

American Music Club

"There's A Black Hole In The Shadow Of Pru"

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Everyone I ever loved
Went down in history...
The blue eyes came
The brown eyes left...
And the rest is misery
Dreams are trash
On the side of the road
All starry eyed - tongue all tied
There's something you should know
I could have died with you
And Boston is the reason
I'm feeling so blue - damn you
City lights and colder nights
I'm innocent (minus the fights)
Praying out loud for a winter of quiet
Friday nights are killing me
I fall asleep - pen in hand
There's something you should know
I could have died with you
And Boston is the reason
I'm feeling so blue
Cities aren't a way to cure a disease
And I don't even know
Why you listen to me
A razor wristed kid
Looking forward to ends
If love was a bridge
You'd be the one in the fens
"All the kids are fucking dead"
I write "with love and a gun to my head"
These days aren't going to last too long
(i know - i know - i know)
I'm drawing words from a tired heart
I'm drawing blood from a tired heart

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