

# 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