

America (Glamour and Prestige)

Bernard Fanning

We came into this slip road
Picking up a billow in clouded dust
Down on Sunset and Vine
They're counting all their money on an abacus

I dived down to the bottom of the lake
Where the pressure was breaking my bones
I never felt so far from home

You're more than a pocket full
With the glamour and prestige in America
Such a well-worn cliché
Now I'm looking back in out of this passenger

[?] space cake
Climbing in rehab and the rest of us
Parachuting gold mine
A fortune undiscovered to the west of us

Black car on a dirt road
Picking up kids with the stars in her eyes
Good thing I don't need a ride

You're more than a pocket full
With the glamour and prestige in America
Such a well-worn cliché
Now I'm looking back in out of this passenger

So what are you waiting for
All that glamour and prestige
Whatever you're waiting for
Now I'm looking back in out of this passenger

Why'd you leave me this way
All that glamour and prestige
Such a well-worn cliché