

Blink-182, Does My Breath Smell?

Who makes up all the rules about those girls I want?
Who tells them all to laugh?
Who tells them all to talk about me?
And I'm not sure what my purpose is for being here
Why do they, why do they
Always kick me in the groin when I come near
(And I'm not complaining it just hurts after a bit.)

What is it that I'm feeling
I'm just so sick of seeing
All those dumb, lame, and retarded broads
Who often just sit kick back
As I am not so relaxed
And I often wonder why they act so odd

Because no worse a time
When it's just your time to
Think you should make your move
It doesn't work cause your just a jerk with no excuse

What about that situation
All night procrastination
Leading to the point when you lead her to her door
There is nothing left there to say
I guess you best be on your way
But before you go you've got to do that chore

No worse a time
When it's just your time to
Think you should make your move
It doesn't work so your just a jerk with no excuse

Please won't you buy in
I'm always tryin'
I keep on tryin'
There's only so much pride that I can lose
I hope that when you see me
You see right through me
Come on now, honestly
I'm so sick of endin' up without a clue