

Microphone

Bombshell Rocks

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