

# American Romance

Michael Marcagi

When you were young  
Found you a good man  
And told you he was a Christian  
Just like you had planned

Now your dreams  
And this American romance  
Is looking more like your parents  
And you know damn well how that ends

Whatever you choose  
It's all up to you  
Oh oh oh oh  
And the first thing I'll do  
Won't be for you

Driving home  
Don't wanna feel the tension  
You're crying out for redemption  
You know it's too late

And you scream out  
Maybe it's all just another phase  
But I only see you on holidays  
How did it end up this way

Whatever you choose  
It's all up to you  
Oh oh oh oh  
And the first thing I'll do  
Won't be for you

Drove my car to leave this disaster  
I've mistaken your love as laughter  
And California's colder than last year  
Far from you so maybe I'll stay here

Drove my car to leave this disaster  
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Far from you so maybe I'll stay here