

Green Day, Worry Rock

Another sentimental argument and bitter love.
Fucked without a kiss again and dragged it through the mud.
Yelling at brick walls and punching windows made of stone.
The worry rock has turned to dust and fallen on our pride.

A knocked down dragged out fight.
Fat lips and open wounds.
Another wasted night and no one will take the fall.

Where do we go from here?
And what did you do with the directions?
Promise me no dead end streets
And I'll guarantee we'll have the road.