

Yellowcard, Bombers

This is the deepest cut I
Think I have ever felt
These are the things I think, but I will never tell
I'm trying to walk these bridges
Burnin' beneath my feet
I am an echo; I am heard, but never seen

These are your hearts
Like bombs, they're coming down
They're falling on me now
And this, my last time
Got one thing left to prove
There's a bomber in me, too

This is a mirror image
Of everything I'm not
Always reflecting what I've learned, but was not taught
If I could make things different
If I could press 'Restart'
Then I would hold back every breath that went too far
(Breath that went too far)

These are your hearts
Like bombs, they're coming down
They're falling on me now
And this, my last time
Got one thing left to prove
There's a bomber in me, too

Sometimes I feel like I am working in the dark
Collecting names
Collecting all abandoned hearts
And if you're one that I have missed along the way
Then I'm rehearsing all the things I'd like to say
This isn't easy for me
This isn't easy

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