

Patrick Park, Love Is A Bomb

You're tired of waking up
To that big city drum.
The bustle of streets
Rattle and hum.
And the ones who show their colors know
You're tired of playing your part.
You just want someone to be there
When the lights go dark.

But you know the pain don't stop
Once you're had enough.
It sharpens its teeth
And pulls off its gloves.
But the hardest part to take
Is waiting for the show.
Sometimes love is a bomb baby,
Did you come to watch it blow?

When the city's fallen quiet
And everyone's inside
Tucked under sheets
In rooms with the night.
You can feel your world just freeze
And you watch it fall like snow.
Sometimes love is a bomb baby,
Did you come to watch it blow?