

American Soul

by Jerry Ratch

At one time it appeared that
Everyone was walking their own angel
On a leash, but
Now we're not that sure at all

And it could come out in song
That it might really be the angels
Who've been walking us
All along

All this broken glass that's in the road
Tells the longest story I've ever told
'Bout what's been lost and what's been sold
While the American soul lies bleedin' in the road

Yeah, the American soul lies
Bleedin', bleedin'
The American soul lies
Bleedin' in the road

Gimme some time
To settle down
Gimme some time
I'll come around
Just gimme some time
Honey child
Gimme some time
I'm just a child myself

If it resonates, say so
Slow bum ahead

Or a Ho in a raccoon coat
That's right, Ho in a raccoon coat

And her man, yo
He sure can play piano
With those giant lobster hands of his
If it resonates, say so

And all this broken glass that's in the road
Tells the longest story I've ever told
Of what's been lost and what's been sold
While the American soul lies bleedin' in the road

Yeah, the American soul lies
Bleedin'
The American soul lies
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Just gimme some time
To settle down
Gimme some time
I'll come around
Just gimme some time
Honey child
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Yeah, the American soul lies
Bleedin' Bleedin'
The American soul lies
Bleedin' in the road
The American soul lies
Bleedin' Bleedin' in the road

Just gimme some time

Honey child o' mine
Gimme some time
I'll come around

