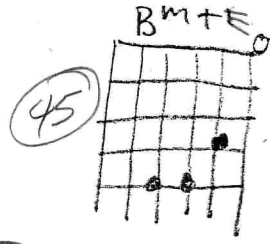


INSTR: Emin D Bm Emin Am Em (2)

G D G Bm+E Am C Em D Bm Em Am Em

LIVIN' IN AMERICA



Oh, it's 6 o'clock and it's time to rock
And me head is beatin' like a drum
In the cold grey light, ah I feel like shite
And I can't remember last night's fun

Then the foreman says "c'mon now boys,
Stick your fingers down your throat and get to work"

Oh Mammy dear, we're all mad over here

Livin' in America

Oh, I knock down walls with big iron balls
And I mix cement by the ton

With me tongue hangin' out for a bottle of stout
Sweatin' bullets in the Brooklyn sun

Then I think of her up on Kingsbridge Road
Did she mean what she said last night

Oh Mammy dear, we're all mad over here...

Livin' in America

On me way downtown, I think of that clown
And the things that he said last night
Did he mean 'em at all or was it just drink talk
Oh, I must look a terrible sight
Put me makeup on as I watch the sun rise high over Fordham Road
Oh Mammy dear, we're all mad over here
Livin' in America

Ah, the kids aren't dressed and the house is a mess
And the yuppies are networkin' again
Kiss their darlin's goodbye - "oh, we'll be late tonight
But we should be home by eleven"
Oh, me little dears dry up your tears
Your parents are too busy makin' money
Oh Mammy dear, we're all mad over here
Livin' in America

② C
D
Workin' with the black man, Dominican and Greek

C
D
In the snows of January or the drenchin' August heat

Em
② C
No sick days or benefits and for Christ sakes don't get hurt

D
The quacks over here won't patch you up unless they see the bucks upfront

C
D
Lookin' after babies from crack of dawn 'til dusk

C
D
Changin' dirty nappies and cleanin' up the house

③ A
② C
Is this what I've been educated for

D
To wipe the arse of every baby in America

Now the day is done, take the subway home

Squashed up like some sardine in a a can

In the Blarney Stone, drink a gallon of foam

'Til I'm feelin' half meself again

If she comes tonight, I'll ask her outright

Ah what the hell, nothin' ventured nothin' gained....

Ah Mammy dear, we're all mad over here

Livin' in America

See him standing there with the ring in his ear

And the grin on the side of his face

With the fag in his mouth, oh I should watch out

For they say that he's a real hard case

Should I take me chance or say "no thanks"

Ah what the hell, nothin' ventured nothin' gained

Oh Mammy dear, we're all mad over here

Livin' in America