Bomb Hands

Social Code

With a match in his hands
He breaks down the tallest buildings
He's a bomb and his fuse is always burning
Everything he touches always falls to pieces
The pain and the rage eases everythingI'm tied to your tragedies
I'm tired of your miseries, swearing on me
Like your bomb hands, like your bomb hands
Like your bomb hands, get back, get backIn the mirror I see reflections of your laughing
I'd get away but I'm handcuffed to his heartbeat
Everything he touches always falls to pieces
The pain and the rage eases everythingI'm tied to your tragedies
I'm tired of your miseries, swearing on me
Like your bomb hands, like your bomb hands
Like your bomb hands, get back, get backMatch to the flint, to the fuse, to the fuel
From the spark to the clock as the seconds start to drop
Match to the flint, to the fuse, to the fuel
From the spark to the clock as the seconds start to dropLike your bomb hands, like your bomb hands
Like your bomb hands, like that, like that
Like your bomb hands, like your bomb hands
Like your bomb hands, get back, get backTock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock

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