

1 247

dm

AMERICAN TRAGEDY

Jimmy O'Connor was a workin' man
 With a home in Brooklyn and a wife called Ann
 Who worked as a temp down on old Wall Street
 Back when Ronnie Reagan was lyin' through his teeth
 But Personnel said "hey, it's so sad, Anne,
 We got this new computer from Taiwan
 That does your job in the blink of an eye
 Hey, it's nothin' personal - there's no need to cry

2

1 it

So Annie stayed home to mind the kids
 There was Mary & Martin and the baby Chris
 It was okay at first but then she got the chills
 One job nowadays don't pay all the bills
 And though she scrounged she didn't seem able
 To keep enough food on the kitchen table
 One day she broke down & screamed at Martin
 Forget about college, you won't make it through kindergarten

2

Hey it's nothin' personal, you hear what I say
 Whatever you do, have a nice day
 This is the way it has to be
 Annie O'Connor's just another American tragedy

3

Annie's changin' the baby on the kitchen floor
 She hears Jimmy's key turnin' in the front door
 But he just stands alone out in the hall
 Pale as a ghost starin' at the wall
 Annie I don't know what were goin' to do
 They just laid off me and half the crew
 Feel all washed up and my head is sore
 Then the baby started bawlin' on the kitchen floor

First week he sat there like a wounded bear
Too tired to fight, too tired to care
But the bills started mountin' and the mortgage was due
So he pulled himself together like any man would do
Went to see the suit down at the bank
But when he asked for a break the suit went blank
It's nothin' personal but we'll have to dispossess
What do you mean nothin' personal, you wanta take my fuckin'
house

Now Annie's gone back to her mother with the kids
Jimmy waitin' for the man drinkin' a quart of Chivas
He got his fatigues on, his screamin' eagle and his knife
Up on the kitchen wall he draped the stars & the stripes
Hendrix is wailin' the Home of the Brave
Jimmy closes his eyes and thinks of glory days
Back in Saigon town when a voice screams from the porch
"Come on out O'Connor we're repossessin' the house"

Jimmy takes a slug from his bottle of whiskey
Better enjoy myself before I'm history
Then his screan ricochets down the kitchen floor
I'll kill the first motherfucker that comes through that door
Next day in the press Hamill and Breslin
Lament the end of all things American
And Annie watches it all on CNN
As the feds blow the shit out of a house out in Brooklyn

But it's nothin' personal, you hear what I say
Whatever you do, have a nice day
This is the way it has to be
Jimmy O'Connor's just another American tragedy

Amer. Tragedy

1 Intro ZX5 - IX

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3 A- F A- C7

D- C E

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