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.