

American Wolf

"See Ya In LA, America"

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mighty holy ghost i'm under
pressure carries fast you know
here's the door to your creator
listen to the radio

mighty holy master causing
light to disappear and go
i wrote it back and now i'm asking
something that i should've known

faith, does no good, i believe
here take the line
climb on my boat, row
or float like these dead fish

lay hoping that you'd notice i'm here
alive but not enough

dark times are exactly my fears
do i shine on?

getting to fold my arms
before you
surprise, i'm not a saint

i'm beginning find out love
it starts with your picture
starts when you're all alone
i'm fond of the idea
of becoming a stranger
right at home
oh you sinner
i know what you're feeling
i know that it's getting old
oh your wisdom
i can see that you're trying
i can see why you're letting go

(getting away from my fingers again)

starving up there with the best of them

only to catch it all
easy does it now don't curl up
sort these devils out

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