

Anti-Flag, Bright Lights Of America

""[Verse 1]""

16 year-old girl in a hollow carved out place
Just looking for some prettiness, but the cuts in her arm
Don't paint for her a very pretty view
In her mind...
she dreams that she is...
far away from...

""[Chorus x2]""

The bright lights of America, Life and death in a sold out-erica
To live and die in the heart of America, where they sell souls

""[Verse 2]""

A concrete city hell (city hell)
Suburbs that never end (just like an ocean)
One parent lives in each of them
Passed back and forth he huffs glue to escape both bitter homes
He's just one...
of desperate ranks....
who can't break free from...

""[Chorus x2]""

The bright lights of America, Life and death in a sold out-erica
To live and die in the heart of America, where they sell souls

""[Bridge]""

I just want you to know there are warehouses full
Of fucked up kids like you and me (Can't find our way)
So many lost in strife, caught up in an endless fight
To leave this empty ugly place

I'm leaving you... as sane!

""[Chorus x4]""

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To live and die in the heart of America, where they sell souls