

## **David And The Citizens "On All American Winds"**

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My little sister, dreaming of monsters  
when will the story come to the turning-point?  
and make you happy, not being stepped on  
by strangers shadows  
every night

my dearest brother, king of time  
breathing your own made up atmosphere  
I was down in the dark when I heard you call  
I could barely decide where your voice was coming  
from

and I ran across the water  
with violent winds in my back  
I saw the famous sadness  
and it filled up every crack

and if your world is mine  
and if your words are mine  
and if your blood is mine  
- how could I ever leave it behind?

Sister, sweet sister, what do you see?  
don't marry a picture that could never be  
I stand here on my toes to find your place  
I've looked everywhere, but the story keeps sliding  
further away

and I sailed across an ocean  
On All American Winds  
on my way towards something  
-something my eyes had never seen

and if your world is mine  
and if your words are mine  
and if your blood is mine  
- how could I ever leave it behind?

you're so close now/my words coming thru  
I'm sick from this longing, but what can I do?  
I'm hanging on still to this thin thread  
I'm clinging on to the one thing that you

never had...

and I ran across a desert  
and it took a thousand years  
but I was never afraid of anything  
'cos there was nothing left for me to fear  
and I sailed across an ocean  
on all American violent winds  
on my way towards something  
something my eyes had never seen

and if your world is mine  
and if your words are mine  
and if your blood is mine  
- how could I ever leave it behind?

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