

# Paul Simon, America

Let us be lovers, we'll marry our fortunes together  
I've got some real estate here in my bag  
So we bought a pack of cigarettes, and Mrs. Wagner pies  
And we walked off to look for America

Cathy, I said, as we boarded a Greyhound in Pittsburg  
Michigan seems like a dream to me now  
It took me four days to hitchhike from Saginaw  
And I've come to look for America

Laughin' on the bus, playing games with the faces  
She said the man in the gaberdine suit was a spy  
I said be careful, his bowtie is really a camera

Toss me a cigarette, I think there's one in my raincoat  
We smoked the last one an hour ago  
So I looked at the scenery, she read her magazine  
And the moon rose over an open field

Cathy, I'm lost, I said, though I knew she was sleeping  
I'm empty and I'm aching and I don't know why  
Countin' the cars on the New Jersey turnpike  
They've all come to look for America, all come to look for America

(Instrumental break)

Countin' the cars on the New Jersey turnpike  
They've all come to look for America, all come to look for America  
All come to look for America