

Happy New Years from the same old me
I bet that by now, your friends are passed out
At the bottom of the bottle in the back seat

Brand new resolutions
Same old tired excuses
You're still smiling like you mean it
In every photograph

Polaroids of faces we don't recognize
Picture perfect pose and play pretend
That maybe last year wasn't all that bad

You're halfway home when the clock strikes twelve
You're all alone, so you just toast yourself
Here's to friendship and good health
Happy New Years, I guess

Brand new resolutions
And same old tired excuses
You're still smiling like you mean it
In every photograph

Polaroids of faces we don't recognize
Picture perfect pose and play pretend
That maybe last year wasn't all that bad

Say cheese and lie to me
As you grind your teeth and pretend
That you're still smiling like you mean it
In every photograph

Polaroids of faces we don't recognize
Picture perfect pose and play pretend
That maybe last year wasn't all that bad

Say cheese and lie to me
As you grind your teeth and pretend
That you're still smiling like you mean it
In every photograph

Polaroids
Faces we don't recognize
It ain't all that bad