

# American Jerusalem

Shawn Colvin

New York City rain  
Don't know if it's makin' me  
Dirty or clean  
Went for the subway but there was no train  
And the tunnel was grumbling for repairs again  
And the sign says welcome to American Jerusalem

I've been around  
You could spend forever  
Makin' a friend in this town  
All you get to do  
Is lay your dollar down  
Until you're stumbling drunk up the stairs again  
And the sign says welcome to American Jerusalem

In the temples of American Jerusalem  
They buy an ounce of South African gold  
They don't care who was bought or sold  
Or who died to mine it

In the temples of American Jerusalem  
They buy an ounce of Marseille white  
Somewhere on a street with no light  
Somebody dies tryin' it

Then somewhere in a crowd  
Lookin' that kinda way  
That'll make you turn around  
There'll be somebody who knows  
What it's about  
And he'll take the ribbons from your hair again  
And welcome you to American Jerusalem

In the alleys of American Jerusalem  
The homeless lie down at the dawn  
The pretty people wonder what they're on  
And how they afford it

In the ashes of American Jerusalem  
The prophets live their deaths out on the corner  
The pretty people say there should've been a warnin'  
But nobody heard it

Then shadows lick the sun  
The streets are paved with  
Footsteps on the run  
Somebody musta got double  
Cuz I got none  
I forgot to collect my share again  
So go west to breathe the cleansing air again  
Go Niagara for your honeymoon again  
Go on the road if you're gonna sing your tune again  
Go out to sea and learn to be a man again  
Until you come on home to American Jerusalem