

# Deftones, When Girls Telephone Boys

Always the same old taste just new injury  
Well I'll wear the claws if you'd like that  
Yeah if you'd like that we can ride on a black horse  
A great new wave Hesperian death horse  
I can call you when i get back  
Yeah when I get back I will call  
But don't speak, don't say nothing  
In case we ever do meet again  
Something's wrong with you  
Well I hope we never do meet again  
You always sharpen your teeth 'cause you're like that  
and you're like that everytime you pull heart back  
And her compact's carving deeper in your lap  
I would call but I forget where the phone is at  
Guess i'll talk to you when I get back  
Yeah when I get back I will call  
But don't speak, don't say nothing  
In case we ever should meet again  
there are some things wrong with you  
I hope we never do meet again  
I hope we never do meet again  
I hope we never do meet again  
Something's wrong with you... and I hope we never do meet again