



LAKER MUSIC

**American Blues**

Turn on the TV and it's always  
the same  
It's just those losers and  
winners in some ultimate game  
And there's no point playing if  
you're not gonna win  
'Cause winning's a sacrament  
and losing's a sin  
And it wears me down to the  
soles of my shoes

And I'm feeling so tired  
And I'm wasted and wired  
And I've got the American blues

And the mountains' majesty and  
the fruited plain  
They're all just waving goodbye  
like amber fields of grain  
Profit and loss is the line in the  
sand  
A dog under the table  
Teeth firmly sunk in hand  
Between a rock and a hard  
place  
Well there's nothing to choose

And I'm feeling so tired  
And I'm wasted and wired  
And I've got the American blues

We're as different from them as  
day and night  
It's as plain as the nose on your  
face  
And we run in the shadow of the  
power and the might  
Of them that's running the  
human race

They rule their own, keep them  
close to the bone  
In an isolation of fear  
Under the heel, while they make  
the deals  
The false prophets and  
profiteers  
'Cause the world's a sound bite  
on the six o'clock news

And I'm feeling so tired  
And I'm wasted and wired  
And I've got the American blues