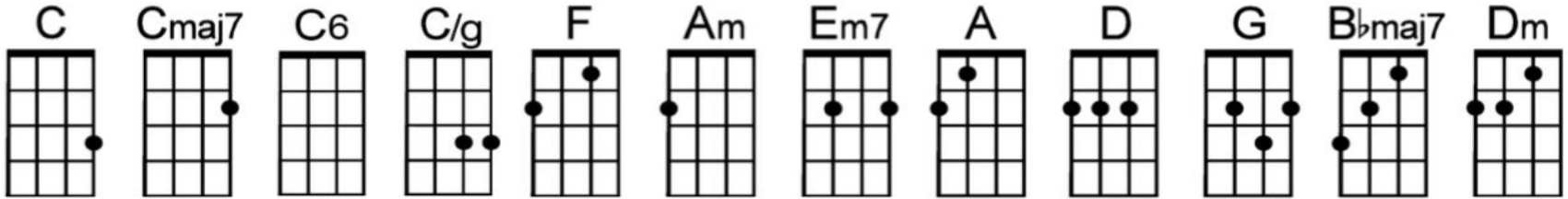
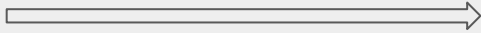


America

by Paul Simon (1968)



Intro:

C . . | CMaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . | F . . | . . | . . | . . | . . |
 Hm— hm— hm— hm— hm hm-hm hm—

C . . | CMaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . | F . . | . . | . . | . . | . . |
 Hm— hm— hm— hm— hm hm-hm hm—

C . . | CMaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . | F . . | . . | . . | . . | . . |
 Let us be lov—ers, we'll mar—ry our for—tunes to—geth—er—

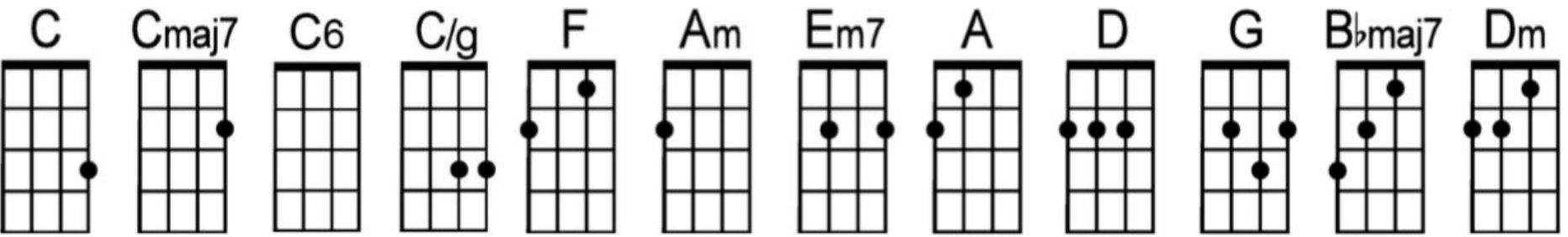
C . . | CMaj7 . . | Am . . | . . | . . | . . | . . | . . | . . |
 I've got some real—e—state here in my bag— (Oo—oo—oo—

Em7 . . | . . | A . . | . . | Em7 . . | . . | A . . | . . |
 oo—) So we bought a pack of cigar—ettes, and Mrs—Wag—ner's pi—i—ies—

. | D . . | C . . | G . . | C . . | CMaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . |
 And walked— off— to look for— A—mer—i—ca—

F . . | . . | . . | . . | . . | . . | . . | . . | . . |





Second Verse:

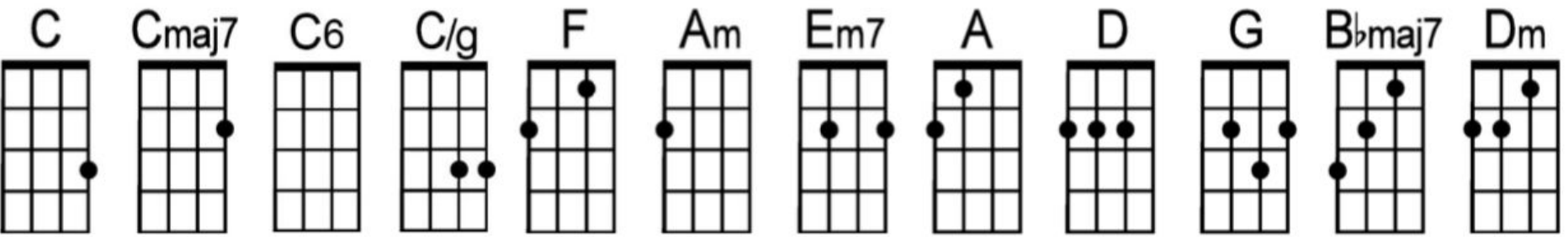
C . . | CMaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . | F . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
 "Kath-y," I said as we board-ed a Grey-hound in Pitts-burg_____

C . . | CMaj7 . . | Am . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
 "Mich-i-gan seems— like a dream— to me now_____"

G . . . | | | |
 It took me four days— to hitch-hike from Sag-a—naw

D . . | G . . | D . . | CMaj7 . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
 I've_____ come— to look for— A-mer_____ i—ca_____

