

Made In America

Richie Sambora

Made in America, nineteen fifty nine,
Born down by the factories, cross the Jersey City line.
Raised on radio, just a jukebox kid,
I was alright.

Just a small town homeboy, with big dreams,
Following his conscience, in a world full of extremes.
Fresh outta high school, only seventeen,
I was alright.

Blinded 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,
Every night I prayed to Jesus, and held my head up strong.

I 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 America.
Never 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 alright.

We 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 dark.

But 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 my dream,
I was made in America, yeah I was made in America.
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 strong.

And 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.

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