

Boy from Michigan

John Grant

You know my mama sewed clothes for Bertha Runklewich
That lady who I always thought was rich
And I considered her with awe and wonder
When she came around
And in the summertime we went to Kathryn Park
A place where you could have yourself a summer lark
Swinging and spinning on the merry-go-'round
Till the sun went down

And I was haunted by the stories about Connie's car
And how she barely got out when it caught on fire
And the trucker came along and he saved her life
And she was alright
Now it sits across the way from Hall's Apple Farm
A place that I have carried with me for so long
You can find it if you drive along Red Bud Trail
Through the maple trees
In the autumn time

Beware when you go out there
They'll eat you alive if you don't take care
They have different rules they're using
The American Dream can cause scarring and some nasty bruising
Beware when you go out there
They'll eat you alive if you don't take care
They're using different rules
The American Dream is not for weak, soft-hearted fools

And all the neighborhood boys, they got them permanent waves
And we'd walk through the cemetery looking at all the graves
To Thompson's Market for candy and pop
We did it almost every day
We used to look to see if we could find a patch of green
As the winter came to a close and spring
Was blossoming, the ground was coming alive
And it smelled so clean

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And Scotty said softly
With some sadness in his voice
"You're just a simple boy from Michigan
And they'll be doing everything they can to win
So please, please don't ever let your guard down
And maybe someday we'll come back here again"