

# The American Dream

[Billy Ray Cyrus](#)

Well they moved away from the farms they did not own  
To live happily ever after on a G.I. loan  
The future was looking bright back in '62  
'Neath the shadow of atomic bombs and the baby boom  
You could take a walk downtown without being afraid  
Hey who's the better center fielder, Mantle or Mays  
There was chicken in every pot, even when times were lean  
We thought everybody had a shot at the American dream  
Every mother was supposed to look like Donna Reed  
Father knew what was best for you and me  
Our lives were etched on eight millimeter frames  
As we grew up in houses that all looked the same  
But there was trouble on the other side of town  
It was a time when people began to stand their ground  
As the eyes of the world were opened by a man named King  
Everybody wanted their share of the American dream  
Dream on, children, dream on  
Don't let anybody tell you the dream is gone  
As long as there's a God above  
Keep praying we never wake up  
Keep on dreaming the American dream  
Now there's medals on the wall I got back in '91  
And a quarter-acre piece of heaven, where my kids can run  
As I turn off the cable and put my babies to bed  
I kiss 'em goodnight and I whisper under my breath  
Dream on, children, dream on  
Don't let anybody tell you the dream is gone  
As long as there's a God above  
Keep praying we never wake up  
Keep on dreaming the American dream  
Keep on dreaming the American dream

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