

Deftones, When Girls Telephone Boys

Always the same old taste just new injury
Well I'll wear the claws if you'd like that
Yeah if you'd like that we can ride on a black horse
A great new wave Hesperian death horse
I can call you when i get back
Yeah when I get back I will call
But don't speak, don't say nothing
In case we ever do meet again
Something's wrong with you
Well I hope we never do meet again
You always sharpen your teeth 'cause you're like that
and you're like that everytime you pull heart back
And her compact's carving deeper in your lap
I would call but I forget where the phone is at
Guess i'll talk to you when I get back
Yeah when I get back I will call
But don't speak, don't say nothing
In case we ever should meet again
there are some things wrong with you
I hope we never do meet again
I hope we never do meet again
I hope we never do meet again
Something's wrong with you... and I hope we never do meet again