

Calendar Days

The New Amsterdams

Call it a crutch when you plan it too much
Waste your whole life without living
Gimme a moment that should have been spent
Time isn't very forgiving

Wasting away all your calendar days
I'd tell you again but you'd miss it
There's a place for everything, everything in it's place

You look good in this suit, it's tailored for you
You're hardly alive in your skin
We've been waiting, where have you been

Maybe the sin isn't where we begin
Don't want to rush in discretion
Don't want remorse to be drowned in the shore
This isn't a class just a lesson
Start with a story you don't want to tell of the time when you
may have been reckless
You may have been young and foolish then but so, so

Show me the pictures you don't wanna see
Things you don't want me to know
Everyone's asking where did you go

Tell me the one about when you were young
Cause you're only as old as you feel
Somebody might take your moment while you weren't at the wheel