

Back when you were down and out  
Up from your toes  
And out of your mouth  
Was that same old song  
Someone must've done you wrong again  
Think about the things you did  
Cigarettes, poems, and idiot kids  
They're all famous now  
But I hope you all learned how to fall  
These are the happy days  
These are the ones we made  
Holy and on display  
Hold on  
Shine on  
Roll on  
And hold on  
Run like the devil  
For all that you lack  
You can't steal what you already have  
Loosen up that iron jaw  
Fight to death born  
Denying the law  
Of that second hand  
Now you see the writing and the wall  
But these are the happy days  
These are the ones we made  
Holy and on display  
Run like the devil  
For all that you lack  
You can't steal what you already have