

Boomerang

Hooverphonic

He likes to play an electric guitar
He does sing but not in a choir
He thinks he's cool with his 19" tires
Got the looks but he's playing with fire Always comes back like a boomerang back to me
The words of a liar do hurt like breaking a knee Sober feels out of control
Evenings are high, morning are low W
He can't accept that he's getting thirty
He's oh so slow never in a hurry He serves desire with hurt as a potion to me
Whenever he's gone he reinvents the word free

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