

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, An American Dream

I beg your pardon, mama, what did you say?
My mind was drifting off on Martinique Bay.
It's not that I'm not interested, you see;
Augusta, Georgia is just no place to be.

I think Jamaican in the moonlight.
Sandy beaches, drinking rum every night.
We got no money, mama, but we can go;
We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove.

Keep on talking, mama, I can hear
Your voice, it tickles down inside of my ear.
I feel a tropical vacation this year,
Might be the answer to this hillbilly fear.

I think Jamaican in the moonlight.
Sandy beaches, drinking rum every night.
We got no money, mama, but we can go;
We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove.

Voila! An American Dream.
Well, we can travel girl, without any means.
When it's as easy as closing your eyes
And dream Jamaica is a big neon sign.

Just keep talking, mama, I like that sound.
It goes so easy with that rain falling down.
I think a tropical vacation this year,
Might be the answer to this hillbilly fear.

Voila! An American Dream.
Yeah, we can travel, girl, without any means.
When it's as easy as closing your eyes
And dream Jamaica is a big neon sign.

Just think Jamaican in the moonlight.
Sandy beaches, drinking rum every night.
We got no money, mama, but we can go;
We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove.