



# ARYN MICHELLE

## *America*

My role models became monsters right there on the TV screen  
they cast is off as confidence, but it feels so insincere so obscene  
drive down the highway it's hard to escape it  
cause billboards and bus sides tell me to fake it

God bless the land of young memoirs and made for TV movie stars  
cause you need the looks but not the heart to make it in America  
with faces always painted on and all the brunettes going blond  
they'll lip sync to your favorite songs and fake it in America

They need the pills and needles to be stronger to be better than the best  
the divorce is almost finalized, tune in at half past six to see who gets the kids  
isn't it morbid, isn't it so sad we're proud of the ones who check into rehab

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And there's a powerful obsession with power and possession  
in the land of vanity home of depraved  
but who am I to point the finger when my thoughts will often linger  
on the thrill of rumormills and shameless fame

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