

## 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