

**Wanted to buy a nice gift for your birthday
And give it to you face to face
But I gave all my coin to the landlord
For thirty more days in this place**

**I pull out my pen and my notebook
And hope that I don't get it wrong
I open my last can of sardines
And sit down to write you this song**

**I know life has thrown you some hard balls
And treated you worse than it should
Maybe this song will seem stupid
I'm hoping you think that it's good**

**I pull out my pen and my notebook
And hope that I don't get it wrong
I pour my last shot of tequila
Sit down and write you this song**

**I wish you happiness on your birthday
And for every last day that you live
I wish I could be right there with you
I wish I had more I could give**

**I pulled out my pen and my notebook
Hoping I didn't get it wrong
I raised my shot glass to your picture
On your birthday I wrote you this song**