

Bombbsite Boy

The Adverts

Leapfrog over fences
Little time, less senses
Here by this railway cutting
Life goes quick and it goes without warning
That's how life is in my bombbsite dwelling

But I don't believe you have to be an idiot
To get somewhere these days
I don't believe you have to sell your soul
And do what everybody says
Or get carried away
Nowadays I fall among the empty shells and pray
Give thanks - I'm happy where I am
It's just as well

Well, I thank God I never closed my eyes
Thank God I never compromised
Bombbsite boy, the bombbsite boy
Thank God I wasn't mesmerized
Bombbsite boy, the bombbsite boy - the bombbsite boy

There's a killer in your subway
An anarchist on your street
There's a breakdown on your T.V.
You can't find no relief
In fact no feelings at all
Your war is totally internal
At least I'm sure that mine is - on the outside

I can thank God I never closed my eyes
Thank God I never compromised
Bombbsite boy, the bombbsite boy
Thank God I wasn't mesmerized
Bombbsite boy, the bombbsite boy - the bombbsite boy