

Pink Houses

Words & Music:
John Mellencamp

G

There's a black man with a black cat, livin' in a black neighborhood.
He's got an interstate runnin' through his front yard.

F C G

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."

CHORUS:

C G

Oh, but ain't that America, for you and me?
Ain't that America, we're somethin' to see, baby.

C D

Ain't that America, the home of the free?

C G C G C G

Little pink houses for you and me.

There's a young man in a T-shirt, listenin' to a rock & roll station.
He's got greasy hair, greasy smile,
He says, "Lord this must be my destination.
'Cause they told me when I was younger, 'Boy you're gonna be President.'
But, just like everything else,
Those old crazy dreams kinda came and went."

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS: