

Mccain Edwin

"America Street"

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E. McCain

Rubber on my tires making contact with the road
Sign on the streetpost tells me which way I should go
Riding down America Street funny that it's one way
Riding down from uptown
To where the buildings are broken down in decay

CHORUS

America Street it's right nearby
Land of the free and the brave
If we can't work and make some change
There won't be much of this land left to save
It's a classic of misdirection and slight of hand
We watch while our deficit grows
What a shame that we can't teach our kids to read
Makes you wonder where all the tax money goes...I
don't know

CHORUS

Won't be much to save
Excuse me sir pardon me can you spare some change
Because it's cold and I live outside
A thoughtful search into my pockets
Finds enough so he can rocket
Right up to the bar and enjoy his life

CHORUS

Won't be much to save...

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