

Hey, my head spins at the thought  
That I'm sleeping my way out of this rut.  
Stealing so we could be together,  
Losing so we would never part.  
We wear  
American shoes  
So we can speak for anything, anything  
We talk  
But we're really confused  
So we won't speak for anything, anything  
Don't ask me how I know  
It's a feeling you get when you're down low  
She said your hands won't stick together  
But your will stick like glue  
We wear  
American shoes  
So we can speak for anything, anything  
We talk  
But we're really confused  
So we won't speak for anything, anything  
We wear  
American shoes  
So we can speak for anything, anything  
We talk  
But we're really confused  
So we won't speak for anything  
We'll just say  
It's everything, its everything  
It's everything, its everything, its everything.  
Oh