

Mh 4.18.2011

Blink-182

Coming in, coming in
Kill the radio silence
Break down in L.A.
Giving up
Giving in to a feeling of violence
There's hell to pay.
So let's light another match
Stop living in the past
Where nobody can hear me now
Blow the lock off the cage
Watch the children come of age
When their parents stop to take a bow
Nothing takes root in this barren soil
Nothing takes root in this barren soil
Maybe there's no one there at all
Hold on, the worst is yet to come
Save your life for hired guns
Hold strong when everything you loved is gone
Slow down

Stop living in the shadow of a helicopter
Line them up on the wall
Coming out with their hands up
Give them all the chair
Let it burn, let it fall
Let the end of the world come
Who's left to care?
Nothing takes root in this barren soil
Nothing takes root but we bend and toil
Maybe there's no one there at all
Hold on, the worst is yet to come
Save your life for hired guns
Hold strong when everything you loved is gone
Slow down, stop living in the shadow of a helicopter
Hold on, the worst is yet to come
Save your life for hired guns
Hold strong when everything you loved is gone
Slow down, stop living in the shadow of a helicopter
Stop living in the shadow of a helicopter

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