

# American Music Club, Rise

The things you love don't give us too much hope  
When you've lost your appetite and you're sick and tired  
Maybe what you need is some food for your eyes  
To make them rise  
Don't tell me how to tell the truth  
You're like a store that only sells guns and knives  
Tell me how to make something beautiful  
Flash before your eyes, let them make you rise  
It only costs a buck for three tries  
Though money never buys enough of anything  
And I'm a moving target trying to shake some lead  
From your eyes, let them make you rise