

Featuring Mark Hoppus

Hot Mulligan

I kinda miss you, back in high school
Twenty-five and I still think about your drawings that you made
I kinda miss you, but I can't talk to you
'Cause in my mind, the only thing that I could do now is intrude

I've got a ring, I think that she'd love you too
But I can't get past the fact I drag almost everyone down

I didn't think I'd say I wanna see you
I won't reach out to you after all this time
I'd imagine I don't fit into your view

Frozen drives from Rocky Horror outgrown
Lofty plans and failing class aside, you'd
Find me in the margins of a sketchbook
Probably best to let the memory die out

I've got a ring, I think that she'd love you too
But I can't get past the fact I drag almost everyone down
Painting the walls that lined the hall after school
Smoke and tattoos, five years removed, hope you'd recognize me now

I don't even know who you are
Memories faded out just like a dark room lesson
Clarity lost on resin
Maybe I'm just thinking too hard
Rather let it dissipate than face my conscience
Call it faking progress

I've got a ring, I think that she'd love you too
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I kinda miss you