

# America, Amber

The boy cried out  
Gaily on the ground  
At the joy  
Of something he had found  
Aw, come on children, get your heads back together  
Aw, come on children, get your heads back together  
Aw, come on children, get your heads back together  
The days are getting warmer now  
The nights are getting shorter now  
And you know we can make it 'cause you know we're alive  
But we don't have to take it, any way we'll survive  
If I were you  
I'd throw it far away  
But if you were me  
You'd tell me I should stay  
Aw, come on children, get your heads back together  
Aw, come on children, get your heads back together  
Aw, come on children, get your heads back together again  
Again, again and again and again  
Again, and again and again  
Again, again, again