

365 Days

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

It's gripping, I'm ripping, I haven't just been sipping.
Stressing, no, messing, will I ever learn my lesson?
I'm always amazed by what can take place
Within the space of 300-365 days
Been sinning, I'm spinning.
In the beginning I was winning.
I'm clinging, still swinging.
If I could I would be singing.
I'm empty of answers.
Don't nobody search me.
The long neck's a twist-off.
You don't need a church key.
I'm still full of questions,
But can't quite see clear.
Twist off another.
And bring on the next year.
I'm always amazed by what can take place
Within the space of 300-365 days
Was drilled, it killed, now my guts are being spilled.
Wailed, impaled,
My last breath's been inhaled, that's still in me.
I haven't failed.
I'm always amazed by what can take place
Within the space of 300-365 days.
I'm empty of answers.
Don't nobody search me.
The long neck's a twist-off.
You don't need a church key.
I'm still full of questions,
But can't quite see clear.
Twist off another...
And bring on the next year.