

Can I tell you a story
About a boy who broke his own heart?
And he always blamed everybody else
But the truth is that he did it to himself
Made a couple songs and they got big
And he thought that he could do whatever he wanted
But it all left him with a hole in his heart

Ooh-ooh-ooh
Money buys you happiness
But ooh-ooh-ooh
It doesn't buy you time

The more that I get older
The less I wanna be sober
And I can't quit, goddamn it
And maybe I'm just broken
And I'll never admit it
But I wish that I was younger
Yeah, twenty-six and rich
How the hell did it come to this?

And I wish I could tell you
Everything is perfect, but it's not
I was staring at the ceiling for, like, ten days
But I'm pretty sure that I forgot
What it's like to be a person that doesn't think
That everything he does just sucks
Oh, it's a perfect world until it's not

Ooh-ooh-ooh
Money buys you happiness
But ooh-ooh-ooh
It doesn't buy you time

The more that I get older
The less I wanna be sober
And I can't quit, goddamn it
And maybe I'm just broken
And I'll never admit it
But I wish that I was younger
Yeah, twenty-six and rich
How the hell did it come to this?

The more that I get older
The less I wanna be sober
Yeah, twenty-six and rich
How the hell did it come to this?