

Lind Espen, American Love

Im lying wide awake in bed
My eyes are closed just like Im dead
My friends all think that Im a bore
But I dont need them anymore
I dont get up I dont get out
I have no life to speak about
It feels so good to leave the blame with you
So thats what I do
Im going down
Come around
Watch me when I hit the ground
Give me just one fix of your
Your sweet american love
Id go blind
Lose my mind
Leave the world I know behind
Just to feel it one last time
My sweet american love
My telephone is off the hook
My eyes are closed Im scared to look
I bet youre happy now youre free
Byt what about poor little me
I draw your picture on the wall
My phone is dead and still you call
My mama asked I told her I get by
Thats such I lie
Im going down
Come around
Watch me when I hit the ground
Give me just one fix of your
Your sweet american love
Id go blind
Lose my mind
Leave the world I know behind
Just to feel it one last time
My sweet american love
Ive kept the things you gave to me
The air is clear but I cant see
And a cheerful radio boasts that "love is in the air";
But its so full of shit
A sony, is it?
So what da you have to leave me for
Was it my hair was I such a bore
Well you know baby
You were always my only choice