

Blake

I'm a Russian, Jew, American
 Impersonating African, Jamaican
 What I want to be is an Indian
 I'm gonna be a cowboy in the end I guess I bought a gun
 Because it impresses all the little girls I see
 And then they all wanna sleep with me Oh, where did we disappear
 Into the silence that surrounds us
 And then drowns us in the end
 Where these people who impersonate our friends
 Say come again, come again, come again Into the dark Italian underground
 With disco lights and disco sounds
 And skinny girls who drink champagne
 Then they take me on their knees again And pull me up and out the door
 Past railway cars and tranny-whores
 And mornings spreading out across
 The feathered thighs of angels Oh, where did we disappear
 To the silence that surrounds us
 And then drowns us in the end
 Will they try to get you out to pull you in
 And all these people, they've been, come again In 1492, Columbus sailed the ocean blue
 In 1493, he came home across the deep blue sea
 In 1494, he did it with the girl next door In 1495, he barely made it out alive
 In 1964, [unverified] busting out the door
 In 1970, some people got their hands on me Now I am the king of everything
 I am the king of nothing now
 I am the king of everything
 I am the king of nothing Oh, where did we disappear
 To the silence that surrounds us
 And then drowns us in the end
 Where these people who impersonate our friends
 Say come again, come again, come, come again Oh, where did we disappear
 To the silence that surrounds us
 And then drowns us in the end
 When they try to push you out to get you in
 And all these people who impersonate our friends
 Say come again, come again, come
 Come again, come again, come again

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