

Minor Threat, Look back and laugh

I want to tell you a little story
Cause it makes me warm inside
It's about some friends growing up
And all the things they tried
I'm not talking about staple shit
They went for something more
I guess it was too much dreaming
Too much to hope for
One day something funny happened
But it scared the shit out of me
Their heads went in different directions
And their friendship ceased to be
I'm telling you I want it to work
I don't like being hurt
Something's not right inside
And I can't always put it aside
What can we do, what can we do?
Try
I guess I make too much shit
Someday we'll look back and laugh
Mr. Present, go away
Come back and fuck with us some other day
Mr. Feelings, run and hide
You have no right to what you feel inside
Motherfuckers, quick to kiss
Talk you shit, but don't fuck with this
All I want to know is
Am I holding on? Am I moving on?
What can we do, what can we do