

# Blink-182, Dysentery Gary

Got a lotta heart ache  
He's a fuckin' weasel  
His issues make my mind ache  
Want to make a deal

Cause I love your little motions  
You do with your pigtails  
What a nice creation  
Worth another night in jail

He's a player, diarrhea giver, tried to grow his hair out  
When friends were listening to Slayer  
I would like to find him Friday night  
Hanging out with mom and trying on his father's tights  
Life just sucks, I lost the one, I'm giving up, she found someone  
There's plenty more, girls are such a drag

So all you little ladies  
Be sure to choose the right guys  
You'll come back to me maybe  
I'll shower you with lies

Got a lotta heart ache  
He's a fuckin' weasel  
Decisions make my mind ache  
Want to make a deal

Ease away the problems and the pain  
The girl chose the guy who makes you want to kick and scream  
All along, you wish that she would stay  
Fuck the guy who took and ran away

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there's plenty more, girls are such a drag

Fuck this place! I lost the war, I hate you all, Your mom's a whore  
Wheres my dog? Cause girls are such a drag