

Minus Blindfold

Deftones

Done feeding, I leaned back head rested on the couch's top
Must leave the house soon, mean gone, 'cause my pops, he's hot
Grab my blue backpack, My walkman, grip my bicycle
Because I know my friends are waiting at the door
I'm feeling loose like you, just fucking around and shit
'til that comes fifty-five, I'm twenty-six

Let me go
I give more
And you know
I fold I

Come at me come come
My activites don't cross but they create
You know I want to pick you up
But they don't want you to
Asking for it, like we got
Yes we cross but we create
You know I want to pick you up
But they don't want you - so fuck'em

You let this screw I thought they knew you
But when you turned your back I know they're going do
You had to prove me right and then we did
And that son of a bitch he swerved almost hit two kids
I'm feeling heartless, I'm feeling hate
So when there's nothin' but the real swing in her fuckin' rape

No - one - me

No choice
Let me go
I get bored
And you know I'm fuckin' flown

Come on - come - come

My activities don't cross but they create
You know I want to pick you up
But they don't want you to
Threaten me court, like we got
Yeah we cross but we create
You know I want to pick you up
But they don't want you, burn

Let me go
I give more
And you know - ohh
So good
We could
And We learned to cry
And Lift
Me up

Come on - come
My activities don't cross but they create
You know I want to pick you up

But they don't want you
Dis me court, like we got
Yeah we cross but we cried
You know I want to pick you up
But they don't want you - up