

Pat Green - Rusty Old American Dream

Tom: D

I don't look all that ragged for all the time it's been,
 But I'm weakend underneath me where my frame has rusted thin.
 And this here state inspection, I just barely passed.
 Won't you drive me 'cross the country, boy,
 This year could be my last.

I'm a tail-fin road locomotive
 From the days of cheap gasoline.
 For sale on the side of the road, goin' nowhere.
 Rusty old American dream.

I rolled off the line of Detroit in 1958.
 Spent two days on the show room,
 That's all I had to wait.
 I've been good to all who've owned me, so have no fear.
 Come on, boy, put your money down
 And get me outta here.

I'm a tail-fin road locomotive

From the days of cheap gasoline.
 For sale on the side of the road, goin' nowhere.
 Rusty old American dream.

This car needs a young man to own him,
 One who will polish the chrome.
 I'll give you the rest of my lifetime,
 But don't let me die here alone.
 Just jump me some juice to my battery,
 Give that old starter a spin.
 Hear me whir, sputter, backfire to the carburetor
 and roar into life once again.

I'm a tail-fin road locomotive
 From the days of cheap gasoline.
 For sale on the side of the road, goin' nowhere.
 Rusty old American dream.
 Still runnin', rusty old American dream.

Acordes

