

John Mellencamp, Pink Houses

There's a black man with a black cat
Livin' in a black neighborhood
He's got an interstate
Runnin' through his front yard
You know he thinks that he's got it so good
And there's a woman in the kitchen
Cleanin' up the evenin' slop
And he looks at her and says, hey darlin'
I can remember when you could stop a clock

Oh, but ain't that America
For you and me
Ain't that America
Something to see, baby
Ain't that America
Home of the free, yeah
Little pink houses
For you and me
Oooh, yeah
For you and me

Well, there's a young man in a t-shirt
Listenin' to a rockin' rollin' station
He's got greasy hair, greasy smile
He says, Lord this must be my destination
'Cause they told me when I was younger
Said boy, you're gonna be president
But just like everything else
Those old crazy dreams
Just kinda came and went

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For you and me
Ain't that America
Something to see, baby
Ain't that America
Home of the free, yeah
Little pink houses
For you and me
Oooh, little baby
For you and me

[Instrumental Interlude]

Well, there's people and more people
What do they know, know, know
Go to work in some high rise
And vacation down at the Gulf of Mexico
Ooh, yeah
And there's winners and there's losers
But they ain't no big deal
'Cause the simple man, baby
Pays for thrills
The bills the pills that kill

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Little pink houses
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Oooh

Ooooh, yeah...