

## **Bombshell Rocks**

### **"Home"**

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The little boy is moving down the street of no return  
He says, ?I'd like to see the city of the narrow minded  
burn?

Place is like a prison now let me improve  
The world is closing in, it's getting harder to move

People pass by on the street, they look down but I  
swear

Their eyes are iron gray  
And I sure felt rejected and judged  
I sure feel betrayed

Your laws, your moral, your ethics, your sins  
Everything comes back to where it all begins  
Oxblood boots, motorcycle jacket, broken heart and fist  
I'm leaving for the place where the hospitality is

I wanna move 'cause  
This place ain't my home  
A lifetime's a pretty long time  
When you're all alone

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