

Dead End Kids

Bombshell Rocks

Man I got to tell you this feeling inside i get when,
me and my boys are synchronized.

Like a little explosion in what's left in my brain,
telling me to move while the world's insane. Put on a record on the stereo,
I loose myself and before i know the choir goes. Us dead end kids got a place to go,
we take our home with us where we go. I'll sit hours on end and I dream and pretend,
can almost feel the hot spotlights.

And all those nights up on the stage,
man I never wanna leave that place to go.

Here I feel alright.

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