Small Town

Bombshell Rocks

You feel frozen
But you've been chosen
You lay there drunken
Your dreams seem sunken
Your world's a small world
And you break the rules
You're one big fish
In a pool of fools
Tired of serving up you town
Tired of wearing that crown
Tired of sliding up and down
Tired of being you
Your work's no future
Your girl don't suit you
The bar won't serve you
You have no nerve too
Take a break
From this sad old school
Across the lake
Lies a place that's cool
Run, you've got a place to go
Run, you've got a boat to row
Run, you've got a face to show
Run while you can
The high street's sleeping
As Friday's creeping
The shops are open
But their minds are closed
How's it going?
But it's not their concern
They talkin' stuff about you
That you never learn
Smile, you're on your own
Smile, 'cause you've outgrown
Smile, you lost your home
Smile to yourself

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