

New Found Glory, Listen To Your Friends

I wake up in a waiting room
with the taste of blood and a clouded view
I notice there is a tear in my jeans
the sleeves of my shirt have been ripped from their seams

my memory is a little bit blank
the thought of my name doesn't seem to come back
and I turn and scream "what am I here for?"
the nurses yell "you were left at the door!"

I'm a stranger; someone left me for dead
and I need to decide what to do next

Oh, just then I found a note in my pocket, it read:
"I don't ever wanna see you again";
and I guess that explains why I can't remember the rest of the night

I should have listened to my friends
I should have listened to them
when they told me you had bad intentions

I remember the string of events
from the dinner seat when I grabbed your hand
I know that you went in for a kiss
and I told you "that's not only what this is";

you held me at the end of my seat
and you had that look, the look of defeat
You wished that you could start this over
instead you left me in a coma

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"I don't ever wanna see you again";
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Yeah...

I should have listened to my friends
(and I don't ever wanna see you again)
I should have listened to them
when they told me you had bad intentions

I should have listened to my friends
(and I don't ever wanna see you again)
(Listen to your friends!)
I should have listened to them
when they told me you had bad intentions
when they told me you had bad intentions
when they told me you had bad intentions