

John Mellencamp

"Little Pink Houses"

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There's a black man with a black cat
Livin' in a black neighborhood
He's got an interstate runnin' through his front yard
You know he thinks that he's got it so good

And there's a woman in the kitchen
Cleanin' up the evenin' slop
And he looks at her and says
"Hey darlin', I can remember when you could stop a
clock"

Oh, but ain't that America for you and me
Ain't that America somethin' to see, baby
Ain't that America home of the free
Little pink houses for you and me

There's a young man in a T-shirt
Listenin' to a rockin' rollin' station
He's got greasy hair, greasy smile
He says, "Lord, this must be my destination"

'Cause they told me when I was younger
Boy, you're gonna be president
But just like every thin' else those old crazy dreams
Just kinda came and went

Oh, but ain't that America for you and me
Ain't that America somethin' to see baby
Ain't that America home of the free
Little pink houses for you and me

Well, there's people and more people
What do they know, know, know?
Go to work in some high rise
And vacation down at the Gulf of Mexico

Ooh yeah, and there's winners and there's losers
But they ain't no big deal
'Cause the simple man, baby, pays for the thrills
The bills, the pills that kill

Oh, but ain't that America for you and me

Ain't that America somethin' to see baby
Ain't that America home of the free
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