

Whiskey Saints

"The Last Great American Man"

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Sitting on the brink of an indescribable fall
I could be heading back but there's no room left to
crawl
Waiting on the name of the last great American hymn
While people are amazed by the television glaring at
them
Counting on the deaths of the terrifying faithless men

Eden had its shame but still it found a way to stay clean
Had the fancy fees to pay its miracle machinery
But The City is our home and the noise just followed
along
With the dreams we had awake to a fraction of its
glorious
song
With a book about the plans for the last great American
band

The people of this nation will protest, they need to be
mad
Still bitter from some lover and the finer things that
they
never had
I knew it was a waste but wasted is all they show
Shouting on a whim because there's no one left who
knows

We're mourning from the death of the last great
American
man

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