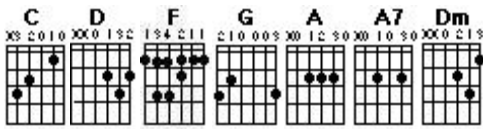


Land of the Free



Intro: C D F G A A7

I'm on a first class train to Birmingham, not middle England, Alabama man
I stood at bars with the Klu Klux Klan while they just drank their beer
I met a Spanish girl in Santa Fe and she literally stole my Englishness away
I caught a nasty little rash that day was it her or the beer?

You don't blame me it's not my fault no
I gotta laugh in the face of your happiness
Don't blame me 'cos I'm just glad to be in the land of the free

I hitched my way to New York City, searchin' for the soul of this country
But no one would even speak to me so I headed west to the frontier
Saw a moose on the loose in Motortown and the
national guard threatenin' to shoot him down
They wanted dollars but he only had pounds so they shot him anyway

[chorus]

Oh dear, how can I say, when I've only been here one day...

Saw Elvis' ghost in Tennessee, and the sons of pioneers at the
foot of the rockies
An' grown men who wouldn't believe that there are lands across the sea

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