

Gym Class Heroes "Drnk Txt Rmeo"

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I usually avoid any kind of confrontation, conversation,
in moderation

Lips sealed but my fingers are flying
And hours the hours pass, they grow more impatient
My phone is magnetic, 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 an anonymous, aspiring alcoholic
Drowning the days pain in hops, barley and grain
Thinking of ways to convince one to join me
In the company of low-lives, sort doing the same

So I start texting, I keep texting, I can't stop, it's my
obsession

It's like fish and my words are like lures
If they bought the bait cool, if not call it a night

We can't, more like we should have and I know
And I try, to be a good boy but it's hard
I start texting, I keep texting, I can't stop, it's my
obsession

Now ask yourself this, is love a tender thing
Too rough, too rude, too boisterous?
Well, I'll tell you what man
I had it once 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

Well, Melissa's babysitting and Theresa's working late
Emily's on her way to East 11th on the train
And that's when I remember Patty from West Philly
She said, I'm in your area, three minutes away

So I stop texting, no more texting, yeah, right, it's my
obsession
It's like fish and my words are like lures

If they bought the bait cool, if not call it a night

We can't, more like we should have and I know
And I try, to be a good boy but it's hard
We can't, more like we should have and I know
And I try, to be a good boy but it's hard
I start texting, I keep texting, I can't stop, it's my
obsession

I know you think I'm reckless, move so fast, slow down
I think I love him, so I told him but in a text message
He wrote back , me too, I was just sitting here, thinkin'
'bout you"

I know I want to but I can't and I shouldn't
Try 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

We can't, more like we should have and I know
And I try, to be a good boy but it's hard
We can't, more like we should have and I know
And I try, to be a good boy but it's hard

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