

Was (Not Was) "Somewhere In America There's A Street Named After My Dad"

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At night only crickets
No prowlers, no sirens
No pinky ring hustlers
No angel dust Byrons
No bars on the windows
No sabre-toothed neighbors
Just good simple folk
In a rainbow of flavors

Somewhere in America
There's a street named after my dad
And the home we never had

I'll work for Mr. Fowler
Making fifty cents an hour
And I'll save what I can

So I can get a piece of land
I'll raise some cows and carrots
Get ahead on my own merits
And if I fall I'll take it like a man

Somewhere in America
There's a street named after my dad
And the home we never had

No more bland TV dinners
No ten car collisions
No showbiz beginners
Making global decisions
No daycare Fellinis
No fast food assassins
No billboard bikinis
Just truth and compassion

Somewhere in America
There's a street named after my dad
And the home we never had
The home we never had somewhere in America

