Blink-182, Hold On

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 always cry, guys will never admit they did

Hold on, 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's no use for explanation
I think things are too hopeful
Even with my expert knowledge
Most girls do mean trouble
Because they are rarely honest

What's with the jokes, all the routines they play
Screw with my head, now I cave in 'till they their way
Guys like to run, chicks love to yell, you see
Guys hate to fight, girls think it's therapy

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