

A Falling Bomb by Thursday

"This Song Brought To You By A Falling Bomb"

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Do you hear the jet plane yawning miles across the
sky?
Hear the garbage truck back down in boulevard
Setting off the car alarms as it passes by?
Do you hear the static of one thousand de-tuned
radios?

Shut the window love, keep the world outside
I don't want to think about anyone
And the footsteps are getting louder
Drowning out the sound of the rain as it knocks on the
windowsill
I'm not answering the phone, let it ring
Lately i've been feeling like a falling bomb
The ground is getting closer and the sky is
falling...down

This song has been brought to you..by a falling bomb
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