

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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America

America

Let us be lovers,
We'll marry our fortunes together.
I've got some real estate
Here in my bag.
So we bought a pack of cigarettes,
And Mrs. Wagner's pies,
And walked off to look for America.

Kathy, I said,
As we boarded a Greyhound in Pittsburgh,
Michigan seems like a dream to me now.
It took me four days
To hitch-hike from Saginaw
I've come to look for America

Laughing on the bus,
Playing games with the faces,
She said the man in the gabardine suit
Was a spy.
I said, Be careful,
His bowtie is really a camera.

Toss me a cigarette,
I think there's one in my raincoat.
We smoked the last one
An hour ago
So I looked at the scenery,
She read her magazine;
And the moon rose over an open field.

Kathy, I'm lost, I said,
Though I knew she was sleeping.
I'm empty and aching and I don't know why.
Counting the cars
On the New Jersey Turnpike.
They've all come to look for America,
All come to look for America.

JY