

Throwing Stones

Shout Out Louds

Here it comes, a love storm,
I've got a hole in my heart.
And here it comes in a different form,
I've got a stone in my shoe.
And I don't know what to do.

In a car, too drunk to drive,
I've got a cold running through.
I'll soon be there, not very far,
I've got a dream coming true.
But I don't know what to do.

Throwing stones, they're rolling home.
If you think I'm slowing down,
if you think I'm slowing down,
I'm not slowing down.

Am I right, can you tell?
Is there a punishment I have to go through?
I see it there in front of me.
Is it true or is someone just being cruel?
I don't know what to do.
Here it comes, a love storm.

Throwing stones, they're rolling home.
If you think I'm slowing down,
if you think I'm slowing down,
no, I'm not slowing down.
I'm not slowing down.