

The American Analog Set, Aaron & Maria

Aaron and Maria ran
From the Northwest coast to the city and
Now they reside out in Brooklyn Heights
Where the rich kids hide and the years go by

Aaron writes but they both survive
'Cause Maria waits on library lines
And Aaron sighs, "If the TV's right
You put your hat on tight or catch a death outside"

We're living off some modest trust
From daddy 'fore his oil went bust
And loving you is just enough
'Cause no one gives a fuck about us

Understand it's the way I am
When we argue and break the hearts we have
We only fight 'cause you love me right
And when we lay at night I feel a kick inside

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'Cause no one gives a fuck about us