Minus Blindfold

Deftones

Done feeding, I leaned back
Head rested on the couch's top
Must leave the house soon
Mean gone, 'cause my Pops, he's hot
Grab my blue backpack
My walkman, grip my bicycle
Because I know my friends
Are waiting at the door
I'm feeling loose like you
Just fucking around and shit
'Til that comes you're fifty five
I'm twenty sixLet me
Let me go
I give more
And you know
I fold II, come at me, come, come
My activities don't cross
But they create
You know I want to pick you up
But they don't want you to
Asking for it, like we got
Yes, we cross but we create
You know I want to pick you up
But they don't want you
Shit fuck 'emYou let this screw you
I thought they knew you
But when you turned your back
I know they're gonna do
You had to prove me right
And then we did
And that son of a bitch
He swerved almost hit two kids
I'm feeling heartless
I'm feeling hate
So when there's nothin' but
The real swing in her fuckin' rapeNo one me
No choice
Let me go
I get bored

And you know
I'm fuckin' flownCome on, come, come
My activities don't cross
But they create
You know I want to pick you up
But they don't want you to
Threaten me court, like we got
Yeah, we cross but we create
You know I want to pick you up
But they don't want you
BurnLet me go
I give more
And you know
Ooh
So good
We could
And we learned to cry
And lift
Me up(Come on)
Come on, come
My activities don't cross
But they create
You know I want to pick you up
But they don't want you
Dis me court, like we got
Yeah, we cross but we cried
You know I want to pick you up
But they don't want you
Up

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