

# Deftones, Minus Blindfold

Done feeding, I leaned back head rested on the couch's top  
Must leave the house soon mean gone cause my pops he's hot  
Grab my blue backpack, My walkman, grip my bicycle  
Because I know my friends are waiting at the door  
I'm feeling loose like you - Just fucking around and shit  
Til that comes fifty-five I'm twenty-six  
Let me go I give more  
And you know I fold I  
Come at me! Come! Come!  
My activities don't cross but they create  
You know I want to pick you up  
But they don't want you to  
Asking for it, like we got  
Yes we cross but we create  
You know I want to pick you up  
But they don't want you - so f\*ck'em  
You let them screw you I thought they knew you  
But when you turn your back I know they're gonna do  
You had to prove me right and then we did  
And that son of a b\*tch he swerved almost hit two kids  
I'm feeling heartless, I'm feeling hate  
So when there's nothin but the real swing in her f\*ckin  
Rape! No! One! Me! no choice  
Let me go I get bored  
And you know I'm f\*ckin flown!  
Come on! Come! Come!  
My activities don't cross but they create  
You know I want to pick you up  
But they don't want you to  
Yeah we cross but we create  
You know I want to pick you up  
But they don't want you - Burn  
Let me go I give more  
And you know - ohh  
So good we could and  
We learned to cry and  
Lift me up  
Come on! Come!  
My activities don't cross but they create  
You know I want to pick you up  
But they don't want you  
Dis me court, like we got  
Yeah we cross but we cried  
You know I want to pick you up  
But they don't want you - up!