

## Faces of America

Dan Fogelberg

There was a time, a simpler time  
When a man could be sure of where he stood  
I used to work at the yard, working honest and hard  
The hours were long but the pay was oh so good

I had a family and friends, oh so many friends  
We'd drive to the lake on holidays  
Back then it wasn't so dear for a sandwich or beer  
At night I still dream I can see their faces

Certain things that you depend upon  
There are places that you know  
And the faces of America  
Oh, where do they go, where did they go

I was born on a farm, a mid-western farm  
I rode on the tractor with my dad  
And though we never had much it was always enough  
And we made the best with what we had

But then came four years of drought and the bottom dropped out  
My father was broken like the rest  
And I can still see his hands signing over his lands  
And the bankers grow fat on the flesh of the dispossessed

Certain things that you depend upon  
There are places I can go I sift the ashes of America  
For someplace I used to know  
Someplace I used to know  
Someplace I used to know

There was a time, a simpler time  
When a man could be sure of where he stood  
I used to work at the yard, working honest and hard  
The hours were long but the pay was oh so good

Certain things that you depend upon I used to think were guaranteed  
Like the right of every man to work And feed his family  
And the faces of America seem so distant and estranged  
Have their eyes become too blind to see  
How much their hearts have changed  
How much their hearts have changed  
How much their hearts have changed