

# Bombshell Rocks, Almost Free

I've spent years constantly dreaming  
I've spent nights on dirty concrete floors  
Sometimes I wonder what keeps me going  
And why I always end up begging for more

I've met hypocrites and smooth talking assholes  
But I've also met people just like me  
And it's all for that hour at night  
When I feel almost free

I've lost count of the times when I've felt cheated  
But it must have been at least a hundred times  
And of all the times I've got my hope up  
And been left here with this dream of mine