

This Is My America

Whatever happened to nine years old
When a blanket fort was all we had to know?
A nice little home life.
But the morning came and we tore it down
Now the world outside is all we can talk about
Welcome to real life.

But I miss you and I, hanging out
Talking what old friends talk about
The whole world seems a little inside out now
Don't you think its strange
How "Amazing Grace"
Is getting lost in the radio waves?
Well this is my America.

And all the trails now are broken paths
The colored glossy photographs
They never lead you quite where you want them to
Cause the Earth is shifting
So hide your head under something sturdy
The blankets have fallen, the dreamers have fallen, too.

Cause I miss you and I, playing house
Talking what our parents talk about
The whole world seems a little inside out now
Don't you think its strange
How "Amazing Grace"
Is getting lost in the radio waves?
Well this is my America.

When we grow up we'll have a house with a porch
Call it our adult blanket fort
Who could want anything more?
Well everyone these days.
Its like our whole generation just took off
We're not in airplanes we're astronauts,
Coming back down is gonna get real hot
But I need a place to stay.

Cause I miss you and I, playing house
Talking what old friends talk about

The whole world seems a little inside out now
Don't you think its strange
How "Amazing Grace"
Is getting lost in the radio waves?
Well this is my America.