

Ashley

Green Day

Ashley
Are you running around?
Now youre crying at a bloody murder
Ashley
Are you bumming around?
You are crying on my cold shoulderUsed a tangled mind with your puppet strings
You tangled your desires right in front of my face
You let me into the world but wouldnt let me drink
Swallowing my pride and I never even got the tasteBut time comes around and Im not so naive
Ive finally lost touch cause youre so out of reach
You say that youre fine but I know that you aint
Youre looking like hell and youre no fucking saintAshleAre you running around?
Now youre crying at a bloody murder
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Are you bumming around?
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Are you bumming around?
You are crying on my cold shoulderYou are what you are
A wish on a shooting star
You are a filthy thought
In my memoryIve tasted cigarettes and liquor on your breath
You used to call it speed but now its crystal meth
Like when I loved you but youre scaring me to death
This careless memory and now I could care lessBut time comes around and Im not so naive
Ive finally lost touch cause youre so out of reach
You say that youre fine but I know that you aint
Youre looking like hell and youre no fucking saintAshley
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