

American Music Club, Clouds

American Music Club

Engine

Clouds

Storm picks up valuable things

Places mirrors at my feet

A wardrobe filled with blood

And nasty lies to repeat

Well let me give you something

'cause everything's for free

Yeah let me give you something

Before you take it from me

With a magic finger

I'll smooth the lines on your face

And no bad feelings linger

But your disgust and my disgrace

You wanna get excited

So i'll push you too far

You wanna get excited

That's just too bad

Here they come

They've got shotguns and transparent skin

And they will stand around like rain

And they all want in

So come on in, you're welcome in

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Tell me how you know my name