

## **American Music Club "Highway 5"**

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Try and try, leave a trace  
And all we ever leave is a sour taste  
You're half asleep when I crash through  
I'm like a drop of water on the dry sand  
I'm a scar across your face  
I'm an itch that's driving you mad

Highway five

Takes so much to make us feel like we're alive  
A weary traveler at a smooth seventy-five  
Make pretend the landscape ain't so dry  
Do anything to maintain a lie  
To the left, a beautiful california landscape  
Dead ends in the sky  
And to the right, beautiful mountains rise  
High and dry  
Another futile expression of bitterness  
Another overwhelming sensation of uselessness

Make pretend that the landscape ain't so dry  
Do anything to maintain a lie  
Make pretend that the lover ain't so barren  
Though in los angeles things like that don't matter

Highway five

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