

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 low
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