

Pogues

"Every Man Is A King"

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In search of a good life the Pilgrims set sail
Then all through the new land they blazed their brave
trails
The iron horse speeding down freshly-laid rails
Brought settlers determined to prosper

From the far corners they made it their home
The ities and germans, the paddies the poles
Goin' down in the dirt comin' up with the gold
Like Bill Fuller, the Kennedys and Corleones

Life is so good in the US of A
Live out you dreams in Amerikay
If you've gut the guts and the bucks, it is said
Every man is a king in the US of A
Every man is a king in Amerikay

The pilgrims these days they are called astronauts
They seek new battlefields on the moon and beyond
To wage their star wars in the sky by-and-by
And to shit on us all from on high

Then when it's all over and the world is no more
When the White House and Kremlin have settled their
score
The stars and stripes flag will fly high, proud out there
in space
And that's why we all love the United States

In the land of Republican automatons
Uncle Sam's forces so gung-ho and bronzed
Just waiting their orders from Washington
To fight for your peace and your freedom

Vietnam, Nicaragua, El Salvador
How foolish of you not to open your doors
To the Hersheys, Budweisers, McDonalds and more.....
This wonderful life could be yours

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