

182 Blink

"Lemmings A Freight Train To The Right Feeling That"

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fucking with me it's fucking with you all's fair in love
and war until you say
it isn't but you're wrong on the back of flyers my
clothes are in the dryer it
means nothing nothing is changing la familia is dead
and gone the children
grew up and moved on is it too much ask for the things
to work out this time
i'm only asking for what is mine i wanted everything i
got it now i'm gonna
throw it away prime select and a box of glazed pulling
fly-bys on days when we
were young and innocent elbow drop sundays when
mark eaton got beat to shit
laughing at the bands we hate all the spots we used to
skate they're still
there but we've gone our own ways i know it's for the
best but sometimes i
wonder will i ever have friends like you again you're
gonna drown in the mess
you made you're self-inflicted hate you turn your back
on the friends you lose
when they don't follow all your rules but people are
what they want to be
they're not lemmings to the seat maybe it's time that
you looked at yourself
stop blaming life on someone else

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