

America Communicate With Me

Ray Stevens

Reporter: 'Excuse me mam, what do you think about all the
Protests in America today?'

Lady: 'Well, my advice to all the a demonstrators would be
Either love it or leave it.'

Reporter: 'Pardon me sir, what do you think of America
And all the protest that's going on?'

Man: 'Protest huh, well, I think they may have a valid
Point. I mean, like, something's got to be done in Ameica,
Either we change it or lose it.'

I'm tired of all your protests
They're getting out of hand
And all you politicians
You're too vague to understand
And somewhere in the middle of
Two extremes without a plan
I'm just the average man
Just trying to do the best I can

And I've had it with the preacher
I don't walk to him no more
Everybody's spreading doubts with shouts
Of politics and war
And from where I stand
It don't make sense to be against or for
Seams like now-a-days
There is no call to reason anymore

But the answers aren't all yes or no
To or fro, stop or go
Everything's not left or right
Black or white, day or night

America, my country 'tis of thee
America, communicate with me

Three small bullets took the leaders
That could help us all unite
And the people split asunder
In their search for truth and right
And the rabble-rousers
Preached distorted veiws from left and right
And the rockets red glare
Searches for the dawn's early light

But dispite your flaming headlines
I'll still keep my faith in you
And you're still the same great country
That I pledge allegiance to
Call me a sentimental patriot
Well I guess that could be true
Well I can't help but think
A lot of people feel the way I do

'Cause the answers aren't all yes or no
To or fro, stop or go
And everything's not left or right

Black or white, day or night

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