Past The Pines

The New Amsterdams

Drive around past the pines
Over the hills into Hollywood
Innocence never died
I can tell by the look on your face
WoahI believe in a sanctity, so hard to breathe
When your family and friends are fools
Nobody knows that I'm on to you
Speak to me secretly, whisper the words in my ear
WoahI believe in a sanctity, so tongue in cheek
We know a secret we don't have to tell
Everything else is a bad rhythm
View from the lemon trees over the hill someday all this will be ours
WoahI believe in a sanctity
Look in and clean up the wasteland

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