

The American

Angie Aparo

Sonny took a train, Mary took a boat
Somewhere it's gonna be better
Everybody needs a little hope
Ten thousand souls waiting on a bus and it never rolled
So it goes No one's leaving California, Pacific transit overload
Gold dust dreamers never warn ya
And my guitar strums
I am the American I got a walking stick and an old sock hat
I've got dirty hands and I've got a dream to match
I've got a pocket full
Of government issue cures for poverty No one's leaving California, Pacific transit overload
All my friends live on the corner
And my guitar strums
I am the American Under the streetlight, down by the water
Don't worry baby, it's nothing you ever knew
If it makes you feel better, throw down a quarter
Don't worry baby, it won't stick to your shoe No one's leaving California, Pacific transit overload
Gold dust dreamers never warn ya
And my guitar strums, yeah, my guitar strums
I am the American

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