

# Adverts, Bombsite Boy

Leapfrog over fences.  
Little time, less senses.  
Here by this railway cutting.  
Life goes quick and it goes without warning.  
That's how life is in my bombsite dwelling.

But I don't believe you have to be an idiot.  
To get somewhere these days.  
I don't believe you have to sell your soul,  
And do what everybody says,  
Or get carried away.  
Nowadays I fall among the empty shells and pray.  
Give thanks - I'm happy where I am.  
It's just as well.

Well, I thank God I never closed my eyes.  
Thank God I never compromised.  
Bombsite boy, the bombsite boy.  
Thank God I wasn't mesmerized.  
Bombsite boy, the bombsite boy - the bombsite boy.

There's a killer in your subway.  
An anarchist on your street.  
There's a breakdown on your T.V.  
You can't find no relief.  
In fact no feelings at all.  
Your war is totally internal.  
At least I'm sure that mine is - on the outside.

I can thank God I never closed my eyes.  
Thank God I never compromised.  
Bombsite boy, the bombsite boy.  
Thank God I wasn't mesmerized.  
Bombsite boy, the bombsite boy - the bombsite boy.