

## Drnk Txt Rmeo

### Gym Class Heroes

I usually avoid any kind of confrontation, conversation, in moderation  
Lips sealed but my fingers are flying  
And hours the hours pass, they grow more impatient  
My phone is magnetic, especially when I'm sauced up

And I admit that I'm ashamed  
But there's Melissa, Theresa and Emily what a toss up  
But that's the best part of the game

And I'm really an anonymous, aspiring alcoholic  
Drowning the days pain in hops, barley and grain  
Thinking of ways to convince one to join me  
In the company of low-lives, sort doing the same

So I start texting, I keep texting, I can't stop, it's my obsession  
It's like fish and my words are like lures  
If they bought the bait cool, if not call it a night

We can't, more like we should have and I know  
And I try, to be a good boy but it's hard  
I start texting, I keep texting, I can't stop, it's my obsession

Now ask yourself this, is love a tender thing  
Too rough, too rude, too boisterous?  
Well, I'll tell you what man  
I had it once it was fun but not enough

'Tis torture and not mercy  
Heaven is where my phone lives  
In my pocket, so cozy oh what a joy replies give

Well, Melissa's babysitting and Theresa's working late  
Emily's on her way to East 11th on the train  
And that's when I remember Patty from West Philly  
She said, I'm in your area, three minutes away

So I stop texting, no more texting, yeah, right, it's my obsession  
It's like fish and my words are like lures  
If they bought the bait cool, if not call it a night

We can't, more like we should have and I know  
And I try, to be a good boy but it's hard  
We can't, more like we should have and I know  
And I try, to be a good boy but it's hard  
I start texting, I keep texting, I can't stop, it's my obsession

I know you think I'm reckless, move so fast, slow down  
I think I love him, so I told him but in a text message  
He wrote back , me too, I was just sitting here, thinkin' 'bout you"

I know I want to but I can't and I shouldn't  
Try to put my phone down, damn, but I couldn't  
Stayed on the phone with him all night long  
Text message when I'm gone

We can't, more like we should have and I know  
And I try, to be a good boy but it's hard

We can't, more like we should have and I know  
And I try, to be a good boy but it's hard