

# Keepsake, American Fights

And it's all inside your head.  
Pictures painted perfect, black and red.  
It's a theme worth fighting for.  
And all the lines now have been drawn.  
Arousing questions.  
No one's getting hurt.  
You're a patriot of words.  
And it's cloudy all day and you don't have much to say.  
A weakened attempt.  
Taking over.  
Getting answers.  
Take a step.  
Irradiate.  
A lonesome day of work and sweat and tears  
and grief and constant running hate.

And if I had a dime for every time you cried.  
Then I would buy you a holiday in Rome.  
And if I had a chance to buy a piece of time.  
I'd wake up to a life of crime.

A broken jaw.  
A penny lost.  
The sounds of shattered bits of glass and stepped on moss.  
And I know you well.  
A sour girl, who gave up hopes and dreams of a different world.  
And I hope you've bought some time  
because every minute lost is a minute past your prime; time TV gets you through.  
A lonesome day of work and sweat and tears  
and grief and thoughts of twenty-two.

A pseudo-thought.  
I'm getting lost.  
The taste of blood.  
American fights hurt so much.  
And I can't believe, you're getting up.  
The cost of living everywhere it just went up.

And if I had a dime for every time you cried.  
Then I would buy you a holiday in Rome.  
And if I had a chance to buy a piece of time.  
I'd wake up to a life of crime.