

# I Guess It All Makes Sense At The End

Hank Green

I'd like to do some calculations  
In the hopes that I'll come to some realizations  
My mind is not what it used to be  
That certainly isn't news to me  
But I want to know how my life was spent  
Now that I know that I'm near the end  
So I add subtract multiply and divide  
To try and figure out what I did with my life

I spent twenty-seven years in my bed  
And there's not much that I would've preferred to do instead  
I spent two years chewing and six months wooing  
And, I'm sure you're curious, almost three years pooing  
I spent twenty five years working for a guy  
That I wanted to kill when I didn't want to die  
But I spent fifty seven years loving you my friend  
So I guess it all makes sense at the end.

I spent nearly a full year masturbating  
Second only to the year we spent copulating  
I know you're not a fan of this vulgarity  
But completeness is important for full clarity  
I spent more than seven years watching television  
And how could I not regret that decision  
But I don't think that I'll ever know how much time  
I did or didn't spend lookin' into your eyes.

I spent twenty-seven years in my bed  
And there's not much that I would've preferred to do instead  
I spent two years chewing and six months wooing  
And, I'm sure you're curious, almost three years pooing  
I spent twenty five years working for a guy  
That I wanted to kill when I didn't want to die  
But I spent fifty seven years loving you my friend  
So I guess it all makes sense at the end.

I've never known any way but numbers and sums  
To understand what we are and what we have become  
But like numbers are perfect, that's how this has been for me  
And I hope that I still give you everything you need  
80 years alive and four eating food  
Five reading books and 57 with you  
Two eyes one nose one smile one life  
It somehow isn't ever quite enough time.

I spent twenty-seven years in my bed  
And there's not much that I would've preferred to do instead  
I spent two years chewing and six months wooing  
And, I'm sure you're curious, almost three years pooing  
I spent twenty five years working for a guy  
That I wanted to kill when I didn't want to die  
But I spent fifty seven years loving you my friend  
So I guess it all makes sense at the end.  
Oh I guess it all makes sense at the end.  
Yeah, I guess it all makes sense at the end.