

Jude Cole "Joe"

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I go to church on Sunday morning
Come home and beat my wife
My name is Joe, and you know me
I've lived here all of my (damn) life
What a life
I've got this pain I cannot speak of
I'm not so bad as people say
Got two kids who look like angels
But sometimes
Sometimes I wish they'd fly away
Life is good, you know we're lucky
Living in the U.S.A.
We've got everything we ever dreamed of
Darling, I don't know why
I don't know why I act this way
My next-door neighbor's got a problem
He works (so) hard, it don't seem fair
His wife's a teacher at the grade school
And we've been having this affair
I've been a son, I've been a soldier
I've thrown the football in the rain
The blood of murderers and millionaires is pounding

Pounding, pounding through my veins
But life is good, you know we're lucky
Living in the U.S. of A.
And we got everything we ever dreamed of
Baby, I don't know why
I don't know why I act this way
Kennedy was in the White House
We were children in the sun
Smoking candy cigarettes
Cowboys and Indians with toy guns
Some nights I go down to the basement
With thoughts I do not understand
A Purple Heart and a loaded pistol, and I just hold 'em
Hold 'em in my hands
Life is good, you know we're lucky
'Cause baby, this is the U.S.A.
And we got everything we ever dreamed of
Darling, I don't know why
No, I don't know why I act this way

I don't know why I act this way
No, I don't know why I act this way

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