

They said they wouldn't make it
They didn't make it
We're all naked when the day is said and done

D C G D

This is life
What a fucked up thing we do
What a nightmare come true
Or a playground if we choose
And I choose

D F G

Don't know who made this all come true
But now while you're here
You just gotta do what you gotta do
Now if I wasn't such a weenie
Do you think you'd still love me
Pretending I'm an airplane on the living
Room floor
But like a lovely generator
You stand right by me
And if words were wisdom I'd be talking
Even more
So I keep on falling
As I'm looking back above me
Watching as my mama just becomes a little dot
Now I'm like DeNiro
I'm amarillo
And I'll never know when I hit the ground