

## Zamora

### "What Went Wrong"

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I hear the phone it rings so violenty.  
Can't leave my room, can't breath since she left me.  
I will admit, i hate those things i said.  
Girls always cry, 'cause they never admit they did.

Hold on, hold on  
Hold on, hold on

Don't tell me that it's over,  
I'm not usta this temptation.  
And when you come back runnin,  
There's no use for explanation.  
I think things are too hopeful,  
Even with my expert knowledge.  
Most girls do mean trouble,  
Because they are rarely honest.

What's with the jokes,  
And all those games they play?  
Screw with my head,  
Never gave till they get their way.  
Guys like to run,  
Chicks like to yell you see.  
Guys hate to fight,  
Girls think it's therapy.

Hold on, hold on  
Hold on, hold on

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There's no use for explanation.  
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Even with my expert knowledge.  
Most girls do mean trouble,  
Because they are rarly honest.

Hold on, hold on  
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There's no use for explanation.  
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Even with my expert knowledge.  
Most girls do mean trouble,  
Because they are rarly honest.  
(repeat)

Don't tell me that it's over-  
I'm not usta this tempation!

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