

Past The Pines

The New Amsterdams

Drive around past the pines over the hills into Hollywood
Innocence never died, I can tell by the look on your face
Woah

I believe in a sanctity
So hard to breathe when your family and friends are fools nobod
y knows that I'm on to you
Speak to me secretly, whisper the words in my ear
Woah

I believe in a sanctity
So tongue in cheek
We know a secret we dont have to tell
Everything else is a bad rhythm
View from the lemon trees over the hill someday all this will b
e ours
Woah

I believe in a sanctity
Look in and clean up the wasteland