

American Minor

"What Holds The World Together"

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The wind pulls me around
And everything it touches turns weak
An antique or an eyelash stuck to your cheek
The paper thin skin of a crowd chasing you
Down a long and dead-end trail
With a guilt no alibi can curtail

The world is held together by the wind
That blows through gena rowland's hair

Land ahoy I fill my weak lungs with this joy
Dizzy on the deck I hope I last until we land
With an envelope burning a hole in my hand
Bearing the names of the winners who walked away
From the games that the slaves love to play
To replace the air and the sea
Leaving you no way to fly to me

The world is held together by the wind
That blows through gena rowland's hair

Through the window
The warm summer air does a two-step
I wish there was some way I could keep it
And clear away the mission street in my head that
Keeps this watery weariness in our bed and
Sets up more windmills that I'll waste my time missing
When it should just be your lips that I'm kissing

Don't tell me that you don't hear
The clock ticking on the shelf by our bed it's near
There's a light turning green just like fear
There's a light that turns green
And leaves us without a prayer

The world is held together by the wind
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