Randy Newman
"My Country"

Let's go back to yesterday,
when a phone call cost a dime.
in New Orleans, just a nickel.
Turn back the hands of time.
Turn back the hands of time.

Picture a room with a window,
a sofa and some chairs,
a television turned on for the night.

Picture a woman,
two children seated,
a man lying there,
their faces softly glowing in the light.

This is my country,
these are my people.
This is the world I understand.
This is my country,
these are my people.
And I know 'em like the back of my own hand.

If we had something to say we'd bounce it off the
screen
we were watching and we couldn't look away.
We all know what we look like, you know what I mean?
We wouldn't have had it any other way.
We got comedy, tragedy.
Ev'rything from A to B,
watching other people living,
seeing other people play.
Having other people's voices fill our minds.
Thank you, Jesus.

Feelings might go unexpressed.
I think that's prob'ly for the best.
Dig too deep, who knows what you will find.

This is my country, those were my people.
Theirs was the world I understand.

Picture a room, no window,

a door that leads outside,
a man lying on a blanket on the floor.
Picture his three grown boys behind him,
bouncing words off of a screen,
of a television big as all outdoors.

Now your children are your children,
even when they're grown.
When they speak to you,
you got to listen to what they have to say.
But they all live alone now,
they have TVs of their own
but they keep on coming over anyway.
And much as I love them,
I'm always kind of glad when they go away.

This is my country,
these are my people.
This is the world I understand.
This is my country,
these are my people.
And I know 'em like the back of my own hand.
I know 'em like the back of my own hand.