

Summertime has come and gone
And I don't feel the same anymore
Melatonin, nicotine
My lungs are tired and I can hardly breathe

Oh, you know what's bumming me out
Everything I've worked for now
And you've been making it feel
Like a buzzkill

Oh, then when it feels like you've lost it all
Oh, and then I go and turn on the microphone

Driving down an empty road
Tired of the same repertoire
The hills have grown dead to me
And I don't feel like climbing anymore
These limbs are growing sore

You know what's bumming me out
That we keep running around
You know you're making it feel
Like a buzzkill

Oh, and when it feels like I've lost control
Oh, and then I go and turn on the microphone

Spilled my heart out on the floor
Left for you the open door
Repeating all the same mistakes
Filled my lungs with poison till
I'm choking on my tongue and still
These words will leave my veins
Oh, maybe it's time that I let you know

Oh, then when it feels like you've lost it all
Oh, and then I go and turn on the microphone

Oh, you know what's bumming me out
Everything I've worked for now
And you've been making it feel
Like a buzzkill

And every breath that I waste
You know that you could never replace
No matter what you reveal
You're just a buzzkill