

The Wonder Years

"An American Religion"

Visit ["An American Religion"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

Sorry for what's in the magazines.
I know it wasn't fair of me but
I'm spitting ink onto the pages like blood through
broken teeth.
I can see the gallows all lit up in neon just waiting for
me.

The limelight started burning.

They're all paying for bullets to shoot at my feet.
Does that make you happy?
They're all paying for bullets to shoot at my feet.
Does that make you happy?
Does that make you happy?

Truman will always be remembered for dropping the
bomb.
I'll always be remembered for my fuck ups but I'm
Still living in Richie's basement.
I'm still sitting at the coffee shop with Ken.
We still talk about nothing.
I still feel like the same person I've been.
I knew a lot of talented kids who got
Lost in painkillers and turned into nothing.
Sometimes I can still feel it pulling but I
Just can't let that happen.

They're all paying for bullets to shoot at my feet.
Does that make you happy?
They're all paying for bullets to shoot at my feet.
Does that make you happy?
Does that make you happy?
Does that make you happy?

Visit [The Wonder Years](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.