

American Girls

Jeremy Fisher

Pick my name
Call my number
Pull me under
Drag me down

Stereophonic
Hi-fi bondage
Yeah she's on it
Like the deaf explaining sound

It's the characteristic assassination
Of the pixelated generation
The photogenic violation
Of a shutter closing down

There's flames and bullets in the street
American girls got me beat
I'm naked on this leash
American girls with American dreams
Walk on me

And her eyes
Are the sky, blue and wide
Dropping bombs, planting mines
She paints my world in red

When it hurts
I admit it could be worse
It's a sin and it's a curse
Like her motel Bible says

She misinterprets my expectations
Makes dirty word-extrapolations
Met with violent confrontation
Over things she said I said

Communication
Complication
Diplomatic negotiations
Fuckin' up my situation

American Girls (walk on me)
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