

Voila, An American Dream

Rodney Crowell

I beg your pardon momma what did you say
My mind was drifting on a Martinique day
It's not that I'm not interested you see
Augusta Georgia is just no place to be

I think Jamaica in the moonlight
Sandy beaches drinking rum every night
We've got no money momma but we can go
We'll split the difference go to Coconut grove

Keep on talking momma I can hear
Your voice it tickles down inside of my ear
I feel a tropical vacation this year
Might be the answer to this Hillbilly beer

I think Jamaica in the moonlight...

Voila an American dream
We can travel girl without any means
When it's as easy as closing your eyes
And dream Jamaica is a big neon sign

Just keep on talking momma I like the sound
It goes so good with that rain pouring down
I feel a tropical vacation this year
Might be the answer to this Hillbilly beer

I think Jamaica in the moonlight...
Voila an American dream...