

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 it water tight
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 window-sill
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
This song has been brought to you
By a falling bomb, by a falling bomb

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