

The Sound of Young America

The Nation of Ulysses

This flower is
Onto ice cubes
And one
That bone
And window view
To much of anything
is never a good thing
Only blooms
For what it loves
I am what I am
Just not what I was
Not sure of anything
And I don't feel a thing
I'm letting go~
Of everything I've ever known
I know
I was if this unorthodox
And bloom, bloom~The summer has been
Thick and dry
The same as the
Seep in my eye
To much of anything
is never a good thing
I cause a smile
like a will win
Its just smoke and mirrors
I bet you can't
Stand for this
I'm not sure~ anything
And I don't~ feel a thing
I'm letting go~
Of everything I've ever known
I know~
I was if this unorthodox
And bloom, bloom~
Let it go, letting it go
I'm letting go~
Let it go, I'm letting go~
Let it go, I'm letting go

I'm letting go~(After the guitar solo)

I'm letting go
of everything I've ever known

I know

I was if this unorthodox

And bloom, bloom~

I know

I was if this unorthodox

And bloom, bloom~

THE END

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