

Blink 182, Wishing Well

Been gone a long time
I kind of lost my way, can't find it
And I caught a short ride
To the grave and back this season
I can try to get by
But every time I start to panic
I'm a little bit shy
A bit strange and a little bit manic

La da-da-dah, da-da-da-dah
La da-da-dah, da-da-da-dah-dah
La da-da-dah, da-da-da-dah
La da-da-dah, da-da-da-dah-dah

I went to a wishing well
It sank to the ocean floor
Cut up by sharper rocks
And washed up along the shore
I reached for a shooting star
It burned a hole through my hand
It made its way through my heart
Had fun in the promise land

On the narrowing line
What a way to sort my troubles
In a very short time
Gonna pop, better duck and cover
Can you figure me out?
I got caught like a little kid stealing
Did I say it too loud?
A bit hard or a little misleading

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