

Roches

"Holy Smokes"

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Is it love or is it hate
I'm a stand there fence
You're a swinging gate
If i were a shoe
I would walk away
Walk away

I threw at you a book of love
It said that we might be able to rise above
These feelings
I'm lost and found and kneeling down to pray
Just what do you say when you pray

Holy smokes
We are fighting
In that bag of miracles and lightning
Is there anything in there to make this
all night a little less frightening
The way we fall apart is bustin up my heart

This sad song stays on my mind
All crossed out and underlined
Hiding there afraid that i might find
The worst thing is how you are so beautiful and kind
When i am leaving you behind

Holy smokes
We are fighting
In that bag of miracles and lightning
Is there anything in there to make this
All night a little less frightening
The way we fall apart is bustin up my heart

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