

# Grant Lee Phillips, See America

Sleeping in a yellow cab  
My head against the barrier  
Lost &#039;em as we touched St. Anne  
Stepped from the ferry boat there  
Looked around the terminal  
Paid the toll  
And split the fare  
Wake me up oh wake me before Union Square  
Got a couple numbers to call ah  
Tryin&#039; to wrack my brains  
But I can&#039;t think of the name  
Of the hotel at all

We&#039;re off to see America  
We&#039;re asking for directions yes  
We&#039;re off to see America  
We&#039;re tumbling in our chariot

Speeding over soaking streets  
Tides of the destitute wail  
Coughing up a lung of steam  
Rise from the underground rail  
Never felt so far away  
Up &#039;till now  
But I was green  
Wake me up oh wake me before Union Square  
Got a couple numbers to call ah  
Tryin&#039; to wrack my brains  
But I can&#039;t think of the names  
Of the people at all

We&#039;re off to see America  
We&#039;re asking for directions yes  
We&#039;re off to find America  
We&#039;re tumbling in our chariot

What a slender thread I&#039;ve been clinging to  
All these cracks for me to slip into

We&#039;re off to see America  
We&#039;re off to see America  
We&#039;re asking for directions yes  
We&#039;re tumbling in our chariot

Ooh see America  
America  
We&#039;re off to see America