

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.

She's a thunderbolt.
With guns & fire,
Two arms full of holes,
And nothing to hold.
Nothing to hold.