

## Seven

### Bombshell Rocks

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