

## Matthew Ebel "This America"

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You know I can't count the miles I've left behind.  
My butt is sound asleep but I don't mind.  
The mountain fills the window on my right,  
the ocean's all that's on the other side.

So it's alright Seattle, I love hanging 'round  
I been up the Needle and into the Sound  
And down to the delta where the river meets the sea.  
This America is growin' on me.

I've never bought a pair of blue suede shoes,  
but I've been down to hear those Memphis blues.  
And though Nashville country may not be my thing,  
Still I love to hear that Music City sing.

So it's alright, the Titans have come out to play  
I'll see Rock City by the end of the day  
A warm place to roam, Rocky Top, you'll always be.  
This America is growin' on me  
So I write my song for amber waves of grain.  
From 5 miles up, it all just looks the same.  
But if I drive a mile across that fruited plain  
I'd be lost in wonders I just can't explain.

So it's alright, Ohio, I know how you feel  
I left Cincinnati, awake at the wheel  
The Touchdown Jesus is a funny sight to see,  
this America is growin' on me.

And it's alright Virginia, it's alright Vermont  
It's alright in Florida down in the swamp  
It's alright from Minnesota to DC,  
This America is growin' on me.

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