

# Espen Lind, American Love

I'm lying wide awake in bed  
My eyes are closed just like I'm dead  
My friends all think that I'm a bore  
But I don't need them anymore  
I don't get up I don't go out  
I have no life to speak about  
It feels so good to leave the blame with you  
That's what I do  
I'm going down  
Come around  
Watch me when I hit the ground  
Give me just one fix of your  
Your sweet american love  
I go blind  
Lose my mind  
Leave the world I know behind  
Just to feel it one last time  
Sweet american love  
My telephone is off the hook  
My eyes are closed I'm scared to look  
I bet you're happy now you're free  
But what about poor little me  
I draw your picture on the wall  
My phone is dead and still your call  
My mama asked I told her I get by  
That's such a lie  
I'm going down  
Come around  
Watch me when I hit the ground  
Give me just one fix of your  
Your sweet american love  
I go blind  
Lose my mind  
Leave the world I know behind  
Just to feel it one last time  
My sweet american love  
I've kept the things you gave to me  
The air is clear but I can't see  
And a cheerful radio boasts that "Love is in the air"  
But it's so full of shit  
A sony is it?  
So what D'ya you have to leave me for  
Was it my hair, was I such a bore  
Well you know baby  
That you were always my only choice  
(goin' down, come around, watch me when I hit the ground)  
Gimme just one fix of your, your american love, american love  
(I go blind, lose my mind, leave the world I know behind)  
Just to feel it one last time  
Oh Damn You