

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