

G

There's a black man with a black cat  
Livin' in a black neighborhood  
He's got an interstate runnin' through his front yard

F C G

You know he thinks he's got it so good

And there's a woman in the kitchen  
Cleanin' up the evenin' slop  
And he looks at her and says, "Hey darlin'  
I can remember when you could stop a clock"

C

G

Oh, but ain't that America for you and me  
Ain't that America somethin' to see baby

C

D

Ain't that America home of the free, yeah

D

C

Little pink houses for you and me

G

C

G

Oh for you and me, ooh yeah

G

Well there's a young man in a T-shirt  
Listenin' to a rock 'n' rollin' station  
He's got a greasy hair, greasy smile  
He says, "Lord this must be my destination", ooh yeah

F C G

'Cause they told me when I was younger  
"Boy you're gonna be President"  
But just like everything else those old crazy dreams  
Just kinda came and went

### Chorus

F C G C/G G 6x  
Ooh yeah, ooh yeah

G

Well there's people and more people  
What do they know, know, know?  
Go to work in some high rise  
And vacation down at the Gulf of Mexico, ooh yeah

F C G

And there's winners and there's losers  
But they ain't no big deal  
'Cause the simple man baby pays the thrills  
The bills, the pills that kill

### Chorus

Ooh yeah

### Chorus

Ooh yeah