

# American Music Club, This Year

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Engine

This Year

This year, oh what's the look this year  
Is it the look of things to come  
Has it all been said, has it all been done  
The sun upon the sea  
Did you dress that way for me

This year everyone just stood around  
And watched my family tree burn down  
Watched it crumble on the ground  
Making no protesting sound  
As if justice was finally found

And anything beautiful  
That you can contrive  
Has no desire to survive

This year the mirror the wall  
It cracked right through the middle  
And spring turned into fall  
Love the most beautiful killer of them all