

Silje Nergaard, This Is Not America

A little piece of you
The little peace in me
Will die
For this is not America

Blossom fails to bloom this season
Promise not to stare too long
For this is not a 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

This is not America, no

Snowman melting from the inside
Falcon spirals to the ground
So bloody red tomorrow's clouds

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

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
This is not america, no
This is not america
This is not america, no