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 themeesyou 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