

Lemmings - 1/1

Interprété par Blink 182.

A freight train to the right feeling that sting of pride
It's fucking with me it's fucking with you
All's fair in love and war until you say it isn't but you're wrong
Words on the back of flyers my clothes are in the dryer
It means nothing, nothing is changing
La familia is dead and gone the children grew up and moved on

Is it too much ask for the things to work out this time
I'm only asking for what is mine
I wanted everything I got it now
I'm gonna throw it away, yeah

Prime select and a box of glazed
Pulling fly-bys on days when we were young and innocent
Elbow drop sundays when mark eaton got beat to shit
Laughing at the bands we hate all the spots we used to skate
They're still there but we've gone our own ways
I know it's for the best
but sometimes I wonder will I ever have friends like you again

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You're gonna drown in the mess you make
Your self-inflicted hate
You turn your back on the friends you lose
When they don't follow all your rules
But people are what they want to be
They're not lemmings to the sea
Maybe it's time that you looked at yourself
Stop blaming life on someone else