Rubber on my tires making contact with the road Sign on the street post tells me which way I should go Riding down America Street funny that it's one way Riding down from uptown to where the buildings are broken down in decay

America Street it's right nearby
Land of the free and the brave
If we can't work and make some change
There won't be much of this land left to save

It's a classic case of misdirection and slight of hand We watch while our deficit grows
What a shame that we can't teach our kids to read
Makes you wonder where all the tax money goes

Well America Street it's right nearby
Land of the free and the brave
And if we can't work and make some change
There won't be much of this land left to save

Won't be much to save

Excuse me sir pardon me can you spare some change

Because it's cold and I live outside

A thoughtful search into my pockets finds enough so he can rock et

Right up to the bar and enjoy his lie

America Street it's right nearby
Land of the free and the brave
And if we can't work and make some change
There won't be much of this land left to save
Won't be much to save...