

# Blink 182, Don't Tell Me It's Over

I hear the phone it rings so violently  
Can't leave my room, can't breathe since she left me  
I will admit i hate those things i said  
Girls will always cry, guys will never admit they did

Hold on, hold on, hold on

Don't tell me that it's over,  
I'm not used to this temptation  
And when you come back running,  
There is no use for explanation  
I think these things are too hopeful, even with my expert knowledge  
Most girls most do mean trouble, because they are rarely honest

What's with the jokes, all the routines they play  
Screw with my head, never cave til they get their way  
Guys like to run, chicks like to yell you see  
Guys hate to fight, girls think its therapy

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