

BOOMERANG ft. Arianna DeBoo

Music by Miles Douglas & Aaron Carmack
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Piano

VERSE

Vox. [RAP]

C#min7 4fr. B min7 E7 A Maj7 G#7 4fr. 4x

CHORUS

Vox.

C#min7 4fr. B min7 E7

What I told you may - be half was true I know nei - ther of us have a clue

Vox.

A Maj7 D#min7/G# G#7sus4 4fr. C#min7 4fr.

I'm al-ways com-ing back to you_ your boo_ your boo_ your boo - mer - ang_ I know nei-ther of us have the key

Vox.

B min7 E7 A Maj7 D#min7/G# G#7sus4 4fr. to Verse

But I'm tel-ling you you have to see How you're al-ways co-ming back to me my boo_ my boo_ my boo - mer - ang_

BOOMERANG
ft. Arianna DeBoo

Verse 1

I hear a little patience what a man need
but bottling the feelings'll makes a man bleed
The words leave my mouth in a stampede
Watch em galloping, breaking records for land
speed
My heart pumps and my lips tend to obey
You're just so Bay, I hope you don't say "no
way"
now that I came back around to okay
And if you let me I will love you till we go grey
So be my do-ray-me-fa-so-la-ti-do
We'll hit El Faralito, and get a bomb burrito
I try to kill my ego when your subject appears
But I still think of you when I had a couple of
beers
I'll see you soon I got no use for a bucket of
tears
It seemed unlucky how we'd orbit each other
for years
We got our timing right and then I collided with
you
The wait is worth it in the moment we finally do

Chorus

What I told you maybe half was true
I know neither of us have a clue
I'm always coming back to you
Your boo, your boo, your boomerang
I know neither of us have the key
But I'm telling you, you have to see
How you're always coming back to me
My boo, my boo, my boomerang

Verse 2

You press my buttons like I were a Nintendo
Me and her up in a permanent limbo
It's like it's nothing when we're burnin the indo
The streetlights like a blur in the window
I got no cause to feel I was betrayed
It's just a symptom of the of the game we
played
We pull the hearts out of each others' chests,
pull the pins out of the hearts
and toss em back and forth like they're gre-
nades
Hot potato, hot potato, what did you do?
Blow my fuckin arm off and then kiss the boo-
boo
Hit me with a shovel, and then say "I dig you"
And be colder than an igloo
When you want me I don't want you, when I
want you, you don't want me
When I sing a tune and you sing it too then it's
"womp womp" in the wrong key
You always let me go and do my thang
But I'm always coming back again—boomer-
ang

All You Can Do

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