

Out Of Line Raise your glasses Think of the times we've
had Wash down your pride Think of all the things
We should have said We should have said
Why does it have to end that way? Every hello means
good-bye someday All precious moments laid to waste And
all the good times washed away
Save up your smiles Wait for the impending crash Days
will be grey And nights will be black like cash
So raise your voice Speak up and make a wish Yeah,
raise your voice And tell me
What you miss You'll dearly miss
Why does it have to end that way? Every hello means
good-bye someday It seems like nothing's here to stay I
already miss you, already miss you all today
Think of all the times we had Think of what we should
have said Tonight is bittersweet, bittersweet The night
is bittersweet, bittersweet
Yeah
Why does it have to end that way? (Days will be grey)
Every hello means good-bye someday Why must we always
end that way? (All laid to waste) Let's raise our
glasses to decay
C'mon, raise your glass