

# Blink-182, Stockholm Syndrome

This is the first (thing I remember)  
Now it's the last (thing left on my mind)  
Afraid of the dark (do you hear me whisper)  
An empty heart (replaced with paranoia)  
Where do we go (life's temporary)  
After we're gone (like new years resolutions)  
Why is this hard (do you recognize me)  
I know I'm wrong (but I can't help believin')

I'm so lost  
I'm barely here  
I wish I could explain myself  
But words escape me  
It's too late  
To save me  
You're too late  
You're too late

You're cold with disappointment  
While I'm drowning in the next room  
The last contagious victim of this plague between us  
I'm sick with apprehension  
I'm crippled from exhaustion  
And I dread the moment when you finally come to kill me

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