

# American Tune

Paul Simon

Many's the time I've been mistaken  
And many times confused  
Yes, and I've often felt forsaken  
And certainly misused Oh, but I'm alright, I'm alright  
I'm just weary to my bones  
Still, you don't expect to be bright and bon vivant  
So far away from home, so far away from home And I don't know a soul who's not been battered  
I don't have a friend who feels at ease  
I don't know a dream that's not been shattered  
Or driven to its knees But it's alright, it's alright  
For we lived so well so long  
Still, when I think of the  
Road we're traveling on  
I wonder what's gone wrong  
I can't help it, I wonder what has gone wrong And I dreamed I was dying  
I dreamed that my soul rose unexpectedly  
And looking back down at me  
Smiled reassuringly And I dreamed I was flying  
And high up above my eyes could clearly see  
The Statue of Liberty  
Sailing away to sea  
And I dreamed I was flying We come on the ship they call The Mayflower  
We come on the ship that sailed the moon  
We come in the age's most uncertain hours  
And sing an American tune Oh, and it's alright, it's alright, it's alright  
You can't be forever blessed  
Still, tomorrow's going to be another working day  
And I'm trying to get some rest  
That's all I'm trying to get some rest

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