

America

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G em C G
I was born in Ohio the son of a Radio man
G em C D
My father fought for his country in a country called Vietnam
Em C D em
I was raised on the highway livin in a movin van
C G D em
Now I was born in this country And this country is who I am

Chorus

I was raised in the heartland, Wisconsin suits me fine
But I still travel the USA, follow that dotted line
I've been down to Mobile, North to the Alaska Range
Though the faces are always changing
The country remains the same.

Chorus

C em
America is the thrill of hope
C G
The hope that we'll all be free
C em
The sparkle in a little ones eyes
C D em-C-G-D (repeat)
the first time that they see, America (repeat)

Now I am a father daddy to three fine kids
I am able to raise them due to the fightin that my father did
My grandpa was captured by the Nazis in WWII
What will you give for your country, for all its given to you?

Chorus