

New Amsterdams "Past The Pines"

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Drive around past the pines over the hills into
Hollywood
Innocence never died, I can tell by the look on your
face
Woah

I believe in a sanctity
So hard to breathe when your family and friends are
fools nobody knows that I'm on to you
Speak to me secretly, whisper the words in my ear

Woah

I believe in a sanctity
So tongue in cheek
We know a secret we dont have to tell
Everything else is a bad rhythm
View from the lemon trees over the hill someday all this
will be ours
Woah

I believe in a sanctity
Look in and clean up the wasteland

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