

American Music Club, What Godzilla Said To God

You saw my face fall into a well-worn groove
A child starts playing a role
and ends up type-cast in every movie
I took cold comfort in your touch
and now I'm laughing high and dry
Yeah I felt everything I'm gonna feel
Cried all the real tears I'm gonna cry

I don't care what you dreams you have
I don't care about your second sight
Now that you've cut yourself off
You're not even sure things are clear and bright

Well did you let it take hold of your soul
Was it like moonrise over your desert shore
Tell me is it more evil to lose your heart
Or to go on as before

What could come around
What could make a difference to me now
What could come around
Nothing could bring me down

I get warm to any touch
So why does yours get so cold
At first you didn't mean very much
Now you rule my life

Watch your house of cards take a deep breath
Watch it breathe word for word
Fifty-two secrets the justice would never protect
Fifty-two secrets justice never heard

What could come around
What could make a difference to me now
What could come around
Nothing could bring me down

How thirsty is your soil
Indifferent hearts never keep anything long
I spend my time looking around
For something to bring me down