

# Sum 41, Count Your Last Blessings

Last call for regret and defeat  
To finish the bottle full of empty dreams  
Punch strong head that was straight out of line  
Another excuse with no alibi  
Hitchin on the road of decline  
With no name streets and no vital signs  
I pissed away the best of me and  
No one can help me!

Misery's best friend  
Can't be a dead-end  
A bag full of regrets and I'm coming clean  
So feel it  
Especially the rejects  
A bad habit  
Don't forget it you better  
Count your last blessings  
And fill up the wagon  
Chases this fee  
And now I'm running out of time

My hands are tied  
And nailed to the cross  
I'm looking for all the composure I lost  
I'm petulant with a bad attitude  
A poster-child vision of wasted youth  
I dodged the book and found the key  
I can't say the same for dignity  
I pissed away the best of me and  
No one can help me

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My own enemy  
I don't hear you now  
Perfect tragedy  
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