

American Music Club

"The Amyl Nitrate Dreams of Pat Robertson"

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Did you see me in your shifting curtain
I was busy taking a furtive peek inside
At the lovely lights of your unprotected city
At your lovely freeways burning with innocence
At your lovely chain stores levelling horizons like a-
bombs
At your run-down streets' long abandon
By the few that claim that they saw me
By the few they claim their eyes were opened

No close friends
No close friends
No close friends
And I swear no one saw me
The boy scout badge I got for not feeling a thing
My golden future with it's wild cherry flavored hole
My yellow ribbon, my yellow streak
My big stick
My big time with the pony's oldest trick
Won't keep the grains of my soul
From passing through the safe
Won't keep me begging for something
I know you'll never give
And anyway, I'm probably just gonna steal
I guess I might be okay if all I wanted was a thrill

No close friends
No close friends
No close friends
Yeah, I might be okay if all I wanted was a thrill

I saw a light in your shifting curtain
I saw you tighten up the drama
Your fate, it'd get away
I watched with pain
I watched with lust
Your lousy acting, you're a cloud of dust
And whenever you speak, oh it's so wet down at sea
Saying eventually you're gonna have to give up

No close friends
No close friends

No close friends
Yeah I swear I will never give up

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