

## The Silent Type

### "American Dream"

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I know how romantic it seems making love to a new city scene every night 'til she begs me to leave for a better girl. I stand still while the backdrop is changed for the actors to block out their plays, recite their lines with such timing and grace, lest the script be blamed. But each motion's a futile routine, like the lampposts that pattern the street fight for every last inch left beneath night's deceiving sky, like their meager lights could replace the sun and then everyone would be warmed by their touch.

All I'm asking is patience with me. I'll make up for the cities I've seen. All affairs end eventually for the lesser girl. It takes courage to stand on a stage, trading chords and some words for their praise, pouring songs into glasses they raise, hoping they'll be filled. So don't wake my American dream. She's been sleeping for years so serene and her innocence can't be retrieved if I rouse her now. So don't speak aloud 'til your far from her ears. Though her bed is warm, you'll be sure she's alone.

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