

Staring at a blue lined page,  
Trying to find the answers in ink.  
What would I leave behind,  
If I was to die today?  
But I'm strong enough to say,  
That I have plenty of regrets,  
And maybe I can never change,  
My whole life will be a waste.

What did I do with the years,  
Now that I'm pushing 23.  
And I still can't tell the difference,  
Between the right and the wrong thing.  
How did I get so fucking good,  
At hurting everyone I love?  
Is that all I'll be remembered for?

And I'm tired of writing sad songs,  
'Cause that's all that I have left.  
And it's the things that I reflect on,  
That make me who I am.

It happened again,  
Restless in my sleep.  
You woke me from a dream,  
To say I'm not like my old man.  
And maybe that's what I'm so scared of,  
That I'll be no different.  
I'll bring someone into this life,  
And leave a scar they can't forget.

I ran my thumb over the faces in,  
My old class photo.  
We were so innocent back then,  
If only I had known.  
And all those smiles staring back at me,  
Where the fuck did they all go?  
What I would do for a clear conscience again,  
To swallow the lump that's in my throat.

'Cause I'm tired of writing sad songs,  
'Cause that's all that I have left.  
And it's the things that I reflect on,  
That make me who I am.  
And the first time we drove past,  
Penfold State Forest,  
I felt the weight of another life,  
Leave my back finally.

Is that all I'll be remembered for?

The scar they won't forget.