

## American Me

Billy Joe Shaver

American me, so wild and so free  
Crossing the borders did nothing to me  
The milk and the honey were power and greed  
That's how it goes, American me

And the sun rising slow in the morning  
Makes river lost low like the gold and a tanned hand is fast  
The children are waiting as Clement, they're washing their bodies  
And pitchers of wine in the bed by the old, the old

Long years ago I was there with a Mexican lady  
A beautiful body, so graceful and sang  
A mission bells ranging, we both gave our hearts to each other  
Then we made love in the bed of the old

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