Pick my name Call my number Pull me under Drag me down Stereophonic Hi-fi bondage Yeah she's on it Like the deaf explaining sound It's the characteristic assassination Of the pixelated generation The photogenic violation Of a shutter closing down There's flames and bullets in the street American girls got me beat I'm naked on this leash American girls with American dreams Walk on me And her eyes Are the sky, blue and wide Dropping bombs, planting mines She paints my world in red When it hurts I admit it could be worse It's a sin and it's a curse Like her motel Bible says She misinterprets my expectations Makes dirty word-extrapolations Met with violent confrontation Over things she said I said Communication Complication Diplomatic negotiations Fuckin' up my situation American Girls (walk on me) American Girls (walk on me) American Girls (walk on me)

American Girls (walk on me)