

This America

Matthew Ebel

You know I cant count the miles Ive left behind.
My butt is sound asleep but I dont mind.
The mountain fills the window on my right,
the oceans all thats on the other side. So its alright Seattle, I love hanging round
I been up the Needle and into the Sound
And down to the delta where the river meets the sea.
This America is growin on me. Ive never bought a pair of blue suede shoes,
but Ive been down to hear those Memphis blues.
And though Nashville country may not be my thing,
Still I love to hear that Music City sing. So its alright, the Titans have come out to play
Ill see Rock City by the end of the day
A warm place to roam, Rocky Top, youll always be.
This America is growin on me So I write my song for amber waves of grain.
From 5 miles up, it all just looks the same.
But if I drive a mile across that fruited plain
Id be lost in wonders I just cant explain. So its alright, Ohio, I know how you feel
I left Cincinnati, awake at the wheel
The Touchdown Jesus is a funny sight to see,
this America is growin on me. And its alright Virginia, its alright Vermont
Its alright in Florida down in the swamp
Its alright from Minnesota to DC,
This America is growin on me.

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