

America

Waylon Jennings

Some have said, down through history
If you last it's a mystery
But I guess they don't know, what they're talking about
From the mountains down to the sea
You've become such a habit with me
America, America

Well I come from, down around Tennessee
But the people in California
Are nice to me, America
It don't matter where I may roam
Tell you people that it's home sweet home
America, America

And my brothers are all black and white, yellow too
And the red man is right, to expect a little from you
Promise and then follow through, America

And the men who fell on the plains
And lived, through hardship and pain
America, America
And the men who could not fight
In a war that didn't seem right
You let them come home, America

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It's home sweet home, America
America, America