**American Tune**

Paul Simon

Many’s the time I’ve been mistaken  
And many times confused  
Yes, and I’ve often felt forsaken  
And certainly misused  
Oh, but I’m all right, I’m all right  
I’m just weary to my bones  
Still, you don’t expect to be bright and bon vivant  
So far away from home, so far away from home

I don’t know a soul who’s not been battered  
I don’t have a friend who feels at ease  
I don’t know a dream that’s not been shattered  
Or driven to its knees  
Oh, but it’s all right, it’s all right  
For we lived so well so long  
Still, when I think of the road we’re traveling on  
I wonder what’s gone wrong  
I can’t help it, I wonder what’s gone wrong

And I dreamed I was dying  
I dreamed that my soul rose unexpectedly  
And looking back down at me  
Smiled reassuringly  
And I dreamed I was flying  
High above my eyes could clearly see  
The Statue of Liberty  
Sailing away to sea  
And I dreamed I was flying

Oh, we come on the ship they call the Mayflower  
We come on the ship that sailed the moon  
We come in the age’s most uncertain hours  
And sing an American tune  
Oh, and it’s all right,   
It’s all right, it’s all right  
You can’t be forever blessed  
Still, tomorrow’s going to be another working day  
And I’m trying to get some rest  
That’s all I’m trying to get some rest

**The Pretender**

Jackson Browne

I’m going to rent myself a house

In the shade of the freeway

I’m going to pack my lunch in the morning

And go to work each day

And when the evening rolls around

I’ll go on home and lay my body down

And when the morning light comes streaming in

I’ll get up and do it again

Amen

I want to know what became of the changes

We waited for love to bring

Were they only the fitful dreams

Of some greater awakening

I’ve been aware of the time going by

They say in the end it’s the wink of an eye

And when the morning light comes streaming in

You’ll get up and do it again

Amen

Caught between the longing for love

And the struggle for the legal tender

Where the sirens sing and the church bells ring

And the junkman pounds his fender

Where the veterans dream of the fight

Fast asleep at the traffic light

And the children solemnly wait for the ice cream vendor

Out into the cool of the evening strolls the Pretender

He knows that all his hopes and dreams begin and end there

Ah the laughter of the lovers as they run through the night

Leaving nothing for the others but to choose off and fight

And tear at the world with all their might

While the ships bearing their dreams sail out of sight

I’m going to find myself a girl

Who can show me what laughter means

And we’ll fill in the missing colors

In each other’s paint by number dreams

And then we’ll put our dark glasses on

And we’ll make love until our strength is gone

And when the morning light comes streaming in

We’ll get up and do it again

Get it up again

I’m going to be a happy idiot

And struggle for the legal tender

Where the ads take aim and lay their claim

To the heart and the soul of the spender

And believe in whatever may lie

In those things that money can buy

Though true love could have been a contender

Are you there?

Say a prayer for the Pretender

Who started out so young and strong

Only to surrender

Say a prayer for the pretender

Are you there for the pretender?

Say a prayer for the pretender