

# Blink 182, MH 4.18.2011

Coming in, coming in, kill the radio silence  
Break down in L.A.  
Giving up, giving in to a feeling of violence  
There's hell to pay  
So let's light another match, stop living in the past  
Where nobody can hear me now  
Blow the lock off the cage, watch the children come of age  
When their parents stop to take a bow

Nothing takes root in this barren soil  
Nothing takes root in this barren soil  
Maybe there's no one there at all

Hold on, the worst is yet to come  
Save your money for hired guns  
Hold strong when everything you loved is gone  
Slow down and stop living in the shadow of a helicopter

Line 'em up on the wall, coming out with their hands up  
Give 'em all the chair  
Let it burn, let it fall, let the end of the world come  
Who's left to care?

Nothing takes root in this barren soil  
Nothing takes root, though they bend and toil  
Maybe there's no one there at all

Hold on, the worst is yet to come  
Save your money for hired guns  
Hold strong when everything you loved is gone  
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Stop living in the shadow of a helicopter