

# Sambora Richie, Made In America

(R.Sambora & R.Supa)

Made in America, nineteen fifty nine,  
Born down by the factories, cross the Jersey City line.  
Raised on radio, just a jukebox kid,  
I was alright.

Just a small town homeboy, with big dreams,  
Following his conscience, in a world full of extremes.  
Fresh outta high school, only seventeen,  
I was alright.

Blinded by my vision, there was just no turning back,  
Like a runaway train, life was steaming down the track.  
You'd say I'd never made it out, but I kept on hanging on,  
Every night I prayed to Jesus, and held my head up strong.

I was alright, I landed on my feet,  
Made in America, I was brought up on the street.  
My old man's independence, seemed good enough for me,  
I was made in America, made in America.

Never cared much about politics, 'til I was twenty one,  
But I woke up when Lennon, found the wrong end of a gun.  
He left his inspiration, before he said goodbye,  
And we were alright.

We all lose our innocence, it's impossible to hold,  
I didn't know it then, I had a pocket full of gold.  
When I kissed those younger days goodbye, it almost broke my heart,  
I was going through my growing pains, I was driving in the dark.

But I was alright, I landed on my feet,  
Made in America, I was brought up on the street.  
I'm facing up to freedom, and chasing down my dream,  
I was made in America, yeah I was made in America.  
Yeah we all lose our innocence, it's impossible to hold,  
I just didn't know it then, I had a pocket full of gold.  
When they said I'd never make it, I just kept hanging on,  
And every night I prayed to Jesus, and I held my head up strong.

And I was alright, I landed on my feet,  
Made in America, I was brought up on the street.  
Facing up to who I am, chasing down my dream,  
I was made in America, yeah I was made in America.  
Made in America.