

West Side Story, America (Movie Lyrics)

Puerto Rico, my heart's devotion
Let it sink back in the ocean
Always the hurricanes blowing
Always the population growing
And the money owing
And the sunlight streaming
And the natives steaming

I like the Island Manhattan
(I know you do)
Smoke on your pipe
And put that in

I like to be in America
Ok by me in America
Everything free in America
For a small fee in America

Buying on credit is so nice
One look at us and they charge twice

I have my own washing machine
What will you have though to keep clean?

Skyscrapers bloom in America
Cadillacs zoom in America
Industry boom in America
Twelve in a room in America

Lots of new housing with more space
Lots of doors slamming in our face

I'll get a terrace apartment
Better get rid of your accent

Life can be bright in America
If you can fight in America
Life is alright in America
If you're a white in America

Lalala...America
America
Lalala...America

Here you are free
And you have pride
As long as you stay on your own side

Free to be anything you choose
Free to wipe tables and shine shoes

Everywhere grime in America
Organized crime in America
Terrible time in America
You forget I'm in America

I think I'd go back to San Juan
I know a boat you can get on (bye bye)

Everyone there will give big cheer
Everyone there will have moved here