

Is that all america
Bad television living in denial I know
'cause I don't wanna know

Wanna run wanna fly
Let my illusions take me through the night
It's alright wanna be the light

I was born in a cardboard box
New york city 1963
Poetry readings and bohemians
Now inspiration floats around me like a cloud so loud
I can hear you sing like an angel

Merilee merilee she takes forever
But she's always laughing laughing about anything
I could be so happy
As long as my friends are hangin' around me

Are we all fast food and no introspection
All done with mirrors but no real reflection
I wanna live in my own little world
Where inspiration floats around me like a cloud so loud
I can hear you sing like an angel

Naivete' this world is lost on me
Naivete' I don't wanna know anyway

I always pictured my life this way
As two women order their chardonnay
Sitting alone in some dirty cafe
Where inspiration floats around me like a cloud so loud
I can hear you sing like an angel