

To America

Joan as Police Woman

Is it right my love, is it right?
Are you happy inside your eyes?
Can't you see your lover
Fall apart in her silk threads
In time the hunter will find the trail of blood

I see you alone tonight
When will you tear down
Love will save you
Try not to starve yourself of love
Feed your hunger

Is it right my love, is it right?
It's a question with no reply
I am sure of longing to be on the open sea
To feel the comfort of the mist upon my cheek
No, I'm not crying

Lose me in your memory
Turn your head
Let me become a part of it
Let me become a part of it

To America, America
Alone, alone, alone alarm alive
To America, America
Alone, alone, alone alarm alive

I am the hunter, I am the hunted
Alone, alone, alone alarm alive
Two marigolds, we're marigolds
Alone, alone, alone alarm alive