

Black 47, Livin' In America

Oh, it's 6 o'clock and it's time to rock
And me head is beatin' like a drum
In the cold grey light, ah I feel like shite
And I can't remember last night's fun
Then the foreman says "C'mon now boys,
Stick your fingers down your throat and get to work"
And I wish to Christ I'd stayed home last night
Instead of drinkin' in America

Oh, I knock down walls with big iron balls
And I mix cement by the ton
With me tongue hangin' out for a bottle of stout
Sweatin' bullets in the Brooklyn sun
Then I think of her up on Kingsbridge Road
Did she mean what she said last night
Oh Mammy dear, we're all mad over here...
Livin' in America

On me way downtown, I think of that clown
And the things that he said last night
Did he mean 'em at all or was it just drink talk
Oh, I must look a terrible sight
Put me makeup on as I watch the sun rise high over Fordham Road
Oh Mammy dear, we're all mad over here
Livin' in America

Ah, the kids aren't dressed and the house is a mess
And the yuppies are networkin' again
Kiss their darlin's goodbye - "oh, we'll be late tonight
But we should be home by eleven"
Oh, me little dears dry up your tears
Your parents are too busy makin' money
Oh Mammy dear, we're all mad over here
Livin' in America

Workin' with the black man, Dominican and Greek
In the snows of January or the drenchin' August heat
No sick days or benefits and for Christ sakes don't get hurt
The quacks over here won't patch you up unless they see the bucks upfront

Lookin' after babies from crack of dawn 'til dusk
Changin' dirty nappies and cleanin' up the house
Is this what I've been educated for
To wipe the arse of every baby in America

Now the day is done, take the subway home
Squashed up like some sardine in a a can
In the Blarney Stone, drink a gallon of foam
'Til I'm feelin' half meself again
If she comes tonight, I'll ask her outright
Ah what the hell, nothin' ventured nothin' gained....
And if she takes a chance, she might find romance
Now she's livin' in America

See him standing there with the ring in his ear
And the grin on the side of his face
With the fag in his mouth, oh I should watch out
For they say that he's a real hard case
Should I take me chance or say "no thanks"
Ah what the hell, nothin' ventured nothin' gained
Oh Mammy dear, we're all mad over here
Livin' in America