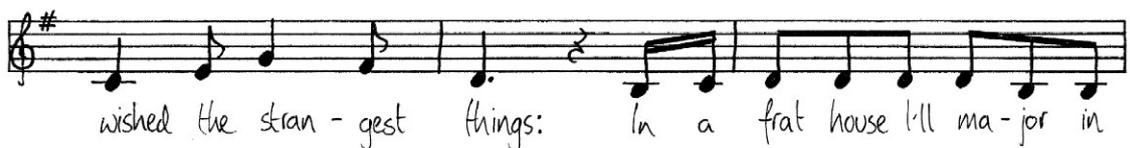
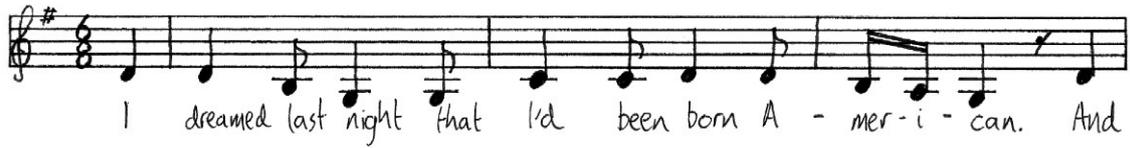


# I DREAMED LAST NIGHT THAT I'D BEEN BORN AMERICAN

Words and music by Peter Ostrowski 2015.



Glo-ry" on Mars. I dreamed last night that I'd been born A-

mer-i-can. And in my dream I craved the stran-gest

things: To set-tle down in a white wood-en pick-et fenced house, my

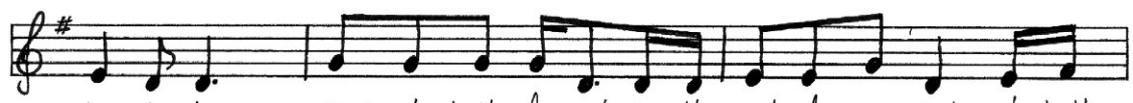
chil-dren called Scoo-ter and Scout. To starve for a month and

still be quite stout. To say "Ass", "Ho" and "Jerk" (though

"Mo-fo" is out). I dreamed last night that I'd been born A-

mer-i-can. And in my dream I had the stran-gest

time: I stood be-fore Mount Rush-more, Bush, Quail and Trump carved there



long be-fore God stuck the fos-sils in the rocks for a bet which the



De-vil won\_ and is still laugh-ing yet. I dreamed last night that



I'd been born A - mer-i - can. And in my dream I



lived the strang-est life: Not a clue what it is but



Thanks-giv-ing came. I ad-dressed my next door neigh-bour by his sur-



name. I bombed the world flat and felt no shame. Though



I'm too free to go there I know Cu-ba's to blame. My



fan-ta-sy, fi - nal - ly, to be so free I

get to see we're bet-ter\_ dead than red. I want to

or-der a beer with six in-ches of head. I dreamed last night that

I'd been born A - mer-i - can. And in my dream I

saw the strang-est world: I could drink Sarsa-pa-ril-la\_

out in the sun. Eat meat-loaf and blue-ber-ry pie by the ton. Spell

mum "mom" yet still pro-nounce it as mum. And grow me a fan-ny\_

in - stead of a bum. I dreamed last night that

I'd been born A - mer-i - can. \_