

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)