

The American Girl

Peter Hammill

She doesn't eat, she doesn't sleep
For if she slept then she would dream about this:
A place where she'd be treated with respect and sympathy.
The American girl
Set her sights on the old world,
Thinking in the old world she'd find honesty.

And so she blew in like a breath of fresh air,
Captivating all around her;
And as she passed she left a trail of heartbreak in her wake.
The American girl
Cut her teeth on the old world,
All at once the old world hers upon a plate
And fascinated by her face
The old world sealed her fate.

She felt she'd come home across the sea,
This was where she was meant to be.

She didn't understand the potency of envy
So ingrained in the culture
And soon she found contempt had grown from her familiarity.
She doesn't eat, she doesn't sleep,
She lies awake and wonders how this happened.
The American girl
Stubbed her toe on the old world
And the old world's unforgiving rigidity.

Well times got hard
And talk came cheap;
She found that finally
Something wasn't right across the sea...
Now she's stateless in all but her memory.