

Juliette Lewis

"This Is Not America"

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A little piece of you
The little peace in me
Will die
For this is not america

Blossom falls to bloom
This season
Promise not to stare
Too long
For this is not a miracle

There was a time
A storm that blew so pure
For this could be the biggest sky
And I could have
The faintest idea

Snowman melting
From the inside
Falcon spirals

To the ground
So bloody red
Tomorrows clouds

A little piece of you
The little piece in me
Will die
For this is not america

There was a time
A wind that blew so young
For this could be the biggest sky
And I could have the faintest idea

This could be the biggest sky
This could be a miracle
This could be etc

