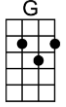
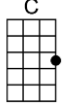
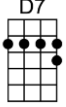
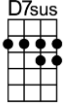
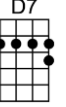
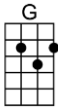


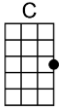
AN AMERICAN DREAM - Rodney Crowell

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

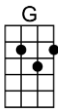
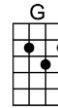
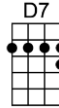
Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |



I beg your pardon, mama, what did you say?



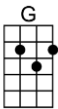
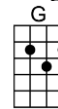
My mind was drifting off on Martinique Bay.



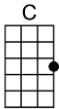
It's not that I'm not inte-**re**-sted, you see,



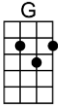
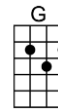
Augusta, Georgia is just no place to be.



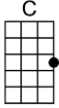
I think Jamaican in the moonlight.



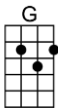
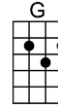
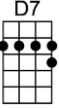
Sandy beaches, drinking rum every night.



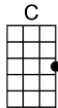
We got no money, mama, but we can go.



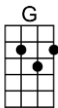
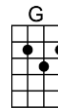
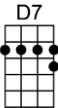
We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove.



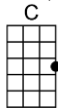
Keep on talking, mama, I can hear



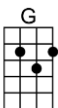
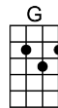
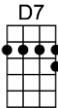
your voice, it tickles down in-side of my ear.



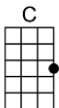
I feel a tropical va-cation this year,



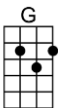
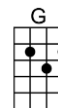
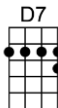
might be the answer to this hillbilly fear.



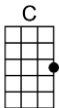
I think Jamaican in the moonlight.



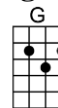
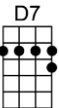
Sandy beaches, drinking rum every night.



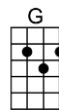
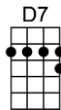
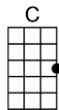
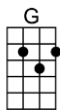
We got no money, mama, but we can go.



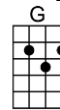
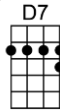
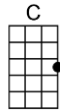
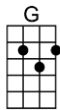
We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove.



p.2. An American Dream

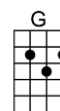
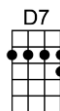
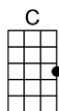
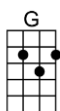
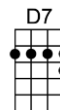
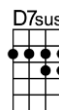
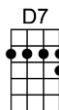
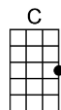
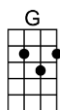
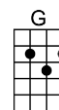
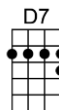
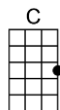
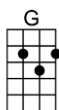


Voila! An A-merican Dream. Well, we can travel, girl, with-out any means.

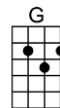
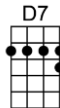
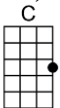
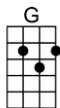


When it's as easy as closing your eyes, and dream Jamaica is a big neon sign.

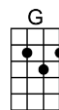
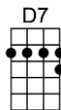
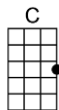
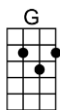
Interlude:



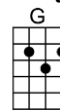
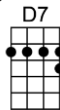
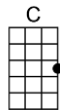
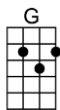
Just keep talking, mama, I like that sound. It goes so easy with that rain falling down.



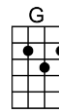
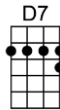
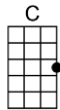
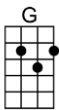
I think a tropical va-cation this year, might be the answer to this hillbilly fear.



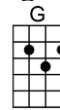
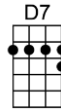
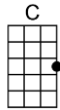
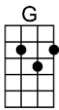
Voila! An A-merican Dream. Well, we can travel, girl, with-out any means.



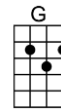
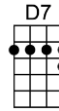
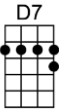
When it's as easy as closing your eyes, and dream Jamaica is a big neon sign.



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.

AN AMERICAN DREAM-Rodney Crowell

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

Intro: | G | C | D7 | D7sus D7 |

G C D7 G
I beg your pardon, mama, what did you say? My mind was drifting off on Martinique Bay.

G C D7 G
It's not that I'm not inte-rested, you see, Augusta, Georgia is just no place to be.

G C D7 G
I think Jamaican in the moonlight. Sandy beaches, drinking rum every night.

G C D7 G
We got no money, mama, but we can go. We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove.

G C D7 G
Keep on talking, mama, I can hear your voice, it tickles down in-side of my ear.

G C D7 G
I feel a tropical va-cation this year, might be the answer to this hillbilly fear.

G C D7 G
I think Jamaican in the moonlight. Sandy beaches, drinking rum every night.

G C D7 G
We got no money, mama, but we can go. We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove.

G C D7 G
Voila! An A-merican Dream. Well, we can travel, girl, with-out any means.

G C D7 G
When it's as easy as closing your eyes, and dream Jamaica is a big neon sign.

Interlude: G C D7 G G C D7 D7sus D7

G C D7 G
Just keep talking, mama, I like that sound. It goes so easy with that rain falling down.

G C D7 G
I think a tropical va-cation this year, might be the answer to this hillbilly fear.

G C D7 G
Voila! An A-merican Dream. Well, we can travel, girl, with-out any means.

G C D7 G
When it's as easy as closing your eyes, and dream Jamaica is a big neon sign.

G C D7 G
Just think Jamaican in the moonlight. Sandy beaches, drinking rum every night.

G C D7 G
We got no money, mama, but we can go. We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove.

D7 G D7 G
We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove. We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove.