

American Music Club, Rise

The things you love don't give us too much hope
When you've lost your appetite and you're sick and tired
Maybe what you need is some food for your eyes
To make them rise
Don't tell me how to tell the truth
You're like a store that only sells guns and knives
Tell me how to make something beautiful
Flash before your eyes, let them make you rise
It only costs a buck for three tries
Though money never buys enough of anything
And I'm a moving target trying to shake some lead
From your eyes, let them make you rise