

My Fellow Americans

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VERSE



In the heart of Live Oak___ there's a gas sta - tion man. He's___



sharp and a charm - er, his___ En - glish: not bad. And he



has a sense of hu - mor, a com - pas - sion - ate re - sponse to a



dam - sel in dis - tress or some___ crab who pays in ones. His

rit.



name is Ra - fael and I don't know where he's from— Oa -

rit.



xa - ca or So - no - ra, Ca - ra - cas or San Juan— but I

rit.



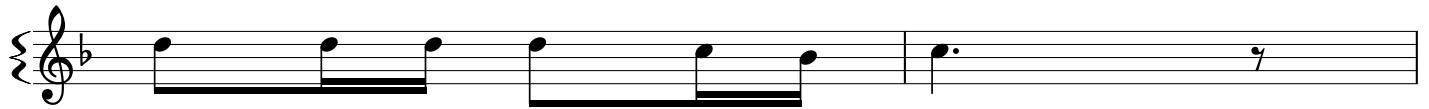
hope he wants to stay here, my fel - low A - mer - i - can___

Sing five verses before bridge.

BRIDGE



I was talk - ing af - ter work with Er - lin - do— he



comes in when most peo - ple go.



He and his wife used to pick straw - ber - ries, but the



ber - ries, they grow so low... The



ber - ries grow so low...



They and their sev - en kids have a home— it's

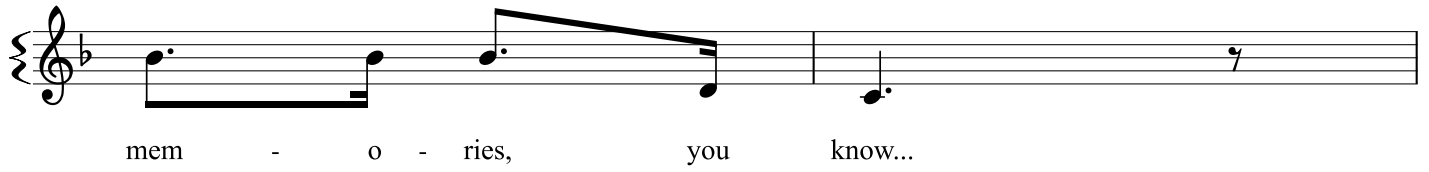


three days' drive in Mex - i - co. A

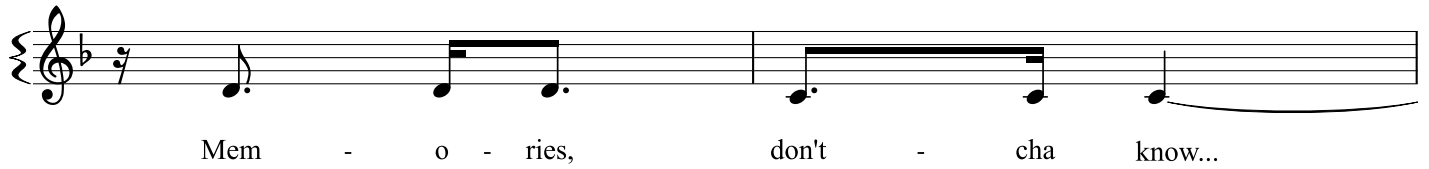


two - sto - ry house, with fur - ni - ture, And

BRIDGE (continued)



mem - o - ries, you know...



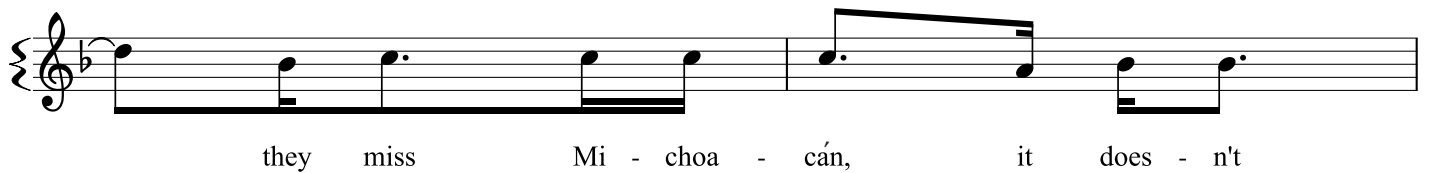
Mem - o - ries, don't - cha know...



But now they've both got good jobs in - doors,



the kids are in school, and so— No mat - ter how much—



they miss Mi - choa - cán, it does - n't



make sense to go... It does-n't make sense to go... if



on - ly the heart could go...

In the halls of high learning, littered with books,
Stands one with a straight spine, never mind his good looks.
He sweeps clear days with late nights, to study math and run
To steer his children safe from the drugs and gangs and guns.
His name is Alfredo, and I don't know where he's from—
Just past Guadalajara—I maybe had it once—
But I hope he wants to stay here, my fellow American.

In the back of a café where the turkey is real,
A man with a strong back holds up half the grill.
He makes a perfect waffle, his flank steak is the best.
He saves his every dollar to have a place to rest.
His name, it is Juan, and I don't know where he's from—
Jalisco or Havana, or Michoacán or what—
But I hope he wants to stay here, my fellow American.

At my local discount, in the shelf-fillin' biz,
A man with desires, an old Chev that's his,
And papers that he flies through the gates of these new days.
His take-home pay's not taken his favorite dreams away.
His name is Angel, and I don't know where he's from—
The barrio of L.A., Chicago, Washington—
But I hope he wants to stay here, my fellow American.

In the garden out front, a short, taut, brown man
My landlord has brought to work magic again.
He comes and does just what he is told to do, I'm sure.
I wonder if he wonders what so much stuff will cure.
His name is José, and I don't know where he's from—
I s'pose he is an Indian, God knows, an ancient one—
But I hope he wants to stay here, my fellow American.

BRIDGE:

I was talking after work with Erlindo—he comes in when most people go.
He and his wife used to pick strawberries, but the berries, they grow so low . . .
The berries grow so low . . .
They and their seven kids have a home—it's three days' drive in Mexico.
A two-story house, with furniture, and memories, you know . . .
Memories, don'tcha know . . .
But now they've both got good jobs indoors, the kids are in school, and so—
No matter how much they miss Michoacán, it doesn't make sense to go . . .
It doesn't make sense to go . . . if only, the heart could go . . .

In a long field of lettuce I can spot from the road,
An hombre who tends by a monster of a load.
He moves through space and bends like he knows this earth is his,
Though rulers drew a line, claimed it's no use thinking this.
His name I can't tell, and I don't know where he's from—
A land of milk and honey, a land of death in slums—
But I hope he wants to stay here, my fellow American.