Gods of American Success

John Mark McMillan

White faced phantoms in a foggy rain
Minnows in the pool, the way they slip away
And I go fumbling, go running in and repossess
The story of my youth
The story of my electric painsAre we running after flickering sparks, oh
Are we babbling for diamonds in the dark, oh
The way we chase that mercury
The way we chase that mercury
The way we chase that mercuryLoud like lions in the slickest [?]
Desperately we haunt the other animal
But in the end if all we are
Is dogs out back, chasing cars
Then pray that we don't get the things we want
Are we running after flickering sparks, oh

Are we grappling for diamonds in the dark, oh
The way we chase that mercury

Way we chase that mercury, ohLove, a pound of flesh Offer it up to the gods of American success

Doesn't matter what you are, you're only second best If it's all that you can ever hope to be

The way you chase that mercury, oh[?] fumble in the mystery

Afraid to be, it smells while we pretend to be

Something more than what we are

Losing love a bunch run hearts

Mystified by everything we see

Are we running after flickering sparks, oh

Are we grappling for diamonds in the dark, oh

The way we chase that mercury

Way we chase that mercury, oh

Oh, the way we chase that mercury

Way we chase that mercury, ohLove, a pound of flesh Offer it up to the gods of American success

Doesn't matter who you are, you're only second best

If it's all that you can ever hope to be

The way you chase that mercury, oh

Way you chase that mercuryThere must be more to this

Our desperate wonder and How do we put to rest All of our victims and Beneath the shadows of All that we think we want
These sterile eyes, we can't see
There must be more to this
Our desperate wonder and
How do we put to rest
All of our victims and
Beneath the shadows of
All that we think we want
These sterile eyes, we can't see
Way you chase that mercury

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