

Bryce Vine, American Dream

Why go to Paris for the summer? America is better
Apparently there's gold in the street
I don't care who's over there, if I see you and you're starin'
And your team will catch a fist through the teeth
Yeah, it's all wrong
You're tellin' me it's so wrong
To play ball in somebody else's yard
I found God outside of a gun range
She looked me in the eye and she asked me for change
And if I
Had a dollar for every time I didn't care
I could finally die a millionaire
Wanna play but I don't wanna fight fair
American dream but it's kind of a nightmare
(American dream but it's kind of a nightmare)
The American dream is a foreign car
You can only afford with a credit card
The American team is a superstar
That you see on screen on a boulevard
Shit, maybe I'm sick
Pass me the bottle, I'm pleading the fifth
Callin' my ex so she know I exist
When we argue for hours and call me a dick
Click, I'll have a quarter like prices for oil on ice but that shit doesn't mix
Fix, all of my problems, I go to the doctor, they tell me that I need a script
It's all wrong
You're tellin' me it's so wrong
To play ball in somebody else's yard
I found God outside of a gun range
She looked me in the eye and she asked me for change
And if I
Had a dollar for every time I didn't care
I could finally die a millionaire
Wanna play but I don't wanna fight fair
American dream but it's kind of a nightmare
It's all wrong
Maybe we're too far gone
To press pause on all the redemption songs
I found God and she called me a saint
She said, "The good die young but for you it's too late"
And if I
Had a dollar for every time I didn't care
I could finally die a millionaire
Wanna play but I don't wanna fight fair
American dream but it's kind of a nightmare (and if I)
Had a dollar for every time I didn't care
I could finally die a millionaire
Wanna play but I don't wanna fight fair
American dream but it's kind of a nightmare