to all my friends you're all gonna die
and I'll be stuck never wondering why
I ain't sad. I'm more so upset
it was such a selfish manner in which all of you left
I talked to god, he saved you some grace
not to count up all the time that you wasted
you cheated death and that's ok
but according to his watch you were already late
to question god is to question my faith
but heaven seems like such a questionable place (it is)
but while I'm here I know I'm alive
and it hurts me to know that you're all gonna die

to all my friends you've already died
and I am stuck wondering why
see I ain't mad, and I ain't upset
because I'm the closest thing to sainthood you never will get
I talked to god, he saved you a place
a spot too far for you to spit in his face because
I never asked for you to believe
I just asked for you to say 'goodbye', before you leave

I hate say, 'I told you so'
'I told you so'

our memories at discount rates
still we can't afford it
I believe in something so I hope you're going somewhere

to all my friends who'd rather get high
I'll be at ground level watching you die
fuck drugs and fuck straight edge
those are both the things that got the best of my friends
and to all the girls that make it a trend
to fuck all of my friends
we'll all die of the same disease
whether you got it in bed or you got it on your knees

can't wait to say, 'I told you so'
I told you so

the boulder on my back has been washed away
the worst part is, I don't miss the weight
the tide is high and they're washing face
within the sea of time pissed away
the boulder on my back has been washed away
the worst part is I don't miss the weight
when the tide is high I'll watch them sink
into the sea of misery

to all my friends this is the end
I'll leave you six feet under with those shit eating grins
to all my friends this is the end
and this is way more important than that bullshit with ben
to all my friends who'd rather be dead
I refuse to let you leave without this song in your head

all our memories, all at discount rates