

# Hand Grenade

ROAM

I'm a hand grenade  
You pulled the pin and ran away

Honest but vacant  
You want it? You'll hate it

But I get the feeling that I'm beating  
Myself black and blue, I'm bleeding  
Oh I'd be a better me  
Without my sense of everything

I'm a hand grenade  
You pulled the pin and ran away  
I've been making, I've been making lemonade  
I don't like the taste  
I don't like the taste  
I don't like the taste  
Now I'm a hand grenade

Over offended and failing  
Great advice, thanks, I hate it

So chalk it up to wishful thinking  
Dream too big and die a victim  
Oh I'm sure, there's nothing more  
Than 9 to 5 and closing doors

I'm a hand grenade  
You pulled the pin and ran away  
I've been making, I've been making lemonade  
I don't like the taste  
I don't like the taste  
I don't like the taste  
Now I'm a hand grenade  
A hand grenade

I'm a hand grenade  
You pulled the pin and ran away

I'm a hand grenade  
You pulled the pin and ran away  
I've been making, I've been making lemonade  
I don't like the taste  
It's a bitter taste  
Now I'm a hand grenade