

Made in America

Richie Sambora

One, two, three, four
Oh yeaMade in America, nineteen fifty nine
Born down by the factories, cross the Jersey City line
Raised on radio, just a jukebox kid
I was alrightJust a small town homeboy, with big dreams
Following his conscience, in a world full of extremes
Fresh outta high school, only seventeen
I was alrightBlinded 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 strongI 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 AmericaNever 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 alrightWe 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 darkBut 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 AmericaAlright, c'mon, c'mon, alrightAlright
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 strongAnd 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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