

Her Nightmare

"A Match Made In Texas"

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He's doing the line
He's gender defined
It's the magic of America
We're always so American

The truth of it is
That he just wants to kiss
That boy that she's talking to
The one that seems to own the room

The way that he dances
The touch of his hands and
The unapologetic way
His tiny clothes stick to his frame

We'll put alcohol
And the drugs in the stall
He feels like he's getting weak
He grabs his girl and starts to leave

With one look back
He accepts the fact that
It's the magic of America
We're always so American

She's doing the line
She's gender defined
It's the magic of America
We're always so American

If she had her way
She would know what to say
To that girl that comes into her store
By herself but not alone

It's her confident charm
And the curve of her arms
That tightly bends her circuitry
A twisted mess of interesting

The girl's outside

And she offers a ride
But she says "I think I'll take my bike,
It is such a lovely night."

With one look back
She accepts the fact
It's the magic of America
We're always so American

By some off chance
They both cross paths
And found a certain ratio
That pleased them both
And made them whole

He likes wearing her clothes
She likes watching him dress
And through all this back and forth
Grew a certain innocence

He's not a boy
And she's not a girl
Just two individuals
Who made their place inside this world

They're destroying the line
That's gender defined
It's the battle for America
Both of them American

It's the battle for America
Both of them American

It's the battle for America
Both of them American

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