

Pink Houses

Intro D (G) D 4x

D

There's a black man, with a black cat, living in a black neighborhood.
He's got an interstate running through his front yard;

Well there's a young man, in a tee-shirt, listening to a rockin' rollin' station
He's got greasy hair, and a greasy smile he says,

Well there's people, and more people; what do they know?
Go to work in some high rise,

C

G

D

[D]

you know he thinks he's got it so good
"Lord this must be my destination"
and vacation down at the Gulf of Mexico

D

And there's a woman, in the kitchen, cleaning up the evening slop.
Cause they told me, when I was younger, "Boy you're gonna be President"
And there's winners, and there's losers; but they ain't no big deal

C

G

D

He looks at her and says, "Hey darlin' I remember when you could stop a clock"
But just like everything else those old crazy dreams, just kinda came and went
Because the simple man baby pays for the thrills, the bills, the pills that kill

Chorus After last verse repeat chorus 2x (D lead in no riff)

(D)

G

D

Oh, but ain't that America, for you and me?

G

D

Ain't that America, something to see baby?

G

A

Ain't that America, home of the free?

G

Little pink houses, for you and me D-G-D (ooh yeah) 2x **before red verse**

Solo after red verse/chorus D (G) D [3x] A G (D) [4x] +drum break to blue verse

D (G) D [4x outro]