AMERICAN DREAM

Words and Music by NEIL YOUNG

Moderately fast (♩=♩ 3/4)

I used to see you on every T. V.,
Now you think about reaching out,
your smiling face—
try to get some help—
looked back at me from above.

I used to see you on every T.V.,
Now you think about reaching out,

your smiling face looked back at me from above.

Then they caught you with the Reporters crowding a
girl next door, people's money piled on the floor,
round your house, going through your garbage like a pack of hounds.

Accusations that you try to deny,
speculating what they might find out
revealing and it don't matter now,

rumors begin to fly,
you're all washed up.

1.
You wake up in the middle of the night,
your sheets are wet and your face is white.

You tried to make a good thing last.
How did something so good, go bad, so fast?
American dream, American dream,

Don't know where things went wrong,
might have been when you were young and strong. (American dream, American dream.)

Don't know where things went wrong, might have been when you were young and strong. (American dream,)
Ameri-can dream. Report-ers crowd a
round your house, going through your gar-bage like a
pack of hounds, spec-u-lat-ing what they
might find out. It don't mat-ter now, you're all-washed
D.S. & fade