

# Boiled Frogs

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A man sits at his desk  
One year from retirement  
And he's up for review  
Not quite sure what to do  
Each passing year  
The workload grows

I'm always wishing  
I'm always wishing too late  
For things to go my way  
It always ends up the same  
Count your blessings

I must be missing  
I must be missing the point  
Your signal fades away  
And all I'm left with is noise  
Count your blessings on one hand

So wait up, I'm not sleeping  
Alone again tonight  
There's so much to dream about  
There must be more to my life

Poor little tin man  
Still swinging his axe  
Even though his joints  
Are clogged with rust

My youth is slipping  
My youth is slipping away  
Safe in monotony  
So safe, day after day  
Count your blessings

My youth is slipping  
My youth is slipping away  
Cold wind blows off the lake  
And I know for sure that it's too late  
Count your blessings on one hand

So wait up, I'm not sleeping  
Alone again tonight  
There's so much to dream about  
There must be more to my life

Can't help but feel betrayed  
Punch the clock every single day  
There's no loyalty and no remorse  
Youth sold for a pension cheque  
And it makes him fucking sick  
He's heating up, he can't say no

Whoa, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh

So wait up, I'm not sleeping  
Alone again tonight  
There's so much to dream about  
There must be more to my life

So wait up I'm not sleeping  
Alone again tonight  
Between the light and shallow waves  
Is where I'm going to die

Wait up for me  
Wait up for me  
Wait up for me