

## The Adicts

### "Bombsite Boy"

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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 bombsite 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.  
Bombsite boy, the bombsite boy.  
Thank God I wasn't mesmerized.  
Bombsite boy, the bombsite boy - the bombsite 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.  
Bombsite boy, the bombsite boy.  
Thank God I wasn't mesmerized.  
Bombsite boy, the bombsite boy - the bombsite boy.

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