

# Heart, America

My daddy told me about the old glory days  
But I made up my mind about Daddy's ways

We followed King to Atlanta and got the slaves all free  
And the ladies come out from behind the fans of gentry

America  
America  
How you've broken free  
America  
America  
Was your destiny

I was at Daddy's bedside the night that he went  
He whispered real sad "the south won't rise again"  
They've all gone to Chicago to lose the slow accent  
Leaving me behind wondering where we went

America  
America  
Are you losing your mind  
America  
America  
Don't leave me behind