

# American Music Club, The Dead Part Of You

The price of your soul is worth less than the cab fare  
That gets you home before the living end  
The dead part of you leaves me with a blessing  
From a destruction of your beauty  
Your self-hatred, your self-pity  
There's so little of you left  
The dead part of you takes me out  
And says the beast in me is fading fast  
And leaves me with a great big goodbye hug  
It's busy clinging to the dead part of the past  
You only love one thing  
And there's so little of it left  
He has taken everything  
And there's so little of you left  
You're just a baby in the back seat  
That a door slam sends crying into the world  
And a cab driver's in a hurry that matters more than  
More than anything we can hope for from the world  
You only love one thing  
And there's so little of it left  
He has taken everything  
And there's so little of you left