

My Country

Randy Newman

Let's go back to yesterday
When a phone call cost a dime
In New Orleans, just a nickel
Turn back the hands of time
Turn back the hands of time

Picture a room with a window
A sofa and some chairs
A television turned on for the night

Picture a woman
Two children seated
A man lying there
Their faces softly glowing in the light

This is my country
These are my people
This is the world I understand
This is my country
These are my people
And I know 'em like the back of my own hand

If we had something to say we'd bounce it off the screen
We were watching and we couldn't look away
We all know what we look like, you know what I mean
We wouldn't have had it any other way
We got comedy, tragedy
Ev'rything from A to be
Watching other people living
Seeing other people play
Having other people's voices fill our minds
Thank you, Jesus

Feelings might go unexpressed
I think that's prob'ly for the best
Dig too deep, who knows what you will find

This is my country, those were my people
Theirs was the world I understand

Picture a room, no window
A door that leads outside
A man lying on a blanket on the floor
Picture his three grown boys behind him
Bouncing words off of a screen
Of a television big as all outdoors

Now your children are your children
Even when they're grown
When they speak to you
You got to listen to what they have to say
But they all live alone now
They have TVs of their own
But they keep on coming over anyway
And much as I love them
I'm always kind of glad when they go away

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