

Gym Class Heroes, Drnk Txt Rmeo

(Gym Class Heroes:)

I usually avoid any type'o'confrontation
Conversation, in moderation
Lips sealed but my fingers are flying
As the hours pass they grow more impatient
My phone is mad lettered, especially when I'm sauced up
And I admit that I'm ashamed
But there's Melissa, Theresa, and Emily
What a Toss-Up! But that's the best part of the game.
And I'm really a novice aspirin' alcoholic
Drownin' the days pain in house barley and grain
Thinkin' of ways to convince one to join me in the company of low life sort. Doin' the same.
So, I start textin'
I keep textin'.
Hey! I can't stop it's my obsession.
Yep, It's like fishin' my words are like lures if they bite the bait cool if not call it a night.

(Fall Out Boy:)

We can't, More like we shouldn't
I know...
And I try, To be a good boy but it's hard.

(Evanescence:)

I start textin'
I keep textin'
I can't stop it's my obsession.

(Gym Class Heroes:)

Now ask yourself this: Is love a tender thing? Too rough? Too rude?
Too boisterous?
Well I'll tell you what man I had her once and it was fun but not enough.
Tis torture, and not mercy.
Heaven is where my phone lives
In my pocket, so cozy: oh what a joy replies give.
It seems Melissa's babysittin' and Theresa's workin' late, but Emily's on her way to East 11th on a t
So I stop textin'
No more textin'
Hey! Yeah right it's my obsession.
Yep, It's like fishin' my words are like lures if they bite the bait cool if not call it a night.

(Fall Out Boy:)

We can't, More like we shouldn't
I know...
And I try, To be a good boy but it's hard. (x2)

(Evanescence:)

I start textin'
I keep textin'
I can't stop it's my obsession.

(Evanescence:)

I know you think I'm wreckless, move so fast, slow down
I think I love so I told him by the Inter text message
He wrote back, Me Too... I was just sittin' here thinkin' about you
I know I want him but I can't and I shouldn't
Tried to put my phone down, damn! But I couldn't
Stayed on the phone with him all night long
Text Message when I'm gone.

(Fall Out Boy:)

We can't, More like we shouldn't
I know...
And I try, To be a good boy but it's hard. (x2)