

# 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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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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Oooh

Ooooh, yeah...