

Looking For America

Mark Wills

I'm chasing down a memory
Of the way that things used to be
Kids playing underneath and old street light
Knowing they were safe when they laid down at night
I'm looking for something I ain't seen in a while
I'm looking for a factory
Where a man can feed his family
Not worried about them moving it south
Closing the doors and shutting her down tomorrow
I'm looking for America

The land of the free and the home of the brave
Seems like I just woke up one day
And it was gone, long gone
But I know in my heart it's still out there
Can somebody please tell me where
I'm looking for America

I'm searching for an old church steeple
Where inside you'll find people
Who live their lives unashamed
And they ain't afraid to say God's name outloud
Yeah I'm looking for America

I'm out here looking for the truth
A few folks to waive the red, white and blue
Who still believe freedom isn't free
And I guess it's up to you and me to find it
Yeah we've got to find it
Cause we're looking for