

# Made In America

Richie Sambora

Made in America, nineteen fifty nine,  
Born down by the factories, cross the Jersey City line.  
Raised on radio,  
Just a jukebox kid,  
I was alright.

Just a small town homeboy,  
With big time dreams,  
Following his conscience, in a world full of extremes.  
Fresh outta high school, only seventeen,  
I was alright.

Blinded by my vision,  
There was just no turning back,  
Like a runaway train, life was steaming down the track.  
You'd say I'd never made it out,  
But I kept on hanging on,  
Every night I prayed to Jesus,  
And held my head up strong.

I was alright, I landed on my feet,  
Made in America, I was brought up on the street.  
My old man's independence,  
Seemed good enough for me,  
I was made in America, made in America.

Never cared much about politics,  
'til I was twenty one,  
But I woke up when Lennon,  
Found the wrong end of a gun.  
He left his inspiration,  
Before he said goodbye,  
And we were alright.

We all lose our innocence,  
It's impossible to hold,  
I didn't know it then,  
I had a pocket full of gold.  
When I kissed those younger days goodbye,  
It almost broke my heart,  
I was going through my growing pains,  
I was driving in the dark.

But I was alright,  
I landed on my feet,  
Made in America, I was brought up on the street.  
I'm facing up to freedom,  
And chasing down my dream,  
I was made in America,  
Yeah I was made in America.

Yeah we all lose our innocence,  
It's impossible to hold,  
I just didn't know it then,  
I had a pocket full of gold.  
When they said I'd never make it,  
I just kept hanging on,

And every night I prayed to Jesus,  
And I held my head up strong.

And I was alright, I landed on my feet,  
Made in America, I was brought up on the street.  
Facing up to who I am,  
Chasing down my dream,  
I was made in America,  
Yeah I was made in America.  
Made in America.