

Faces of America

Dan Fogelberg

There was a time, a simpler time
When a man could be sure of where he stood
I used to work at the yard, working honest and hard
The hours were long but the pay was oh so good

I had a family and friends, oh so many friends
We'd drive to the lake on holidays
Back then it wasn't so dear for a sandwich or beer
At night I still dream I can see their faces

Certain things that you depend upon
There are places that you know
And the faces of America
Oh, where do they go, where did they go

I was born on a farm, a mid-western farm
I rode on the tractor with my dad
And though we never had much it was always enough
And we made the best with what we had

But then came four years of drought and the bottom dropped out
My father was broken like the rest
And I can still see his hands signing over his lands
And the bankers grow fat on the flesh of the dispossessed

Certain things that you depend upon
There are places I can go I sift the ashes of America
For someplace I used to know
Someplace I used to know
Someplace I used to know

There was a time, a simpler time
When a man could be sure of where he stood
I used to work at the yard, working honest and hard
The hours were long but the pay was oh so good

Certain things that you depend upon I used to think were guaranteed
Like the right of every man to work And feed his family
And the faces of America seem so distant and estranged
Have their eyes become too blind to see
How much their hearts have changed
How much their hearts have changed
How much their hearts have changed