

Sky "America"

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Staring out at the old man,
Watching the trains go by,
Well he lives his life on promises,
But I'm afraid the promise is all he's got,
You know life's too short to never take,
But if you stand aside it'll pass you by,

Chorus

He's from some place they call America,
But he's nothing more than a dead man walking
around,
He's from some pace they call America,
Yeah America,

Ever since he was a boy,
He had dreams,
Dreams the size of God and he was,
Making plans,
Building buildings,
He was gonna have the world in his pocket,
The Brooklyn bridge in his hands,
he looks outside his window,

And see's his past,
Comin' down,
On him,
For the rest of his life he will us kicking him down,
Too old to start again my friend,

Chorus

He's from some place they call America,
But he's nothing more than a dead man walking
around,
He's from some pace they call America,
Yeah America,

Takin' me down,
Takin' the old man down,
Takin' me down,
Taking many lives over, over America,

Chorus

He's from some place they call America,
But he's nothing more than a dead man walking
around,
He's from some pace they call America,
Yeah America

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