

Made In America

Richie Sambora

One, two, three, four
Oh yea
Made in America, nineteen fifty nine
Born down by the factories, cross the Jersey City line
Raised on radio, just a jukebox kid
I was alright
Just a small town homeboy, with big dreams
Following his conscience, in a world full of extremes
Fresh outta high school, only seventeen
I was alright
Blinded by my vision, there was just no turning back
Like a runaway train, life was steaming down the track
You'd say I'd never made it out, but I kept on hanging on
And every night I prayed to Jesus and held my head up strong
I was alright, I landed on my feet
Made in America, I was brought up on the street
My old man's independence seemed good enough for me
I was made in America, made in America
Never cared much about politics 'til I was twenty one
But I woke up when Lennon found the wrong end of a gun
He left his inspiration, before he said, "Goodbye"
And we were alright
We all lose our innocence, it's impossible to hold
I didn't know it then I had a pocket full of gold
When I kissed those younger days goodbye, it almost broke my heart
I was going through my growing pains, I was driving in the dark
But I was alright, I landed on my feet
Made in America, I was brought up on the street
I'm facing up to freedom and chasing down dream
I was made in America, yeah I was made in America
Alright, c'mon, c'mon, alright
Alright
Yeah we all lose our innocence, it's impossible to hold
I just didn't know it then I had a pocket full of gold
When they said I'd never make it, I just kept hanging on
And every night I prayed to Jesus, and I held my head up strong
And I was alright, I landed on my feet
Made in America, I was brought up on the street
Facing up to who I am, chasing down my dream

I was made in America, yeah I was made in America
Made in America, yeah, oh, oh
You alright

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