

Richie Sambora, Made In America

Made in America
Nineteen fifteen 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 time dreams
Following his conscience
In a world full of extremes
Fresh outta high school
Only seventeen
I was alright
Blinded by my vision
There ws just no turning back
Lika a runaway train
Life was steaming down the track
You'd say I'd never make 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 boodbye
And we were alright
We all lose out innocence
It's impossible to hold
I didn't know it then
I had a packet full of gold
When I kissed those younger days goodbye
It almost broke my heart
I was going to ghrough 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 chacing 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 packet full of gold
When they said I'd never make it
I just kept on 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