

## Boomerang

Yebba

If I shoot him in the stomach  
Then he's hurting on my dime  
And if I shoot him in the head, then he's dead and he's livin'  
on my mind  
My reflection in the mirror  
Her perfection in his eyes  
I'm a danger to myself  
I run from twelve  
And take my rage across the county line

But I won't let this go  
Not my tomorrow  
Don't forget your pride, it's laying in her bed of sorrow

What you done to me  
I swear to you it's gonna come back like a boomerang  
Wooooo  
Wooooo  
Woooooooooooo

You knew my daddy didn't like you  
From the moment you two met  
He knew too well, you would drag me through Hell  
And never come back for the baby we'd regret  
Oh

But I won't let this go  
Not my tomorrow  
Don't forget your pride  
It's laying in her bed of sorrow

Watcha done to me  
I swear to you it's gonna come back like a boomerang  
Woooooo  
Woooooo  
Woooooooooooo

Watcha done to me  
I swear to you it's gonna come back like a boomerang  
And knock you to your knees  
I swear to you it's gonna come back like a boomerang