

# Livin' In America

## Black 47

Oh, it's 6 o'clock and it's time to rock  
And me head is beatin' like a drum  
In the cold gray 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"  
And I wish to Christ, I'd stayed home last night  
Instead of drinkin' 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 Kings Bridge 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 Oh, 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  
Workin' with the black man, Dominican and Greek  
In the snows of January or the drenchin' August heat  
No sick days or benefits and for Christ sakes don't get hurt  
The quacks over here won't patch you up  
Unless they see the bucks upfront Lookin' after babies from crack of dawn 'til dusk  
Changin' dirty nappies and cleanin' up the house  
Is this what I've been educated for  
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 myself again If she comes tonight, I'll ask her outright  
Ah, what the hell, nothin' ventured nothin' gained  
And if she takes a chance, she might find romance  
Now she's 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  
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