

# American Junkyard

Brian Burns

Welcome, my friend, won't you step through the gate?  
I'll be happy to show you around.  
Anything in particular you're lookin' for,  
Well, you'll find it on this sacred ground.  
We only deal in the finest used merchandise,  
Quality worth every dime,  
And all that you see here in every direction  
Is on sale for a limited time.

We got runners of races who came in last...  
Old folks with nothin' left but the past...  
Kids who aren't popular in their class...  
Hey, try tellin' them times ain't hard.  
We got automobiles and pinball machines...  
Skeletons of old drive-in movie screens...  
Miles of unread books and magazines...  
And we've got it all here for sale in the American Junkyard.

When people want somethin' they don't have already,  
No price is too high to pay.  
But as soon as they get it, they want something different,  
And so they just throw it away.  
So feel free to browse 'til you've made your selection,  
Then come on in out of the rain.  
Most people nowadays don't care much for history;  
This mornin' their loss is your gain.

We got outlaws who outran their restlessness...  
Poets and preachers who did their best...  
Teachers with courage and selflessness...  
Just try tellin' them times ain't hard.  
Department store dummies with missin' hands...  
Songbooks from Salvation Army bands...  
Old dogs whose owners made other plans...  
And we've got it all here for sale in the American Junkyard.  
We got dreamers and dark angels on the lam...  
Old downcast veterans from Vietnam...  
Who came home and nobody gave a damn...  
Try tellin' them times ain't hard.  
We got records and eight tracks and old guitars...  
Posters of rock bands and movie stars...  
Mood rings and marbles in Mason jars...  
And we've got it all here for sale in the American Junkyard.

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