

American Dreams

From Indian Lakes

I woke up again with the sounds of the world outside
I put on my clothes back to work
Are you somewhere getting by?
You're pushing me in front of the crowd
But I'm afraid they bite
They're making me apart of the world
And I don't have any fight

It's starting to hurt my head
This American dream again

You step into the light for a while
Then you blink and it's gone
It used to be a beautiful thing
But now it just feels wrong

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