

Bombshell Rocks, Seven

I've got a few true friends making stakes by my side
Give me the odds, odds don't mean a thing to me
We slam the door behind
Heading for year 99
Taking back the ground like chronic thieves

Don't like the pace cuz it's too slow
We make our stakes in a shabby casino
And all these people
I've seen them grow
I've seen them come back in a row

And so we hope for a seven
And as the dices stop the role
We're patiently watin'
And so we hope for a seven
That's how we do it
We're accelerating

And as the dices are rolling, bouncing on the floor
They're making way thru a layer of dust
And now I understand
As the dices left my hand
Got nothing to rely on but my trust