

# Bomb

J Church

Sweat drips down his face as he walks into the place,  
That he walks by every single day,  
He's only 21, but when his job is done,  
Never again will he walk this way

He leaves his bag underneath the seat,  
He breaths new air back on city streets,  
He knows love grows but a war must be won,  
So his bomb that's aimed to kill and maim ticks on and on

The suit and tie that works downtown is standing in the under  
ground,  
And he reads the New York Times while he waits,  
There's a woman on the phone,  
Says she's on her way home,  
She could have saved a quarter if she knew her fate

The suit, the tie is a thin disguise,  
For a body that has departed, the soul left to rot inside,  
And they will not be spared and they will not escape,  
The bomb is in a briefcase aimed against the bourgeois state

No chance, no way, they will not escape,  
No chance, no way, they will not escape,  
'Cause from the day that you're born you're told what to do,  
And I think that seems a good enough excuse,  
So what do you when you can't take it no more?  
Conceal a time bomb in the heart of a department store