

Don't Tell Me It's Over

Blink-182

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 will always cry, guys will never admit they did

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 is no use for explanation
I think these things are too hopeful, even with my expert knowl
edge
Most girls most do mean trouble, because they are rarely honest

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

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