

# Johnossi "Bobby"

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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

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

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