American Jerusalem

Shawn Colvin

New York City rain
Don't know if it's makin' me
Dirty or clean
Went for the subway but there was no train
And the tunnel was grumbling for repairs again
And the sign says welcome to American Jerusalem
I've been around
You could spend forever
Makin' a friend in this town
All you get to do
Is lay your dollar down
Until you're stumbling drunk up the stairs again
And the sign says welcome to American Jerusalem
In the temples of American Jerusalem
They buy an ounce of South African gold
They don't care who was bought or sold
Or who died to mine it
In the temples of American Jerusalem
They buy an ounce of Marseille white
Somewhere on a street with no light
Somebody dies tryin' it
Then somewhere in a crowd
Lookin' that kinda way

That'll make you turn around
There'll be somebody who knows
What it's about
And he'll take the ribbons from your hair again
And welcome you to American Jerusalem
In the alleys of American Jerusalem
The homeless lie down at the dawn
The pretty people wonder what they're on
And how they afford it
In the ashes of American Jerusalem
The prophets live their deaths out on the corner
The pretty people say there should've been a warnin'
But nobody heard it
Then shadows lick the sun
The streets are paved with

Footsteps on the run
Somebody musta got double
Cuz I got none
I forgot to collect my share again
So go west to breathe the cleansing air again
Go Niagara for your honeymoon again
Go on the road if you're gonna sing your tune again
Go out to sea and learn to be a man again
Until you come on home to American Jerusalem

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