

# 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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