

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
I've mistaken your love as laughter
And California's colder than last year
Far from you so maybe I'll stay here