

American Fools

Rick Thorne

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American Fools

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$\text{♩} = 120$ G C D D Am Em D D G C D D Am Em D D

10 *mf* **A** G C D D Am Em D D
Ca-thy D lives at twen-ty five West in a draf-ty place where shetries to rest_ From her

14 G C D D Am Em D
two jobs_ night school and the same old song_ from the kids she's rai-sing from a

17 D G C D D
love gone wrong Ev-ery day she wakes at 5 A M_ Her

20 Am Em D D G C D
whole life is a fight be-tween her and them And six-ty ho-urs work is al-ways

23 D Am Em D D
just part time_ The ends nev-er meet_ she can't save a dime_

26 Bm Am Bm
She just breaks e-ven but there's no com plaint She could give up but there's

29 Am C Em D
no re straint_ She could say no_ but thereain't no ain't'cuz she's plain old school



She's an Am-er-i-can fool



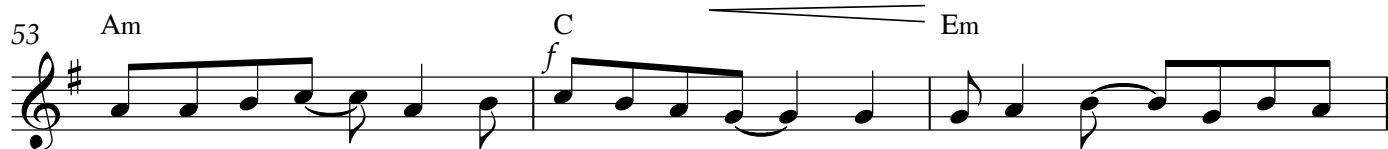
J and J live with up-scale rent_ ers Build-ing low load funds for



one per- cent ers Ev-ery day they drive their Porche Ma con_ to work and lunch and



on and on_ They still rent and their sa-vings is grow ing The bills get paid and the



mon-ey's still flow_ ing they catch ev-ery thing that life is throw - ing in their



four-teen car-at gol-den rules they're Am-er-i-can fools



Moun-tain dreams high ex-pec-ta_tions



Wide chas-ms deep frus- tra_tions Keep fight-ing reach for the prize



Don't blink for a sec-ond it'll run from your eyes_

78 G C D D Am Em D D B $\flat$ **E** F

Iv - y Leagues and for - tune tel_ lers

84 B $\flat$ F D $\flat$ A $\flat$ *ff*

High ri - ses and deep cold cel_ lars Keep fly ing and don't look down It's

88 C D D **F** G C D

up or done there's no mid - dle ground R P T's kick - ing

92 D Am Em D D *f*

back with a beer_ Had his chil - dren and a house and a long ca - reer_

95 G C D D Am Em D

Get - ting time to cash out all his debt_ But he shrugs and says "I don't think I'm

98 D Bm Am

quite done yet"_ He's o - ver six - ty but he feels no - where near_ it

101 Bm Am C

Time to re - tire he won't e - ven hear_ it He's still got a dream time to

104 Em D D

en - gin - eer_ it but since when does com - mon sense rule with an A - mer - i - can_

107 G C D D Am Em D D G C D D Am Em D D G

Fool

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Cathy D lives at 25 West
In a drafty place where she tries to rest
From her two jobs, night school, and the same old song
From the kids she's raising from a love gone wrong

Every day she wakes at 5 AM
Her whole world is a fight between her and them
60 hours work is always just part time
The ends never meet – she can't save a dime
She just breaks even but there's no complaint
She could give up but there's no restraint
She could say no, but there ain't no ain't
'cuz she's plain old school – she's an American Fool

J and J live with upscale renters
Building low load funds for one percenters
Every day they drive their Porsche Macon
To work and to lunch and on and on
They still rent, and their savings is growing
The bills get paid, and the money's still flowing
They catch everything that life is throwing
In their fourteen carat golden rules – they're American Fools

Mountain dreams – high expectations
Wide chasms – deep frustrations
Keep fighting, reaching for the prize
Don't blink for second it'll run from your eyes

Ivy Leagues and fortune tellers
High rises and deep cold cellars
Keep flying, and don't look down
It's up or done – there's no middle ground

RPT's kicking back with a beer
Had his children and a house and a long career
Getting time to cash out all his debt
But he shrugs and says "I don't think I'm quite done yet"
He's over 60 but he feels nowhere near it
Time to retire – he won't even hear it
He's still got a dream – time to engineer it
But since when does common sense rule – with an American Fool