

Lost My America

I Mother Earth

A chair in the corner
One leg broken
And a whisper in the hall
There's frustration
Another walk around the room
A loss of direction
Before the start

Some say a lot
With few words spoken
Some with peace
Say nothing at all
It's just a matter
Of motivation to live
Just a question
Of where to get love

Thrills and sand
Fall through my open hand
Where's my time gone
Words look for the song

Lost my America
But made my own way
I believe
To this garden
But on my face
The idea is showing
Shelter me for no reason
At all

Sunlight slanting
Paranoid
Feeling cold
A little fucked up... alone
Seems I'm spending
These supposed best of years
Quite unlike
It says right here
Cold
A little fucked up... alone

Take the face
In hands spread open
And one to one
Let the power run
Feed the mouth
That's hungry... open
Feed the mind
That wonders why