

# Memories

Weezer

Pissing in plastic cups before we went on stage  
Playing hacky sack back when Audioslave was still Rage  
Watching all the freaky Dutch kids vomit then have sex  
Listening to techno music on the bus while we earned our checks

Memories make me want to go back there, back there  
All the memories make me want to go back there, back there  
All the memories, how can we make it back there, back there  
I want to be there again

Messing with the journalists and tellin' stupid lies  
They had a feeling that something was up because of the look in  
our eyes  
In fact, we didn't know what we were doing half of the time  
We were so sure of ourselves and sure of our way through life

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Now I got so many people that I got to look out for  
I never know when I'll be called away to buy some food at the store  
I can hear them babies crying and the lawn needs to be mowed  
I gotta get my groove on, 'cause I'm freaking bored!

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