

# 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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