

# 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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