

# Bombshell Rocks, Microphone

Monday morning wondering  
What's that little something  
That's gonna solve it once again?

It burns inside of me  
Wanna get it out you see  
Wanna leave before I'll go insane

Hey, I've had my say  
The rain falls, I'm on my way  
Turn off the microphone  
Bye my second home

I'll leave this place for fertile grounds  
Blow the speakers with an honest sound  
I was killing time and now I bleed

It wipes the dirt right off my clothes  
Gives me hope when I need it the most  
Gives me the air when I need to fucking breath