

# American Music Club, Highway 5

American Music Club

California

Highway 5

Try and try, leave a trace

And all we ever leave is a sour taste

You're half asleep when i crash through

I'm like a drop of water on the dry sand

I'm a scar across your face

I'm an itch that's driving you mad

Highway five

Takes so much to make us feel like we're alive

A weary traveler at a smooth seventy-five

Make pretend the landscape ain't so dry

Do anything to maintain a lie

To the left, a beautiful california landscape

Dead ends in the sky

And to the right, beautiful mountains rise

High and dry

Another futile expression of bitterness

Another overwhelming sensation of uselessness

Make pretend that the landscape ain't so dry

Do anything to maintain a lie

Make pretend that the lover ain't so barren

Though in los angeles things like that don't matter

Highway five