

# Weezer, Worry Rock

Another sentimental argument and bitter love  
Hugged without a kiss again and dragged it through the mud  
Yelling at brick walls and punching windows made of stone  
The worry rock has turned to dust and fallen on our pride

A knocked down dragged out fight  
Fat lips and open wounds  
Another wasted night  
And no one will take the fall

Where do we go from here?  
And what did you do with directions?  
Promise me no dead end streets  
And I'll guarantee we'll have the road