

# (She Might Be A) Grenade

## Elvis Costello & The Roots

She's pulling out the pin  
That lets her hair fall down  
She's pulling out the pin  
She shakes her head  
And it goes tumbling  
Her smile was out of place  
So she swept it off her face  
Let me find the words and say them  
Like some softly whispered "Amen"  
But she starts to pull away  
And the lights begin to dim  
Is she thinking of me?  
Or is she thinking of him?  
She's pulling out the pin...  
She's slipping off the hook  
Unbuttoning her dress  
She's slipping off the hook  
There's just enough to make some man a mess  
She tears away the veil  
With her fingernails  
She came out high and kicking  
While the band played "Hey, Good Looking"  
Do you hear something ticking?  
Did somebody tell her she could really be redeemed?  
And could she actually be as desperate as she seems?  
She's tearing at the seams  
She's going to extremes  
Nobody told her it was a sin  
So she's pulling out the pin  
She's taping up her hands just like a boxer will  
And they started laughing  
But if looks could kill  
She'd take them down right now  
She's covering her mouth  
With some unholy vow  
There's nothing more to say  
This is her wedding day  
Full of shattered glass and mayhem  
Not some softly whispered "Amen"  
While the shock announcement dawns  
And the smoke begins to thin  
Where the world without ends  
And the next one begins  
She's pulling out the pin  
She's pulling out the pin  
She's pulling out the pin  
She's pulling out the pin

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