**My Home Sweet American Home**

 **G** **C** **Am**

 In this land of opportunity where the ghost of freedom reigns,

 **Bm** **C** **G**

 I've been given a life to call my own,

 **F** **C** **Am** **Em** **Am**

 And even though there may be a place where I would rather be,

 **D** **C** **D** **C** **G**

 I'm bound to live and die in my home sweet American home.

 **C** **G** **D** **C** G

I had a dixie cup full of pennies in my cupboard, and an American flag on my wall,

 **C** **G** **F** **C**

But I never meant to lose my love in 1960, and live on just to prove how far a

**Am** **D**

man can fall.

 **Em** **C**

Now you can find me at the Salvation Army, six out of seven days from 9:00 to

**G**

5:00

 **F** **C** **Am** **Em** **C** **D**

Then I go to my cardboard house on Berkeley Avenue,... and over a bottle of whiskey,

**C** **Am** **C** **D** **G**

Tom and I share the history, written somewhere behind our bloodshot eyes.

 (chorus)

I was born and raised in Minnesota, the son of a son of a man I never knew.

And I left my boy with a woman in North Dakota, but I still feel I did the only thing a man could do.

And now it's only eighteen days until November; I hope my buddy Tom will live through the coming snow.

'Cause he still owes me seven cups of coffee, and putting that aside, though I cannot tell you why, old Tom Drake is the only friend I know.

 (chorus)

Today the yards I rake will buy my dinner, the fallen leaves are a friend and an enemy,

Though they sing the prelude for the long hard winter, the piles for the children are like coins to me.

And when I can I'll shine shoes for a quarter; shoes that are worth more than all I own.

But I believe I may have seen my tables turned around, if my family had held true,

But there was nothing I could do, and then the mighty gales of time began to blow.