

Worry Rock

Green Day

Another sentimental argument
And bitter love
But 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
Fallen on our pride

A knocked down dragged out fight
Fat lips and open wounds
Another wasted night
And no one will take the fall

Where 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 road

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