

## American Baby by S. Johnson

They say don't go outside; it's dangerous.  
The cold has arrive. The snow comes. I'm stuck inside.  
Eight by ten, I stumble again.

Someone once pointed a knife at me.  
I laughed and said, "Sweetie, don't you know where I come from?"  
It's not quiet. I'm used to a gunshot.  
"This little knife you got pointed at me—isn't scary.  
"I'm American, baby."

I wasn't rebellious, and I grew up just fine.  
Stepped out of a car with a German, and a gun popped twice.  
I said, "Honey, it's fine."

I didn't go to the funeral of the boy shot.  
In our hometown, he was shot by his friends.  
They always said guns are so much fun.  
He was shot for some drugs, but he had it coming.  
Some say he was nice, but they never got on his bad side.

American baby born in war in the streets,  
Where we used to play and that one boy used to sing,  
Where I took that German home, where I leave.