Bombers

Yellowcard

This is the deepest cut I,
Think I have ever felt,
These are the things I think but I will never tell.
I'm trying to walk these bridges,
Burning beneath my feet,
Well I am an echo I am heard but never seen.These are your hearts,
Like bombs they're coming down,
They're falling on me now.
And this my last try,
Got one thing left to prove,
There's a bomber in me too.This is a mirror image,
Of everything I'm not,
Always reflecting what I've learned but was not taught.
If I could make things different,
If I could press restart,
Then I would hold back every breath that went too far.These are your hearts,
Like bombs they're coming down,
They're falling on me now.
And this my last try,
Got one thing left to prove,
There's a bomber in me too.Sometimes I feel like I am working in the dark,
Collecting names collecting all abandoned hearts.
And if your one that I have missed along the way,
Then I'm rehearsing all the things I'd like to say.
This isn't easy for me,
This isn't easy.These are your hearts,
Like bombs they're coming down,
They're falling on me now.
And this my last try,
Got one thing left to prove,
There's a bomber in me too.These are your hearts,
Like bombs they're coming down ,
They're falling on me now.
And this my last try,
Got one thing left to prove,
There's a bomber in me too.

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

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