

67 Special "Hey There Bomb"

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She's gone chasin', another rainbow, and that's alright
But fuck how I wish I was the pot of gold, but that I'm
not
Lie to myself and then you drink some, alright
And all this thinking, is making my head sore

(Chorus)

Then she comes again, sweeter than any pain
Hey there bomb

Up, back and around again, circles they spin, does my
head in

Heartbeat tickin' like a tickin' bomb
Tick, tock, tock to the song
And all this thinking is making my head sore

(Chorus x2)

She's gone chasin', another rainbow, and that's alright
oh oh
But fuck how I wish I was her pot of gold, but that I'm
not

(Chorus x3)

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