

American Music Club "This Year"

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This year, oh what's the look this year
Is it the look of things to come
Has it all been said, has it all been done
The sun upon the sea
Did you dress that way for me

This year everyone just stood around
And watched my family tree burn down
Watched it crumble on the ground
Making no protesting sound
As if justice was finally found
And anything beautiful
That you can contrive
Has no desire to survive

This year the mirror the wall
It cracked right through the middle
And spring turned into fall
Love the most beautiful killer of them all

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