

## Lee Brice "Welcome to America"

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5am at the Waffle House  
Workers filing in, strippers walking out  
Truckers driving down the interstate  
Doin' coffee and pills 'cause they got bills to pay

And over the Brooklyn bridge a lady runs  
Doing all she can to stay looking young, young  
And underneath on a cardboard bed  
A man sleeping with shoes under his head

Welcome to America  
Welcome to America

College kids shotgun and beer  
A hobo prophet screaming the end is near  
A teenage girl in the bed of a truck  
Can't help but think that this just might be love

Welcome to America  
Welcome to America

Tears streaming down a mother's face  
When a folded flag comes home in her son's place  
In a hospital room a new daddy cries  
When he holds his baby girl for the first time  
She opens up her eyes

Welcome to America  
Welcome to America  
Welcome to America

The houses lined up like dominoes  
High rises, high as they can go  
A single mom at the laundromat  
Dropping every last quarter that she has  
Grandma's making apple pies  
Grandpa's at the barber shop telling lies

Welcome to America  
Welcome to America  
Welcome to America  
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