

It's been 18 months since I kissed you once, so just saying "hi" just isn't going to fly,  
But if you give me a clue and a minute or two then I might remember your name.  
And I hate to insist that I was really that pissed, but to tell the truth, in my flush of youth,  
I would drown my sight until faces and nights seemed the same.  
A nervous shrug and an awkward hug won't get me out of the hole that I've dug,  
So I slip the noose with a poor excuse and talk to someone, anyone else.  
I sit with my friends and I try to pretend that I never did that sort of thing again  
But I'm lying to myself.

And suddenly it's as clear as clear could be: I'm not quite the perfect man that I hoped I'd be.  
And though I always tried to live an honest life, to tell the truth I've told my share of lies.

I remember you, of course I do, but I don't recall how many times we've been though  
Our little game, that always ends the same, with you sad and me far away.  
And every time I repeat the line that the fault's not mine and I wasn't unkind,  
But the worst part is that I've got nothing else to say.

All the pretty little pictures of faith and firm devotion that I painted as a child;  
They have fallen by the wayside, along with all my puppy-fat,  
But my days have taught me this:  
That every day I spend pretending that I always choose the right path  
Is a day that I choose the wrong.

My wisdom teeth have been giving me grief;  
They woke me up to find that I'm exactly the kind  
Of guy I said that I'd rather be dead  
Than be in the days before I got laid.