AN AMERICAN DREAM - Rodney Crowell

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro:

I beg your pardon, mama, what did you say? My mind was drifting off on Martinique Bay.

It's not that I'm not inter-ested, you see, Augusta, Georgia is just no place to be.

I think Jamaican in the moonlight. Sandy beaches, drinking rum every night.

We got no money, mama, but we can go. We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove.

Keep on talking, mama, I can hear your voice, it tickles down in-side of my ear.

I feel a tropical va-cation this year, might be the answer to this hillbilly fear.

I think Jamaican in the moonlight. Sandy beaches, drinking rum every night.

We got no money, mama, but we can go. We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove.
Voila! An American Dream.  Well, we can travel, girl, without any means.

When it's as easy as closing your eyes, and dream Jamaica is a big neon sign.

Interlude:

Just keep talking, mama, I like that sound.  It goes so easy with that rain falling down.

I think a tropical vacation this year, might be the answer to this hillbilly fear.

Voila! An American Dream.  Well, we can travel, girl, without any means.

When it's as easy as closing your eyes, and dream Jamaica is a big neon sign.

I think Jamaican in the moonlight.  Sandy beaches, drinking rum every night.

We got no money, mama, but we can go.  We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove.

We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove.  We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove.
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Intro:  | G | C | D7 | D7sus  D7 |

G          C          D7          G
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D7          G          D7          G
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