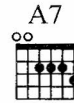
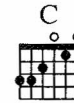
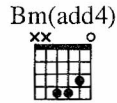
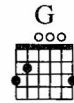
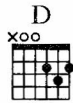
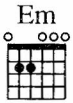


LIVIN' IN AMERICA

(BAINBRIDGE AVENUE 2:00 A.M.)



Quick Step

Excerpt from "The Foggy Dew" Trad. Reel

Words and Music by
LARRY KIRWAN

Em D Bm (Omit 1st time)

1. Ah it's six o'clock and it's time to rock And me
2.,3. See additional lyrics

Em Am Em

head is beat-in' like a drum In the cold day light I

D Bm (omit 1st time) Em Am Em

feel like shite And I can't re-mem-ber last night's fun Then the

G D G Bm(add4)

fore-man says, "C'-mon now boys, stick your fin-gers down your throats and get to

Am C Em D Bm

work" And I wish to Christ I'd stayed home last night 'stead of

Em Am Em

drink-in' in A-mer-i-ca Oh I knock down walls with

D Bm Em Am Em

big iron balls_ And I mix ce - ment by the ton With me

D Bm Em Am

tongue hang-in' out for a bot - tle of stout Sweat-in' bul - lets in_ the Brook - lyn sun_

Em G D G

Then I think of her up - on Kings - bridge Road_ Did she

Bm Am C Em

mean what she said_ last_ night Oh_ Mam - my_ dear,_ we're all

D Bm Em Am To Coda ⊕ Em

mad o - ver here Liv - in' in A - mer - i - ca

D Bm Em Am Em

2. On me ca

C D C

Work-in' with the black_ man, Do - min - i - can_ and Greek In_ the snows of Jan - u - ary or the

D Em C

drench-in' Au-gust heat No sick days or ben-e-fits and for Christ sake don't get hurt The

D

quacks o-ver here won't patch you up un-less they see the bucks_ up - front_

C D

Look-in' af-ter bab-bys from crack of dawn_ 'til dusk

C D

Chang-in' dir-ty nap-pies and clean-in' up_ the house Is

A7 C

this what I've_ been ed-u-cat-ed for_ To wipe the arse_ of ev-ery

D Em D Bm Em Am

ba-by_ in A-mer-i-ca_

1. Em 2. Em G D G Bm Am C Em

D Bm Em Am Em D.S. al Coda CODA Em

3. Now the ca Oh ___

Mam - my _ dear, _ we're all mad o - ver here ___ Liv-in' in A-mer - i - ca Oh ___

Repeat and Fade

Additional lyrics

2. On me way downtown, I think of that clown
 And the things that he said last night
 Did he mean 'em at all or was it just drink talk
 Oh, I must [have] looked a terrible sight
 Put me make-up on as I watch the sun
 Rise high over Fordham Road
 Oh Mammy dear, we're all mad over here
 Livin' in America
 Oh, the kids aren't dressed and the house is a mess
 And the yuppies are networkin' again
 Kiss their darlin's goodbye "Oh, we'll be late tonight
 But we should be home by eleven"
 Oh me little dears dry up your tears
 Your parents are too busy makin' money
 Oh Mammy dear, we're all mad over here
 Livin' in America
3. Now the day is done, take the subway home
 Squashed up like some sardine in a can
 In the Blarney Stone, I drink a gallon of foam
 'Til I'm feelin' half meself again
 If she comes tonight I'll ask her outright
 Ah what the hell, nothin' ventured nothin' gained
 And if she takes a chance she might find romance
 Now she's livin' in America
- See him standin' there with the ring in his ear
 And the grin on the side of his face
 With the fag in his mouth, oh I should watch out
 For they say that he's a real hard case
 Should I take me chance or say "no thanks"
 Ah what the hell, nothin' ventured nothin' gained
 Oh Mammy dear, we're all mad over here
 Livin' in America