Memories

Weezer

Pissing in plastic cups before we went on stage
Playing hackey sack back when Audioslave was still Rage
Watching all the freaky Dutch kids vomit then have sex
Listening to techno music on the bus while we earned our checksMemories make me want to go back there, back there
All the memories make me want to go back there, back there
All the memories, how can we make it back there, back there
I want to be there againMessing with the journalists and telling stupid lies
They had a feeling that something was up
Because of the look in our eyes
In fact we didn't know what we were doing half of the time
We were so sure of ourselves and drove a long way through lifeMemories make me want to go back there, back there
All the memories make me want to go back there, back there
All the memories, how can we make it back there, back there
I want to be there againNow I got so many people that I got to look out for
I never know when I'll be called away to buy some food at the store
I can hear them babies crying and the lawn needs to be mowed
I gotta get my groove on because I'm freakin bored!Memories make me want to go back there, back there
All the memories make me want to go back there, back there
All the memories, how can we make it back there, back there
I want to be there again

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