

182 Blink

"Hold On Hidden Green"

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I hear the phone, it rings so violently
Can't leave my room, can't breathe since she left me
I will admit, I hate those things I said
Girls always cry, guys'll never admit they did

(Hold on, hold on... Hold on, hold on...)

Don't tell me that it's over, I'm not used to this
temptation
And when you come back running, there's no use for
explanation
I think things aren't too hopeful, even with my expert
knowledge
Most girls do mean trouble, because they are rarely
honest

What's with the jokes, all the routines they play
Screw with my head, never cave until they get their way
Guys like to run, chicks love to yell you see
Guys hate to fight, girls think it's therapy

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