

Year one was lots of fun
But nothing lasts forever in my dreams
And two, I followed you
Because you knew the way or so it seemed
And three, I still believed
That we would be becoming destiny
And four, I wanted more
But you were moving on to better things

At twenty-five and still alive
Much longer than expected for a man
At twenty-five, all hope has died
And the glass of my intentions turns to sand
And shatters in my hand

Oh, oh, oh

Five to six, a lie, a kiss
The secrets that were served, we'd never say
Skip to eight, we called it fate
To live, to let us die another day
And nine, I saw the signs
Reflected in the barrel of a gun
Ten, we're here again
Those who loved me burned up in the sun

At twenty-five and still alive
Much longer than expected for a man
At twenty-five, all hope has died
And the glass of my intentions turns to sand
And shatters in my hand
Shatters in my hand

From eleven, twelve, I held the future in my grasp
And all through my teens, I screamed I may not live much past
Twenty-one, two, three, four
Twenty-one, two, three, four
Twenty-one, two, three, four
One, two, three, four

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The glass of my intentions
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Shatters in my hand
In my hand