

Couple hundred dollars in my pocket  
Couple thousand miles from home  
Pulled up with everything we own  
And no place to go  
Found ourselves a small apartment  
Just a place to make our beds  
Wrote down every thought that I ever had  
Played guitar till my fingers bled

And we knew the stakes were high  
Some days we laughed, some days we cried  
Chasing dreams and wasting time  
These were the best days of our lives

It's 2:38 in the morning  
No clarity in my mind  
If I could regulate all the chemicals  
Maybe I could get some sleep at night  
Working nine to five just to pass the time  
And pay all the debts that I owe  
Bear my days and grin  
What I wouldn't give to hear our song on the radio

And we knew the stakes were high  
Some days we laughed, some days we cried  
Chasing dreams and wasting time  
These were the best days of our lives  
And the times that I recall  
When we had nothing at all  
Writing songs with my best friends  
This is how the story begins

It's not the destination that you are looking for  
The journey never ends but we must carry the torch  
The notes from my fingers, the words from my mouth  
The songs write me as they please, not the other way around

Is it worth it? Would you change it? Would you do it over if you could  
There's a feeling that you have when you do much more than you thought you would  
Now the years are disappearing just right from underneath my feet  
Never hold back, never give in to the lies your fears make you believe

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Chasing dreams and wasting time  
These were the best days of our lives