

# Dynamite Boy, Bring The Rock

Just because we rock it does not  
Mean we're made of stone  
Trouble always seems to find us  
Promise you will go

To keep my word I will load the gun for you  
You chose me to be a puppet and a mirror  
For abuse so here's the price you'll pay

This is how we point our finger  
Toward your shallow grave

To keep my word I will load the gun for you  
You chose me to be a puppet and a mirror  
For abuse so here's the price you'll pay