

# America

Waylon Jennings

Some have said, down through history  
If you last it's a mystery  
But I guess they don't know, what they're talking about  
From the mountains down to the sea  
You've become such a habit with me  
America, America

Well I come from, down around Tennessee  
But the people in California  
Are nice to me, America  
It don't matter where I may roam  
Tell you people that it's home sweet home  
America, America

And my brothers are all black and white, yellow too  
And the red man is right, to expect a little from you  
Promise and then follow through, America

And the men who fell on the plains  
And lived, through hardship and pain  
America, America  
And the men who could not fight  
In a war that didn't seem right  
You let them come home, America

And my brothers are all black and white, yellow too  
And the red man is right, to expect a little from you  
Promise and then follow through, America

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But the people in California  
Are nice to me, America  
It don't matter where I may roam

And my brothers are all black and white, yellow too  
And the red man is right, to expect a little from you  
Promise and then follow through,  
America

Tell you people that it's home sweet home  
America, America  
America, America

And my brothers are all black and white, yellow too  
And the red man is right, to expect a little from you  
Promise and then follow through, America

It's home sweet home, America  
America, America