

## **Blink 182**

# **"Does My Breath Smell?"**

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Who makes up all the rules about those girls I want?  
Who tells them all to laugh?  
Who tells them all to talk about me?

And I'm not sure what my purpose is for being here  
Why do they, why do they  
Always kick me in the groin when I come near

And I'm not complaining it just hurts after a bit.

I don't know what I'm feeling  
I'm just so sick of seeing  
All those dumb, lame, and retarded broads

Who often just sit kick back  
As I am not so relaxed  
I often wonder why they act so odd

Because no worse a time  
When it's just your time to  
Think you should make your move  
It doesn't work as your just a jerk with no excuse  
What about that situation  
All night procrastination  
Takes you to the point when you lead her to her door

There is nothing left there to say  
I guess you best be on your way  
But before you go you got to do that chore

No worse a time  
When it's just your time to  
Think you should make your move  
It doesn't work as your just a jerk with no excuse

Please won't you buy in  
I'm always tryin'  
I keep on tryin'  
There's only so much pride that I can lose

I hope that when you see me  
You see right through me

Come on now, honestly  
I'm so sick of endin' up without a clue

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