

## **The Rusty Trombones**

### **"Shadow Of A Bomb"**

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Waiting for the buzz but the buzz doesn't come  
Trying to solve my problems but I'm running out of rum  
This situation's constantly on repeat  
I can't find piece of mind in the jungle of concrete  
Every calculated step's another I can't stand  
One forward two back in this self-proclaimed promised  
land  
No direction  
And it still seems wrong  
No protection  
You're living in the shadow of a bomb  
It seems I'm always going the wrong way  
I never know where I'm going at night  
I just continue down the path lit up by the streetlights  
Devils on both sides here we go here we go  
Screaming out songs of justice, fuck the radio  
But my thoughts are as empty as the bottle I was sold  
My refusal of the system is the crutch that I hold  
Drunk to fucking hell as bottles hit the ground  
There's a riot on the street but is this how it should  
sound  
So much pain in the world I'm being taken away  
So let's make this a long evening and fucking call it a  
day  
On the road to nowhere and it still seems wrong  
You can't find fucking shelter in the shadow of a bomb

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