

Firebomb

Chrome

In your burning tight leather you're a firebomb
with your handles smoking you're on fire
not a flaw, not a mess you're way on top
like a classic car, a firebomb
you got your father worried, your mother uptight
in a fire moon winter she's my love
the way you finger my flame you're a firebomb
the way you blow out my brain you're a firebomb

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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