

Don't Tell Me It's Over

Blink 182

I hear the phone it rings so violently
Can't leave my room, can't breathe since she left me
I will admit I hate those things I said
Girls will always cry, guys will never admit they did
Hold on, hold on, hold on
Don't tell me it's over, I'm not
used to this temptation
And when you came running back, there is no use for explanation
I think these things are too hopeful, even with my expert knowledge
Most girls most do mean trouble, because they are rarely honest
What's with the jokes, all the routines they play
Screw with my head, never cave til they get their way
Guys like to run, chicks like to yell, you see
Guys hate to fight, girls think its therapy
Hold on, hold on, hold on
Don't tell me it's over, I'm not used to this
temptation
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