

# Angie Aparo, The American

Sonny took a train, Mary took a boat  
Somewhere it's gonna be better  
Everybody needs a little hope  
Ten thousand souls waiting on a bus and it never rolled  
So it goes  
No one's leaving California, Pacific transit overload  
Gold dust dreamers never warn ya  
And my guitar strums  
I am the American  
I got a walking stick and an old sock hat  
I've got dirty hands and I've got a dream to match  
I've got a pocket full  
Of government issue cures for poverty  
No one's leaving California, Pacific transit overload  
All my friends live on the corner  
And my guitar strums  
I am the American  
Under the streetlight, down by the water  
Don't worry baby, it's nothing you ever knew  
If it makes you feel better, throw down a quarter  
Don't worry baby, it won't stick to your shoe  
No one's leaving California, Pacific transit overload  
Gold dust dreamers never warn ya  
And my guitar strums, yeah, my guitar strums  
I am the American