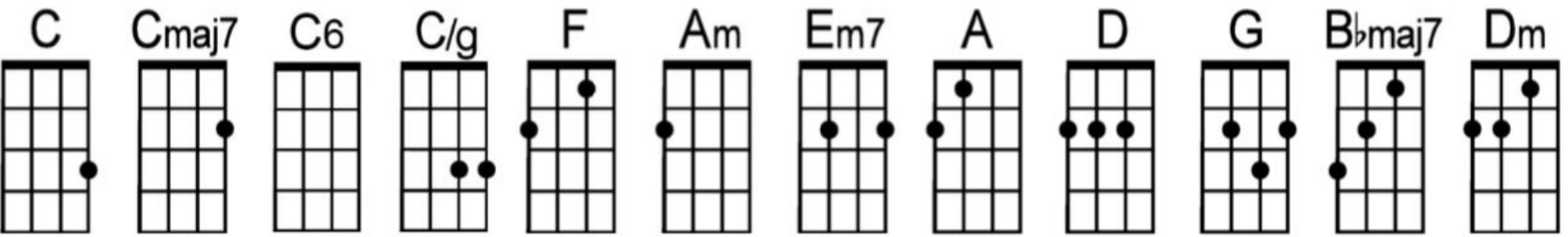




Bridge:

Bbmaj7 . . | | | | CMaj7 . . | | | |
 Laugh-ing on the bus— playing games— with the fac-es—
 Bbmaj7 . . | | | | CMaj7 . . | | | |
 She said the man— in the ga—ber-dine suit was a spy—
 F . . | | | | C . . | CMaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . |
 I said be care-ful his bow-tie is real-ly a ca—mer-a—
 F . . | | | |





Third Verse:

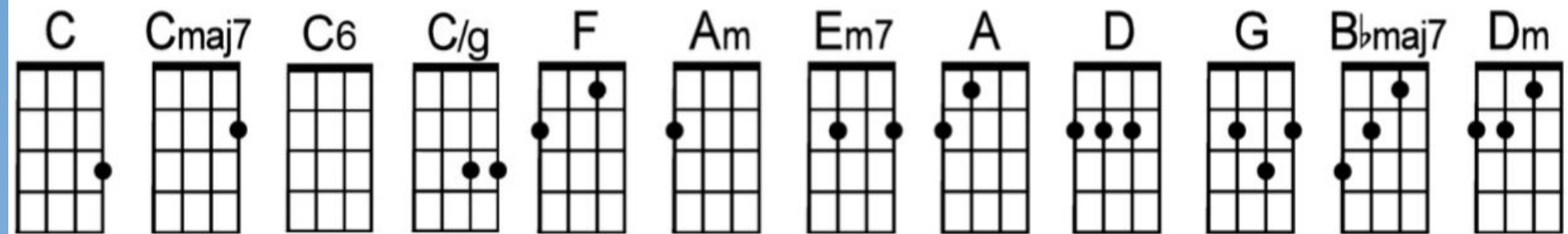
C . . | CMaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . | F . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
 Toss me a cig—ar—ette I think there's one in my rain-coat—

C . . | CMaj7 . . | Am . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
 We smoked the last one an ho—ur a—go— (Oo—oo—oo—

Em7 . . | . . . | A . . | . . . | Em7 . . | . . . | A . . | . . . |
 oo—) So I looked at the scener-y— she read her maga-zine—

. | D . . | C . . | G . . | C . . | CMaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . |
 And the moon— rose— o—ver an o—pen field





Fourth Verse:

C . . | CMaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . | F . . | . . | . . | . .
 "Kath-y I'm lost—," I said—, though I knew she was sleep-ing—

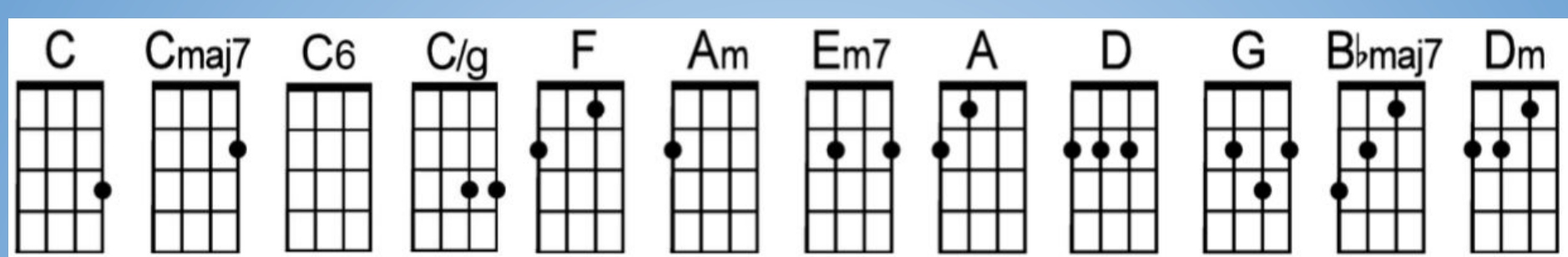
. | C . . | CMaj7 . . | Am . . | . . | . . | . . | . . |
 I'm emp-ty and ach-ing and I— don't— know— why—y-y-y—

G . . | . . | . . | . . | . . | . . |
 Count-ing the cars on the New Jer-sey Turn-pike

. | D . . | G . . | D . . | CMaj7 . . | . . | . . | . . | . . |
 They've all— come— to look for— A-mer— i— ca—

D . . | G . . | D . . | CMaj7 . . | . . | . . | . . | . . |
 all— come— to look for— A-mer— i— ca—





Outro:

C . . | CMaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . | F . . | Am . . | Dm . . | F . . |

[Slowly fade]

C . . | CMaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . | F . . | Am . . | Dm . . | F . . | C\

America by Paul Simon 1968

was inspired by a five-day road excursion Simon undertook in September 1964 with his then girlfriend Kathy Chitty.

{ ukulele strum format from San Jose Ukulele Club Song Book }

