

Is that all america  
Bad television living in denial I know  
'cause I don't wanna know

Wanna run wanna fly  
Let my illusions take me through the night  
It's alright wanna be the light

I was born in a cardboard box  
New york city 1963  
Poetry readings and bohemians  
Now inspiration floats around me like a cloud so loud  
I can hear you sing like an angel

Merilee merilee she takes forever  
But she's always laughing laughing about anything  
I could be so happy  
As long as my friends are hangin' around me

Are we all fast food and no introspection  
All done with mirrors but no real reflection  
I wanna live in my own little world  
Where inspiration floats around me like a cloud so loud  
I can hear you sing like an angel

Naivete' this world is lost on me  
Naivete' I don't wanna know anyway

I always pictured my life this way  
As two women order their chardonnay  
Sitting alone in some dirty cafe  
Where inspiration floats around me like a cloud so loud  
I can hear you sing like an angel