

Turner Core, American Crunch

You look upset. You look obsessed.
You can pick my brain.
I found out your story with all of it's glory.
My hands are tied to my fingers.
I want this back, along with my speech.
My tongue it's numb, and it's out of my reach.
Emergency pullout, build the breathe.
Emergency pullout, come and see how this...
STANDS OUT!

""Floating around on this cloud called America,
""I came out on the other side
""Where there's not much for me to think about:
""An American Punk, waiting to break away!
"" YEAH!

Hard to imagine, a chill to the touch.
Recommended the way.
I touched time, and I fell inside.
Living confused, I was trapped and amused.
I said I'm sorry that I led you astray,
But you pushed me away, and I fell.
Emergency pullout, build the breathe.
Emergency pullout, come and see how this...
STANDS OUT!

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""I came out on the other side
""Where there's not much for me to think about:
""An American Punk, waiting to break away!
"" YEAH!

Her 30-trial with this life has expired.
You think she'd be tired by now,
But she's not. She's still rockin', and she's still her own,
Never felt more alive.
The homeland's gone dry, and she wants to break away.
An American punk well she want's to break away, away , away, away.