

## AMERICAN LAND

What is this land America, so many travel there  
I'm going now while I'm still young my darling meet me there  
Wish me luck my lovely I'll send for you when I can  
And we'll make our home in the American land

Over there all the women wear silk and satin to their knees  
And children, dear, the sweets, I hear, are growing on the trees  
Gold comes rushing out the rivers straight into your hands  
When you make your home in the American Land

**There's diamonds in the sidewalk the gutters lined in song  
Dear, I hear that beer flows through the faucets all night long  
There's treasure for the taking, for any hard working man  
Who'll make his home in the American Land**

*Instrumental break*

I docked at Ellis Island in the city of light and spires  
I wandered to the valley of red-hot steel and fire  
We made the steel that built the cities with the sweat of our two hands  
And we made our home in the American Land

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*Instrumental break*

The McNicholas, the Posalski's, the Smiths, Zerillis, too  
The Blacks, the Irish, Italians, the Germans and the Jews  
Come across the water a thousand miles from home  
With nothing in their bellies but the fire down below

They died building the railroads worked to bones and skin  
They died in the fields and factories names scattered in the wind  
They died to get here a hundred years ago they're still dyin now  
The hands that built the country we're always trying to keep down

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