

# My Country

Randy Newman

Let's go back to yesterday  
When a phone call cost a dime  
In New Orleans, just a nickel  
Turn back the hands of time  
Turn back the hands of time

Picture a room with a window  
A sofa and some chairs  
A television turned on for the night

Picture a woman  
Two children seated  
A man lying there  
Their faces softly glowing in the light

This is my country  
These are my people  
This is the world I understand  
This is my country  
These are my people  
And I know 'em like the back of my own hand

If we had something to say we'd bounce it off the screen  
We were watching and we couldn't look away  
We all know what we look like, you know what I mean  
We wouldn't have had it any other way  
We got comedy, tragedy  
Ev'rything from A to be  
Watching other people living  
Seeing other people play  
Having other people's voices fill our minds  
Thank you, Jesus

Feelings might go unexpressed  
I think that's prob'ly for the best  
Dig too deep, who knows what you will find

This is my country, those were my people  
Theirs was the world I understand

Picture a room, no window  
A door that leads outside  
A man lying on a blanket on the floor  
Picture his three grown boys behind him  
Bouncing words off of a screen  
Of a television big as all outdoors

Now your children are your children  
Even when they're grown  
When they speak to you  
You got to listen to what they have to say  
But they all live alone now  
They have TVs of their own  
But they keep on coming over anyway  
And much as I love them  
I'm always kind of glad when they go away

This is my country  
These are my people  
This is the world I understand  
This is my country  
These are my people  
And I know 'em like the back of my own hand  
I know 'em like the back of my own hand