

# 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  
Bleedin' in the road

Just 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

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

