

Bad America

The Gun Club

I thought I heard you
in my room last night
lonely lemur calls
in my walls last night,

when I was all alone, in the palm drunken night
when I was all alone, bejeweled in the night

pulsing we are hearts, but bleeding unlike diamonds
tying up ourselves, but bleeding unlike diamonds,

and it's bad,
but, it is Bad America
under the western sky...

I looked up another thousand times
you colored my world violence
you made me warm when you hit me
with a nail in my arm,

I was all alone, I could have die there
I was all alone, and I did not care,

but, for a burning second, of red love in the dark
but, for my burning hands, grasping in the dark

and it's bad,
but, it is Bad America
under the western sky...

And there's girl breath
up and down my spine
but, that was a river ago
I knew you'd come in time,

I was all alone, though it was a sea ago
I was all alone, and where did you go,

and there's vein-like children, on the waterfront
smack-rotting faces, on the waterfront,

and it's bad,
but, it is Bad America
under the western sky...

it is Bad America
well, alright...