

Bobby

Johnossi

Soaked and alone, on his knees in a house
He escaped to the countryside after committing a crime
Bobby was young, heavy heart and his gun
And the man drove him out of the city wanted dead or alive
Yeah everything because he couldn't abide

Now he knows, that at the start of his strife
He was like "as far as being young and wild
I am up for whatever"

Bobby was young, heavy heart and his gun
And to take somebody under his wings
It wasn't too very clever

Everything that he couldn't afford
He wanna smile on a big street again
He wanna follow his dreams, but instead....

Annie may go down and still make a sound
She may go down and bleed in your mind

Because now you hold your breath and your tongue
But she would still go down and make a sound
Make a sound, make a sound, make a sound

So come along to the local jailhouse
Two walls and a bed
Inside they only reach for the time

Bobby was young, heavy heart and his gun
And the man found him outside the city
He was barely alive

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He wanna smile on a big street again
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