

# 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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