Livin' in America (Fordham Road 8:00 AM)

Black 47

Oh, it's 6 o'clock and it's time to rock
And me head is beatin' like a drum
In the cold gray light, ah I feel like shite
And I can't remember last night's funThen the foreman says, "C'mon now boys
Stick your fingers down your throat and get to work"
And I wish to Christ, I'd stayed home last night
Instead of drinkin' in AmericaOh, I knock down walls with big iron balls
And I mix cement by the ton
With me tongue hangin' out for a bottle of stout
Sweatin' bullets in the Brooklyn sunThen I think of her up on Kings Bridge Road
Did she mean what she said last night
Oh Mammy dear, we're all mad over here
Livin' in America
On me way downtown, I think of that clown
And the things that he said last night
Did he mean 'em at all or was it just drink talk
Oh, I must look a terrible sightPut me makeup on as I watch the sun
Rise high over Fordham Road
Oh Mammy dear, we're all mad over here
Livin' in AmericaOh, the kids aren't dressed and the house is a mess
And the yuppies are networkin' again
Kiss their darlin's goodbye, oh, we'll be late tonight
But we should be home by elevenOh, me little dears dry up your tears
Your parents are too busy makin' money
Oh, Mammy dear, we're all mad over here
Livin' in America
Workin' with the black man, Dominican and Greek
In the snows of January or the drenchin' August heat
No sick days or benefits and for Christ sakes don't get hurt
The quacks over here won't patch you up
Unless they see the bucks upfrontLookin' after babies from crack of dawn 'til dusk
Changin' dirty nappies and cleanin' up the house
Is this what I've been educated for
To wipe the arise of every baby in America?Now the day is done, take the subway home
Squashed up like some sardine in a a can
In the Blarney Stone, drink a gallon of foam
'Til I'm feelin' half myself againIf she comes tonight, I'll ask her outright
Ah, what the hell, nothin' ventured nothin' gained
And if she takes a chance, she might find romance
Now she's livin' in AmericaSee him standing there with the ring in his ear
And the grin on the side of his face
With the fag in his mouth, oh I should watch out

For they say that he's a real hard caseShould I take me chance or say no thanks?
Ah, what the hell, nothin' ventured nothin' gained
Oh, Mammy dear, we're all mad over here
Livin' in AmericaOh, Mammy dear, we're all mad over here
Livin' in America
Oh, Mammy dear, we're all mad over here
Livin' in America
Oh, Mammy dear, we're all mad over here
Livin' in America

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