

## Bombsite Boy

The Adverts

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