

## The Amyl Nitrate Dreams Of Pat Robertson

American Music Club

Did you see me in your shifting curtain  
I was busy taking a furtive peek inside  
At the lovely lights of your unprotected city  
At your lovely freeways burning with innocence  
At your lovely chain stores levelling horizons like a-bombs  
At your run-down streets' long abandon  
By the few that claim that they saw me  
By the few they claim their eyes were opened

No close friends  
No close friends  
No close friends  
And I swear no one saw me  
The boy scout badge I got for not feeling a thing  
My golden future with its wild cherry flavored hole  
My yellow ribbon, my yellow streak  
My big stick  
My big time with the pony's oldest trick  
Won't keep the grains of my soul  
from passing through the safe  
Won't keep me begging for something  
I know you'll never give  
And anyway, I'm probably just gonna steal  
I guess I might be okay if all I wanted was a thrill

No close friends  
No close friends  
No close friends  
Yeah, I might be okay if all I wanted was a thrill

I saw a light in your shifting curtain  
I saw you tighten up the drama  
Your fate, it'd get away  
I watched with pain  
I watched with lust  
Your lousy acting, you're a cloud of dust  
And whenever you speak, oh it's so wet down at sea  
Saying eventually you're gonna have to give up

No close friends  
No close friends  
No close friends  
Yeah I swear I will never give up