I've got some cookies from our junk food run And here's a couple beers so
Let's go create some fun
Supplies are limited and I'm all out
Of any explanation
Of what I'm on about

I'm tired
Of having to try
To convince you if I
Go along with you it all will
Backfire
I know you had plans
Your intentions were grand
But it's out of my hands
And it isn't the way I pictured it
Either

Well things felt weird but you said that's alright
That it was not a problem
And we could just sit tight
And when you said that I was sure I cringed
'Cause you had no suspicion
That I had come unhinged

Or just tired—
I cannot say which
But there's always a hitch
That will cause the whole thing to
Backfire
I know you had plans
Your intentions were grand
But it's out of my hands now

It's out of my hands now

I know you'd like to be the St. Bernard Who rushes to the rescue
When there's an avalanche
But in my panic I may pull too hard
And the novice lifeguard
Gets rushed off in the ambulance

I'm tired
I cannot seem to
Get a message to you
That the rescue you planned has just
Backfired
I know you had plans
Your intentions were grand
But it's out of my hands now

It's out of my hands now

And it isn't the way I pictured it Either...
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