

# Pink Houses

[John Mellencamp](#)

There's a black man with a black cat  
Living in a black neighborhood  
He's got an interstate running' through his front yard  
You know, he thinks, he's got it so good  
And there's a woman in the kitchen cleaning' up evening slop  
And he looks at her and says:  
"Hey darling, I can remember when you could stop a clock" Oh but ain't that America, for you and me  
Ain't that America, we're something to see baby  
Ain't that America, home of the free, yeah  
Little pink houses for you and me, oh for you and me Well there's a young man in a T-shirt  
Listenin' to a rock 'n' roll station  
He's got a greasy hair, greasy smile  
He says: "Lord, this must be my destination"  
'Cause they told me, when I was younger  
Sayin' "Boy, you're gonna be president"  
But just like everything else, those old crazy dreams  
Just kinda came and went Oh but ain't that America, for you and me  
Ain't that America, we're something to see baby  
Ain't that America, home of the free, yeah  
Little pink houses, for you and me, oh baby for you and me Well there's people and more people  
What do they know, know, know  
Go to work in some high rise  
And vacation down at the Gulf of Mexico  
Ooo yeah And there's winners, and there's losers  
But they ain't no big deal  
'Cause the simple man baby pays the thrills,  
The bills and the pills that kill Oh but ain't that America, for you and me  
Ain't that America, we're something to see baby  
Ain't that America, home of the free, yeah  
Little pink houses for you and me, ooo, ooo yeah Ain't that America, for you and me  
Ain't that America, hey we're something to see baby  
Ain't that America, oh the home of the free,  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Little pink houses babe for you and me, ooo yeah ooo yeah

Songwriters

John Mellencamp Published by

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