

# Bombshell Rocks, Dead End Kids

Man I got to tell you this feeling inside i get when,  
me and my boys are synchronized.  
Like a little explosion in what's left in my brain,  
telling me to move while the world's insane.

Put on a record on the stereo,  
I loose myself and before i know the choir goes.

Us dead end kids got a place to go,  
we take our home with us where we go.

I'll sit hours on end and I dream and pretend,  
can almost feel the hot spotlights.  
And all those nights up on the stage,  
man I never wanna leave that place to go.  
Here I feel alright.