

Welcome To America

Excuse me, people on the E train. I don't do drugs, that would be insane.
I am on my knees.
Gremlins write the pitch I'm sellin'. (But) I don't think that I am yellin',
But how can I be sure?
Lady in your silk bandana. I'm lookin' for cash; you hand me a banana,
Then turn your eyes back to the door.
I'll stomp it on the subway floor.

Welcome to America. Home of Elvis and Oprah,
Donald Trump and Disneyland...

I ain't no threat. No gun. No ammo. I got my faith in Alan Hammel.
Suzanne Summers knows.
His skin's as white as alabaster. No tattoo, no life disaster.
Golden palace shining through
The clouds above Malibu.

Welcome to America. Home of Walmart and Visa
Land of milk and honey,
With Bushes blooming money.

Now, the donkeys say I'm probably crazy. The elephants say I'm just plain lazy.
I am only what I am.
When the police took me to the doctor, I said a few things that may have shocked her.
Medications were prescribed.
With a Bellevue script, I'm out the back door, but I can't find the goddamn drugstore.
Even someday if I could,
You know my credit score... it ain't so good.

Welcome to America. Home of Las Vegas and Sinatra,
The NFL and Hollywood...

Now, you would not beg, steal or borrow, but I will be right here tomorrow.
This is my very best plan.
To work the people riding on the subway. No home, hope or dream of someday,
And yet... dreams are all I own. Dreamland is my only home.
It's funny - dreams are all I own. Dreamland is my only home.

Welcome to America, home of Elvis and Oprah
Land of milk and honey... With bushes blooming money.

Workin' on the E train. Livin' on the E train...
Workin' on the E train. Livin' on the E train... Wooooo.... sssshhh!