

Metaphors made up of all the kids in candy stores
Look right at her and know they've fallen short
I want to smile but I don't have the mind
Merry-go-rounding the corners of the Pixie Oaks
Up on the Ferris wheel with missing bolts
I want to try but I don't have the spine

Riding on a wing and a prayer when together
It doesn't matter where we are
Light up apparel I can see better
Never turn the camera off

My Amelia
She's a killer
She's a healer
I believe her
My Amelia

My heart is beating like a drum
Every note rings delirium
And I can't get the hook out of my head
I'll just sing along with her instead

I'm off to buy the universe
The stars, the moon, if she prefers
Sorry I don't mean to sound so bent
I'm just feeding from the palm of her hand
Her hand

My Amelia
She's a killer
She's a healer
I believe her
My Amelia

Riding on a wing and a prayer when together
It doesn't matter where we are
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My Amelia
My Amelia
Singing la-la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la
Singing la-la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la
Singing la-la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la
Singing la-la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la