Worry Rock

Weezer

Another sentimental argument and bitter love
Hugs without a kiss again, dragged it through the mud
Yelling at brick walls and punching windows made of stone
The worry rock has turned to dust and fallen on our prideA knocked down, dragged out fight
Fat lips and open wounds
Another wasted night
No one will take the fallWhere do we go from here?
And what did you do with the directions?
Promise me no dead end streets
And I'll guarantee we'll have the roadA knocked down, dragged out fight
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