

Jud Strunk

"My Country"

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I am the red clay canyons of the Colorado River
I am the Old Dominion in the rain
And the wind-swept battlefield at Vicksburg
I am the last two minutes of the game
And an Indiana cornfield on a hot summer's day
I'm a popcicle and a popcorn at the park
I am suburban, I'm a slum
A forgotten fifen drum
I am underground Atlanta, after dark

I'm a streetfight and a crap game up in Harlem
And the Rams, nine-year-old Kentucky home
I'm a politician's cheater
I'm a two-cheeseburger eater
I'm a couple, I'm a crowd, and I am alone

I am Jack, and I am Bobby, and I am Martin' Luther King
And with sorrow I watched these young men die
From riches and from rags, I've buried them in flags
Adn I loved them for they cared enough to try

I have? my brother's feet in the jungles and in the cities
I have seen them raped and pilaged on the plains
I've made mistakes, but that's the breaks
So did Jesus for Christ's sake
And I'm willing to accept my share of blame

I am Abe Lincoln, I'm a slave
I'm a coward, and I am brave
I'm a wino, I'm a?
I'm the Coca-Cola kid
I'm a two-cent lemonade, I'm a veteran's parade
I am country, I am soul
I am blues, and rock n'roll
And I don't stand for everything my country is about
But I am willing to stand for my country
And I'm damn glad to be an American

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