

# 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