The American Dream

Al Berry

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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