Wake up, you're sleeping  
Wake up, you're sleeping behind the wheel, behind the wheel

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