

American Dirt

Matthew Ryan

Honey, I swear it's not my fault
They shut us down, the big door was locked.
The bigger the dream
The bigger the trap
The bigger the black in disappointment

I crossed my fingers 'til they were broke
I threw a brick the arc formed so slow
And on the TV
Outside the mall
In my defense

I've been spittin' out American dirt
All that money can buy
All that money can buy
Spittin' out American dirt
All that money can buy
All that money can buy

I wish I'd done something with my life
Something safe, it's so useless.
I move through days like I were a knife
My eyes were blue, now they're bruises
A silver cross on tan wet skin
I'm thirsty thinking I should climb in
Heather please
Heaven knows, I'm by a thread

I've been spittin' out American dirt
All that money can buy
All that money can buy
Spittin' out American dirt
All that money can buy
All that money can buy

You're on your side facing the wall
Our room disappears between the streetlights
Come the pride
Come the fall
We volunteer

We've been spittin' out American dirt
All that money can buy
All that money can buy
Spittin' out American dirt
All that money can buy
All that money can buy
Spittin' out American dirt
All that money can buy
All that money can buy
Spittin' out American dirt
Spittin' out American dirt
No More
No More
No More
No More
Mother!