

American Faces

John Conlee

Met a black man down in Memphis with lines on his face that looked like the Mississippi
He was the son of a slave, the father of a PhD
He'd squint his eyes at the new day sun, spit tobacco from a toothless gum
And say "Boys, it's a good day to be free"

American faces I have seen, American voices I have listened to
They're a lot like me and you
They're all red, white or blue
American faces I have seen

Saw a veteran in a halfway house, a monkey on his back and the whole world on his shoulder
On his dresser was a medal and a picture of a long lost friend
He'd won a purple heart when he lost his mind but he's kept his dreams since 69
That one day he'll be coming home again

American faces I have seen, American voices I have listened to
They're a lot like me and you
They're all red, white or blue
American faces I have seen

I knew a waitress on the night shift where eggs and coffee were a part of the uniform
Waiting tables all night, taking less than minimum wage
She'd wipe her brow with the back of her hands, speak of three good kids and a hard luck man
But she swore they were bound for better days

American faces I have seen, American voices I have listened to
They're a lot like me and you
They're all red, white or blue
American faces I have seen

Yeah, they're a lot like me and you
And we're all red, white or blue
American faces I have seen