

# Blink-182, Lemmings

A freight train to the right, feeling that sting of pride  
It's fucking with me, it's fucking with you  
All's fair in love and war until you say it isn't but you're wrong

Words on the back of flyers, my clothes are in the dryer  
It means nothing, nothing is changing  
La familia is dead and gone, the children grew up and moved on

Is it too much to ask for the things to work out this time?  
I'm only asking for what is mine  
I wanted everything, I got it and now I'm gonna  
Throw it away, I'll throw it away (yeah)

Prime select and a box of glazed, pulling fly-bys on days  
When we were young and innocent  
Elbow-drop Sundays when Mark Eaton got beat to shit

Laughing at the bands we hate, all the spots we used to skate  
They're still there, but we've gone our own ways  
I know it's for the best but sometimes I wonder  
Will I ever have friends like you again?

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You're gonna drown in the mess you make  
Your self-inflicted hate  
You turn your back on the friends you lose  
When they don't follow all your rules

But people are what they wanna be  
They're not lemmings to the sea  
Maybe it's time you looked at yourself  
And stop blaming life on someone else