

# Bombshell Rocks, Home

The little boy is moving down the street of no return  
He says I'd like to see the city of the narrowminded burn  
This place is like a prison now let me approve  
The world is closing in it's getting harder to move

People pass by on the street  
They look down but I swear  
Their eyes are irongrey  
I sure felt rejected and judged  
And I sure felt betrayed

Your laws, your moral, your ethics and your sins  
Everything comes back to where it all begins  
Oxblood boots, motorcycle jacket, broken heart and a fist  
I'm leving for the place where the hospitality is

I wanna move cuz  
This place ain't my home  
A lifetime's a pretty long time  
When you're all alone