

American Music Club, I

Lazarus wasn't grateful for his second wind
For another chance
watch his chances fade like the dawn and leave
I can barely tell you just how pale I get
Without you

I've been a mess since you've been gone

What were the first words that crowd heard him speak
I bet he was cursing at the sky
I bet he wasn't turning no other cheek
And was there still hope and desire left in his heart
For the last word in love

I've been a mess since you've been gone

Your beauty is just a slap in the face
That's gonna bring me back to life
Back to another sky that's blue
It's gonna turn me into another great American zombie

So hungry for you

I've been a mess since you've been gone