

## American Clouds

### Paper Route

Flying like an aeroplane  
Faster than the falling rain  
My brain is in the cities crowds  
Scattered in American clouds

Running like a diesel train  
Racing from my heart to the flame  
Pushing me to move on a cloud  
I know I have to make it somehow

Welcome to your blackest day  
Everything is faded away  
Rising from a burial shroud  
Scattered in American clouds