

(And the days don't stop, stop)  
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(And the days don't stop, stop)  
(Stop, stop)

Staring at the dead leaves in a backyard pool  
Where did my life go?  
What a spectacular view  
All those old Irish songs at my grandfather's funeral  
Seventeen candles on a birthday cake  
Seems like yesterday  
Fell in and out of love and hard drugs  
Found my heart in Los Angeles

I don't have any answers for you kid  
I'm still figuring out what I'm doing here  
Keep your home in your heart  
Keeps you out of the rain  
Don't let those sad songs rot your brain

I hold the wheel while you light your cigarette  
Burning down the highway out of here  
My twenties clipping at my heels  
I've been killing myself just to know how it feels  
Laid out on my childhood bed  
To the sound of "Sam's Town" and my hands behind my head

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Don't let those sad songs rot your brain

Ask me again why I'm never really here  
Nothing has to leave when it lives in my head  
Ask me again why I'm never really here  
Nothing lives forever, but it lives in my head

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