

Idy "Here's Your Valentimebomb"

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Here I sit, so dorkishly inside this plastic lawn chair.
Sandled feet clad to the balcony as I'm taking in this
Jersey air, and I'm starting to think about a girl back
home who's probably thinking about anything but me.
I'm starting to think there's nothing left for us, I'm
starting to think.

Time ticks away, can't you feel the presence of panic
inside the oxygen that you're filling your lungs with as
you take in breath for strength, and you ask in all your
naivety even though you don't care for answers. And I
just hope your heart bursts like a balloon because you
know damn well what you do to me. Come closer love,
can't we just escape this?

Mandy marches to her mailbox for a letter from her
favorite douche bag. He's away again playing music
for his quote-unquote cult of groupie sickos. And there
his letter sits, with proper postage, she'll read it later
when she gets to it and she'll show it to her mom, who's
never liked him, who smiles where it says he may never
come back.

Now she drives to work barely affected by his false
hopes for reassurance. He's so far away and feels like
a fraud every time he speaks nice things about her,
and she hopes that she will see him again soon, so she
can collect the things that he bought for her. By now he
gets a sense that Mandy uses him, she feels like a
princess and makes him hate home.

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