6/8

Blink-182

You live in a world I cannot believe
You create a world I don't want to see
And your forest's a stand of dead trees lost in the night

Did you ever think you'd live down the past?
You just wanna tie yourself to the mast
All your nightmares have come to you at last, at least in your mind

Learn to swim in rushing rivers breaking on the shore
Make your peace with broken streets
Your face turned towards the storm

(This shitty guitar needs some personality)
(This shitty song needs some personality)

Your hallow accusations no one ever hears
Your wounded sense of pride, a guilty souvenir
All your protests and vacant excuses ring insincere

(This song needs some fucking personality)

I just want to find a car to overturn
I just want to light a fire and watch it burn
Now we're past the point of no return and no one is here

Learn to swim in rushing rivers breaking on the shore
Make your peace with broken streets
Your face turned towards the storm

(This song needs some fucking personality)
(Anybody? Personality?)
(Give me some fucking personality)
(What happened to personality?)

You are afraid, uneducated on where this would lead
Going on for far too long
We are sorry for the greed
Leave us in pieces and places
War torn and wronged

In between whispers and screams
You permeate my soul
Lost between nightmares and dreams
You decimate this home

Learn to swim in rushing rivers breaking on the shore
Make your peace with broken streets
Your face turned towards the storm

(How do I look? Disappointing)
(How about I disappoint them more?)
(I am a disappointment)
(How about I disappoint them more?)

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