



Ha, ha, ha

A traveling salesman at twenty years old  
Stranded in Ann Arbor with a flat tire  
And I watch the sun sadly set  
Any younger, I may have wept  
Much older, I wouldn't notice

But I was out there in the world  
Yeah, then the world, it passed me by  
I was telling everyone back home  
That I was taking it by storm  
Instead, I watched it from the roadside

What have I done?  
What have I done?  
So are these the best tales I can spin?  
A boy waiting to begin  
A man with no memoirs

What have I done?  
What have I done?  
You're young and you're going to be someone  
Then you're old and you're ashamed of what you've become  
Well, take a look around you, You're preaching to the choir

What have I done? What have I done? (Repeat endlessly, or until you lose your voice...)