

The American Tragedy "Namaste"

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You've got your pretty lights poking down on these
Your ugly greenback gods you've pushed all over me
I'll set you all on fire and burn the air you breathe
Namaste' sinning star, but still I disagree
But I need you to be aware of the passion we all share
My habit of dreaming gets me nowhere

California wheeler dealer
Everyone is someone special
Los Angeles is the killer
California is the devil

You've got your fancy clothes and your heart of gold
But you would sell that too to make me just like you
I am overwhelmed how your demeanor helped me
understand your scene
And verything between

Cause I am larger than your state of unrelenting hate
My state of mind is back home
I'm breathing fine, thank you
I don't need anything
You've lost your mind if you don't mind me saying so
With all your talk of money

But I've got something more beautiful and you need to
try this

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