

## Boomerang

Hooverphonic

He likes to play an electric guitar  
He does sing, but not in a choir  
He thinks he's cool with his 19" tires  
Got the looks but he's playing with fire

Always comes back like a boomerang back to me  
The words of a liar do hurt like breaking a knee

Sober feels out of control  
Evenings are high, morning are lowW  
He can't accept that he's getting thirty  
He's oh so slow, never in a hurry

He serves desire with hurt as a potion to me  
Whenever he's gone he reinvents the word free