

FEBRUARY THIRD

Ay, it is my birthday
And im so thankful that i don't even know what to say
Everything is good, today we getting some play
Calling all the people on the party i would never betray
Now we slicing cake, that momma baked
In sense of tears of joy that weren't faked, my life ain't staked
So take a seat quick, and we popping champagne
Alcohol in vein, affecting whole brain, all the fun it contain

So lets raise the toast for those who aren't with us
Shame that they had to go from age or even illness
Parfum made from citrus, kicking on my sinus
Lets view the positives of todays presence
It is cake cake cake, and even more it take
Music so loud that it feels like we in plague
People i invited all got along
They'll probably stick some more by the end of the song
2020 was the worst year for me that's for sure
Got my grandpa in the waves of sick, felt like torture
Everyone dear to me on the party, none of em sober
Glad they accepted me for who i am, heart feels warmer
From nirvana to Silvana we play everything we could
Eating all the goods and all the sweets, cake made of fruit
But im glad i lived my life like i should
Now im making bigger steps, stepping into adulthood

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Everything felt like life moving so fast
Had many friends and many foes and many chances at last
But i was never last, nor was i always the first
Never was the humble or best, nor was i always the worst
Everything felt like life moving so fast
Grateful for the sweet memories and a beautiful past
But one thing i wish for in this lonely world the most
Is to see people again i loved and the ones that ive lost...