

Time Flies By

What a time when we were kids
what luck after all we did
all this stupid, crazy, sometimes illegal shit

What a night, the first time drunk
two and a half beers but a lot of fun
now it's some more and a different but kinda still the same style of fun

But now I'm stumbling around, don't know exactly where to go
the clock's always ticking on and on
and you're still sleeping behind me while I'm writing my song

And now we're going on while the time flies by
memories of then are like a fourth friend tonight
different streets, same two friends, lots of trouble, shaking hands
Budweiser till I cry but we're alright, we're doing fine while the time flies by

What a big heavy book that would be if someone wrote down all of our bad ideas
and trouble we went through
well, I don't know where to begin and I don't know where to end
but I swear the story's going on

But now I'm stumbling around, don't know exactly where to go
the clock's always ticking on and on
and now you're watching H5O and I'm still writing my song and sing along

And now we're going on while the time flies by
memories of then are like a fourth friend tonight
different streets, same two friends, lots of trouble, shaking hands
Budweiser till I cry but we're alright, we're doing fine while the time flies by

Creepy people, strip club girls, funny red drinks and Angry Birds
nights are days and days are nights, a lot of red wine by candlelight
but the three of us will never get enough, the older we get the more we see exciting stuff
and I am looking forward, I'm still writing my song, now sing along and I sing along

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