

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