

American Music Club, Can You Help Me?

I tried to run away but I'm frozen in place
My body is made of sawdust and my heart just split
My old friend Rigor Mortis starts to breathe in my face
The air starts to drain out of my spirit
Help me, can you help me?
Help me, can you help me?
A century of my tears wouldn't even fill a thimble
The war of the class clown is never won
But nothing makes me laugh anymore and nothing makes me cry
And nothing makes me feel like I belong
Help me, can you help me?
Help me, can you help me?
Can you help me to believe?
I can't believe all the stupid things I'm saying now
Either I've shaken the world off my back or I've gone senile
And I thought your love was just a great big lie
Now loving you is the only thing that's gonna get me by
Help me, yeah, to believe?
Help me, can you help me to believe?
Can you help me to believe?
Now all I have to offer you is archeology and Christmas
And we'll turn our backs on what the world has in store
And we'll twist the light so that it always shines down on us
And wait together for the touch of something more
Help me, yeah, to believe?
Help me, can you help me to believe?
Can you help me to believe?