

# Northstar, American Living

Let's sober up  
It's time to find that galaxy  
That was created and named after me  
But these rocket ships blew apart the entire ship  
So if you find some pieces just name them after me

It's on fire  
It's my empire  
Went up so fast I couldn't grab it  
All of the medicine and magic, that keeps me breathing  
Right on key, broken straps trapped in captain  
That's playing just for me.

And this is so typical and raised by the arm and (of?) me

So dance to some broken chords  
With broken means through open doors,  
Send me with a microphone,  
Teach me something so I can go (2x)  
Don't you have a lesson for me?

I waste concrete  
To the front row seats  
Through her clothes and whiskey kisses  
And left her on the street  
With her hand down and her hair down  
She's nothing more than a movie  
That never panned out

Hey Mr. destiny,  
You forgot about me,  
Forgot to leave a number,  
You forgot to never scream,  
This is American living  
With my American dream,  
It ponders like a river but its cold just like a stream

And this is so typical, it makes body (off of me?)

So dance to some broken chords  
With broken means through open doors,  
Send me with a microphone,  
Teach me something so I can go (2x)  
Don't you have a lesson for me?

I know now things don't get much better than this,  
And I know now, life don't get much bigger than this

So dance to some broken chords  
With broken means through open doors,  
Send me with a microphone,  
Teach me something so I can go (2x)  
Don't you have a lesson for me?