

Made In America

Richie Sambora

Made in America, nineteen fifty nine,
Born down by the factories, cross the Jersey City line.
Raised on radio,
Just a jukebox kid,
I was alright.

Just a small town homeboy,
With big time dreams,
Following his conscience, in a world full of extremes.
Fresh outta high school, only seventeen,
I was alright.

Blinded by my vision,
There was just no turning back,
Like a runaway train, life was steaming down the track.
You'd say I'd never made it out,
But I kept on hanging on,
Every night I prayed to Jesus,
And held my head up strong.

I was alright, I landed on my feet,
Made in America, I was brought up on the street.
My old man's independence,
Seemed good enough for me,
I was made in America, made in America.

Never cared much about politics,
'til I was twenty one,
But I woke up when Lennon,
Found the wrong end of a gun.
He left his inspiration,
Before he said goodbye,
And we were alright.

We all lose our innocence,
It's impossible to hold,
I didn't know it then,
I had a pocket full of gold.
When I kissed those younger days goodbye,
It almost broke my heart,
I was going through my growing pains,
I was driving in the dark.

But I was alright,
I landed on my feet,
Made in America, I was brought up on the street.
I'm facing up to freedom,
And chasing down my dream,
I was made in America,
Yeah I was made in America.

Yeah we all lose our innocence,
It's impossible to hold,
I just didn't know it then,
I had a pocket full of gold.
When they said I'd never make it,
I just kept hanging on,

And every night I prayed to Jesus,
And I held my head up strong.

And I was alright, I landed on my feet,
Made in America, I was brought up on the street.
Facing up to who I am,
Chasing down my dream,
I was made in America,
Yeah I was made in America.
Made in America.