Hobroken Dreams

U.S. Bombs

Brought up as peasants at the bottom of the hill
Hobroken's only view, a mountaintop rubber plant
The factory whistle blows twice every day
Smokestacks make the skies black
So thick, I could hardly seeI ain't gonna waste away for the price of steady pay
Townsfolk look like zombies, gotta break away
Got no welcome mats, you leave, no coming back
Wasn't the first to take the same old crapThis town no one leaves, this town no, no one sleeps
So uptight, no one breathes, this town ain't for me
Don't give me no lip 'cause I quit the hometown
If that's all there is, keep it for yourselfI've had a lot of steady jobs, I've had enough
Another day's too much, gonna pack it up
I'm city bound, catch the five fifteen out
Going to the coast, hobroken nightmare
Used to be a dream, hobroken nightmare, gotta break free

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