

# American Music Club, What Holds The World Tog

The wind pulls me around  
And everything it touches turns weak  
An antique or an eyelash stuck in your cheek  
The paper thin skin of a crowd chasing you  
Down a lost and dead-end trail  
With a guilt no alibi can curtail  
The world is held together by the wind  
That blows through Gena Rowland's hair  
Land ahoy I fill my weak lungs with this joy  
Dizzy on the deck hopin' that I'd last until we land  
With an envelope burning a hole in my hand  
Bearing the names of the winners who walked away  
From the games that the slaves love to play  
To replace the air and the sea, leaving you no way to fly to me  
The world is held together by the wind  
That blows through Gena Rowland's hair

Through the window, the warm summer air does a two-step  
I wish I could think of some way I could keep it  
And clear away the mission street in my head  
That keeps this watery weariness in our bed and  
Sets up more windmills that all waste my time missing  
When it should just be your lips that I'm kissing  
Don't tell me that you don't wanna hear  
The clock ticking on the shelf by our bed, oh it's so near  
Let the light turn green and leave us just like fear  
There's a light turnin' green leavin' us without a prayer  
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