

Song In the American Soul

- song

by Jerry Ratch

Through the lonely night
All the roads are breathing
While somewhere on the road
The American soul lies bleeding

The past is all in yellow
The future's all in blue
While living in the moment
Has lost its rosy hue

Might have to start out laughing
If you want to come to tears
Might have to wallow around in
Or swallow all your fears

But through the lonely night
I hear the roads are breathing
While somewhere on the road
The American soul lies bleeding

Well, I'm a porker through and through
I eat bacon, pork rinds too
I eat pork chops, ham, and ribs
I ride Harleys, I tell fibs

I'm a porker, yes it's true
I'm a porker through and through

I eat bacon, pork rinds too
I'm a porker through and through

And through the lonely night
All the roads are breathing
While somewhere on the road
The American soul lies bleeding

Yeah, through the lonely night
I hear the roads are breathing
While somewhere on the road
The American soul lies bleeding

The American soul lies bleeding
Yeah, the American soul lies bleeding
The American soul lies bleeding
Yeah, the American soul lies bleeding

