

Marc Jordan, Rockets

<I'm too numb to feel the pain,
I feel like John Lewis standing in the rain.
Biting my hands and making it all red
Healing my heart sores baby I can't fight.

I see rockets, I see rockets,
I see rockets,
Everytime I see your face.

There's nothing left but the rain,
My heart is aching and I can't say goodbye.
I think that the mood is ending,
I think that the messages we're sending,
are going down in flames.

I see rockets, I see rockets,
I see rockets,
Everytime I see your face.

Girls down here they'll do you right,
They'll steal your money,
But they'll hold you oh so tight.
And break your heart every Saturday night
Where the fates collide,
And all the sadness goes to die.
Hey

Going down in flames,
Going down in flames,
Everytime I see your face.

I see rockets x3>