

# 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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