

Rachel Stamp, Every Night I Pray For The Bomb

It's so sad looking at you looking at me
With all that hate in your eyes
With no reason, no reason at all
But I have a plan
To make everything alright yeah

Each night I pray for the bomb
Each night I pray for the bomb

So tell me I'm wrong
But what can I hope for
In a world full of spite?
It's alright, I'll make it alright
I have a plan to make everything alright yeah

Each night I pray for the bomb

Each night I pray....
...for your love to stop running away
and your heart to finally open

Each night I pray for the bomb
Each night I pray for the bomb
Each night I pray for the bomb
Each night I pray for the bomb