

# Patrick Park, Thunderbolt

She's a thunderbolt.  
With guns & fire,  
Two arms full of holes,  
And nothing to hold.  
She's a restless sort  
With secrets that wait  
On corners in the dark,  
To pinch with a pain,  
To sting and to smart

God knows it gets so hard  
To keep out the cold,  
When you're living in a house full of holes.

He's just a close call  
Who always acts tough,  
But goes way too far,  
Or not far enough.  
But someday when it gets hard,  
Hard just to breathe,  
She'll rest assured that  
He'll take the heat

God knows it gets so hard  
To keep out the cold,  
When you're living in a house full of holes.

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Two arms full of holes,  
And nothing to hold.  
Nothing to hold.