

American Dream

LCD Soundsystem

Wake up with somebody near you
And at someone else's place
You took acid and looked in the mirror
Watched the beard crawl around on your face
Oh, the revolution was here
That would set you free from those bourgeoisie
In the morning everything's clearer
When the sunlight exposes your age

But that's okay
And that's okay

Grab your clothes and head to the doorway
If you dance out, no one complains
Find the place where you can be boring
Where you won't need to explain
That you're sick in the head and you wish you were dead
Or at least instead of sleeping here you prefer your own bed, come on
You just suck at self-preservation
Versus someone else's pain

So you feel drained
And insane
And insane

He was leather and you were screaming
Swinging chains against the stage
And you couldn't know he was leaving
But now more will go with age, you know
So get up and stop your complaining
You know that you're the only one who's been destroying all the fun
Look what happened when you were dreaming
Then punch yourself in the face
So you kiss and you clutch but you can't fight that feeling
That your one true love is just awaiting your big meeting
So you never even asked for names
You just look right through them as if you already came
It's a drug of the heart and you can't stop the shaking
'Cause the body wants what it's terrible at taking, oh
And you can't remember the meaning
But there's no going back against this California feeling

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