

Jennings Waylon

"America"

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Some have said, down through history
If you last it's a mystery
But I guess they don't know, what they're talking about
From the mountains down to the sea
You've become such a habit with me
America, Amer-ica

Well I come from, down around Tennessee
But the people in California
Are nice to me, Amer-ica
It don't matter where I may roam
Tell you people that it's home sweet home
America, Amer-ica

Chorus:

And my brothers are all black and white, yellow too
And the red man is right, to expect a little from you
Promise and then follow through, America

And the men, who fell on the plains
And lived, through hardship and pain
America, Amer-ica
And the men who could not fight
In a war that didn't seem right
You let them come home, America

And my brothers are all black and white, yellow too
And the red man is right, to expect a little from you
Promise and then follow through, America

Well I come from, down around Tennessee
But the people in California
Are nice to me, Amer-ica
It don't matter where I may roam

And my brothers are all black and white, yellow too
And the red man is right, to expect a little from you
Promise and then follow through, America

Tell you people that it's home sweet home
America, Amer-ica

America, Amer-ica

And my brothers are all black and white, yellow too
And the red man is right, to expect a little from you
Promise and then follow through, America

It's home sweet home, Amer-ica America, Amer-ica

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