

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
I don't like the taste
I don't like the taste
I don't like the taste
I don't like the taste
I don't like the taste
It's a bitter taste
Now I'm a hand grenade