

The Adverts

"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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