

# Pat Metheny, America

This Is Not America - The Song  
Words and music by David Bowie and Pat Metheny.

This is not America, sha la la la la

A little piece of you  
The little peace in me  
Will die (This is not a miracle)  
For this is not America

Blossom fails to bloom  
This season  
Promise not to stare  
Too long (This is not America)  
For this is not the miracle

There was a time  
A storm that blew so pure  
For this could be the biggest sky  
And I could have  
The faintest idea

(For this is not America, sha la la la la, sha la la la la, sha la la la la)

This is not america, no, this is not, sha la la la la)

Snowman melting  
From the inside  
Falcon spirals  
To the ground (This could be the biggest sky)  
So bloody red  
Tomorrow's clouds

A little piece of you  
The little piece in me  
Will die (This could be a miracle)  
For this is not America

There was a time  
A wind that blew so young  
For this could be the biggest sky  
And I could have the faintest idea

(For this is not America, sha la la la la, sha la la la la, sha la la la la  
This is not america, no, this is not, sha la la la  
This is not america, no, this is not  
This is not america, no, this is not, sha la la la)