

## Bad America

The Gun Club

I thought I heard you  
in my room last night  
lonely lemur calls  
in my walls last night,

when I was all alone, in the palm drunken night  
when I was all alone, bejeweled in the night

pulsing we are hearts, but bleeding unlike diamonds  
tying up ourselves, but bleeding unlike diamonds,

and it's bad,  
but, it is Bad America  
under the western sky...

I looked up another thousand times  
you colored my world violence  
you made me warm when you hit me  
with a nail in my arm,

I was all alone, I could have die there  
I was all alone, and I did not care,

but, for a burning second, of red love in the dark  
but, for my burning hands, grasping in the dark

and it's bad,  
but, it is Bad America  
under the western sky...

And there's girl breath  
up and down my spine  
but, that was a river ago  
I knew you'd come in time,

I was all alone, though it was a sea ago  
I was all alone, and where did you go,

and there's vein-like children, on the waterfront  
smack-rotting faces, on the waterfront,

and it's bad,  
but, it is Bad America  
under the western sky...

it is Bad America  
well, alright...