

Warren Sroka

"American Folk Song"

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The Days Are Getting Shorter
The Wind Has Found Her Teeth
I Think I'm Supposed To Be Somewhere Back East
Now I Drive Along With My Mind Fighting Thoughts Of
This Kind
And In The Darkness Of These Naked Empty Streets

I'm Free, To Just Breathe
She Said I'm The King Of Random Phone Calls
I Explained It's Just This Time Of Year
These Awkward Conversations, Constant Isolations
And This Town Is Bringing Me Down

Just Another American Folk Song
Written For Another American Girl
Just Another American Dreamer
Just Another American Fall

So Drop Me A Line, If You Can Find The Time
I'd Love To Hear Just Where You'd Ended Up
Does Happiness Rest At Your Door
Do You Ever Think About Us Anymore

Just Another American Folk Song
Written For Another American Girl
Just Another American Dreamer
Just Another American Fall

So Bog Down With This Flesh And Bone
I'm Not Supposed To Feel Quite This Alone
'Midst this clutter Watch Me Stutter, Step And Fall
I Haven't The Strength To Get Back Up
Cause I'm Empty Floating Loveless
Cut Me And I Bleed Only Dust

Just Another American Folk Song
Written For Another American Girl
Just Another American Dreamer
Just Another American Fall

