

America (Remastered Version)

Yes

Let us be lovers, we'll marry our fortunes together
I've got some real estate in my bag
So we bought a pack of cigarettes and Mrs. Wagner's pies
And we walked off, walked off, walked off, to look for America
Kathy, I said, as we boarded
the greyhound in Pittsburgh
Michigan seems like a dream to me now
Took me four days to hitchhike from Saginaw
They've all gone to look for America
All gone to look for America
Laughing on the bus, playing games with faces
She said the man in the gabardine suit was a spy
I said be careful, his bow tie is really a camera
"Kathy, I'm lost", I said, although I knew she was
sleeping
I'm empty and aching and I don't know why I'm
Counting the cars on the New Jersey turnpike
And they've all gone to look for America
All gone to look for America
Kathy, I'm lost", I said, although I knew she was sleeping
I'm empty and aching and I don't know why I'm
Counting the cars on the New Jersey turnpike
And we've all gone to look for America
All gone to look for America
All gone to look for America

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