

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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