

Dan Fogelberg

"Faces of America"

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There was a time
A simpler time
When a man could be sure of where he stood
I used to work at the yard
Working honest and hard
The hours were long but the pay was good
I had a family and friends
So many friends
We'd drive to the lake on holidays
Back then it wasn't so dear
For a sandwich or beer
At night I still dream I can see their faces
Certain things that you depend upon
There are places that you know
And the faces of America
Oh, where did they go?
Where did they go?
I was born on a farm
A midwestern farm
I rode on the tractor with my dad
And though we never had much
It was always enough
And we made the best of what we had
Then came four years of drought
And the bottom dropped out
My father was broken like the rest
I can still see his hands
Signing over his lands
And the bankers grow fat on the flesh

of the dispossessed
Certain things that you depend upon
There are places I can go
I sift the ashes of America
For someplace I used to
(someplace I used to)
Someplace I used to
(someplace I used to)
Someplace I used to know
There was a time
A simpler time
When a man could be sure of where he stood

I used to work at the yard
Working honest and hard
The hours were long but the pay was oh
so good
Certain things that you depend upon
I used to think were guaranteed
Like the right of every man to work
And feed his family
And feed his family
And the faces of America
Seem so distant and estranged
Have their eyes become too blind to see
How much their hearts have changed?
(how much their hearts)
How much their hearts have changed?
(how much their hearts)
How much their hearts have changed?

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