

I want to be fearing something  
I want to be steering something  
I want to be hearing something  
In my car

I want to be losing something  
I want to be confusing something  
I want to be using something  
In my heart  
Yeah, in my heart

But I just wait until the van  
Pulls up to take me away  
To that toilet bowl of sin

But here I'm turning twenty-seven soon  
I never thought I'd still be  
Shooting for the man on the moon  
My eyes will never look so blue  
Without you, I'd be through

I could always ruin something  
If you'd ever give my phone a ring  
At least I still think I can sing alright  
So obsessed with what I seek  
That you're losing out on the weeks  
Guess I'm still figuring out who I like  
Oh, who I like

I've been losing a friend a week  
Trying to make a martyr out of me

But here I'm turning twenty-seven soon  
I never thought I'd still be  
Shooting for the man on the moon  
My eyes will never look so blue  
Without you, I'd be through

Yeah, I'd be through  
Well, I'd be through  
Yeah, I'd be through  
Well, I'd be through  
Yeah, I'd be through  
Well, I'd be through  
Yeah, I'd be through  
Well, I'd be through  
Yeah, I'd be through  
Well, I'd be through