

# The Offspring, Americana

Well I'd like to tell you all about my dream, it's a place  
Where strip malls abound and diversion's mere moments away

Where culture's defined by the  
Ones least refined  
And you'll be left behind  
If you don't fit in  
It's all distorted  
In Americana my way

Well my dream has come true  
My vision has come true

Now give me my cable, fast food, four-by's, tat's right away  
I want it right now cause my generation don't like to wait

My futures determined by  
Thieves, thugs, and vermin  
It's quite an excursion  
But it's okay  
Everything's backwards  
In Americana my way

Well my dream has come true  
My vision has come true

I'm a product  
Of my environment  
So don't blame me, I just work here

My rights are denied by  
Those least qualified  
Trading profit for pride  
But it's okay  
Everything's backwards  
In Americana my way

My nightmare has come true  
My nightmare has come true  
Yeah, it's all coming true