

# Bombs Away

## BOOTS

Save it for the next one  
Let him know that my temper was a cold sun  
And tell him everything you know  
I'm making up the weather, imagining the snow  
Tell him there's no truth behind the panic  
That his cotton cheeks are youthful and organic  
His cock is Florida state  
I'm drowning hot I'll be a saint  
You're taking shots of wet paint  
I met a fire who could tame chance  
Some black gold for a rain dance  
A black hole for your romance  
I must not resonate when we tessellate our finance  
Tell him that the reverie is severing  
That he's safer cuz they're listening to everything  
That it ain't Vietnam today  
Tell him bombs away  
Bombs away  
When I'm raining  
Your tongue is broken glass  
Hurricaning If I had tits you'd go all over me  
Worldwide flick my clit, I'll blow it globally  
It's a fear-based trade too far  
I might sell you a rental car  
I'm not who you are  
They didn't sell my rolling soul  
Trust to rake you out  
How new nouveau  
Your essence still will be still  
A witch will code your rights; he'll have it by morning  
I'ma show you around  
Brown, solid, loose  
Chaser in my pail, you could lose  
Piss in my blood; in town with the zoo  
All the wolves are famous  
Hide the rich and shameless  
Thirsty like an addict  
Hope is for the tragic  
Sell me down a new stream  
New world has new dream  
Watchful eyes can't stay  
Tuck into the blast, we're singing bombs away

Bombs away

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

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>