

Parking Lot

Blink-182

Remember the days
we would drink on the train
on our way to the show, Chicago
Naked Raygun live at the Cabaret Metro
Ten bucks to get into a fight you can't win
Boots and braces, yellow laces
Oxblood traces of the night before

We are forgotten young suburbia
Loose on the streets of California
Underneath fluorescent lights
We'll waste the best nights of our lives
Fuck this place, let's put up a parking lot
Na, na na, na na, na na
Na, na na, na na, na na
Fuck this place, let's put up a parking lot

I can't wait 'til I'm off of work
I'll meet my friends at the Target curb
I rolled my ankle, Matt just broke his wrist
I climbed through your window at 3am
We listened to The Smiths and The Violent Femmes
Yeah, we both sang, "Why can't I get one kiss?"

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We are the broken
No end in sight
We're the forgotten soldiers you left behind
There's no use trying
We lost the war
Now the dead and dying
Are back to even the score

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