

American Land *Bruce Springsteen* 2006

Whoa!
What is this land America, so many travel there
I'm going now while I'm still young, my darling meet
me there
Wish me luck my lovely, I'll send for you when I can
And we'll make our home in the American land
Over there all the women wear silk and satin to their
knees
And children, dear, the sweets, I hear, are growing on
the trees
Gold comes rushing out the rivers straight into your
hands
When you make your home in the American land
There's diamonds in the sidewalk, the gutters lined in
song
Dear, I hear that beer flows through the faucets all
night long
There's treasure for the taking, for any hard working
man
Who'll make his home in the American land
Whoa!
Whoa!
I docked at Ellis Island in the city of light and spire
I wandered to the valley of red-hot steel and fire
We made the steel that built the cities with the sweat of
our two hands
We made our home in the American land
Go!
There's diamonds in the sidewalk, the gutters lined in
song
Dear, I hear that beer flows through the faucets all

night long
There's treasure for the taking, for any hard working
man
Who'll make his home in the American land
Whoa!
Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!
???!
Come on!
The McNicholas, the Posalskis, the Smiths, Zerillis too
The Blacks, the Irish, Italians, the Germans and the
Jews
They come across the water a thousand miles from
home
With nothing in their bellies but the fire down below
They died building the railroads, they worked to bones
and skin
They died in the fields and factories, names scattered
in the wind
They died to get here a hundred years ago, they're still
dying now
Their hands that built the country we're always trying
to keep out
There's diamonds in the sidewalk, the gutters lined in
song
Dear, I hear that beer flows through the faucets all
night long
There's treasure for the taking, for any hard working
man
Who'll make his home in the American land
Who'll make his home in the American land
Who'll make his home in the American land
Whoa!