

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
It wanted everything
I got it 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

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

You're gonna drown in themees you make
You self-inflicted hate
You turn you back on the friends yo lose
When they don't follow all your rules
But people are what they want to be
They're not lemmings to the sea
maybe it's time that you looked at yourself
Stop blaming life on someone else