

Songs For Sale

David Nail

Boiled peanuts anytime, painted on a plywood sign
Pull to the shoulder and buy a sack
An old man with a dirty face swears they're the best you'll taste
Grows 'em fresh in that red dirt field outback, yeah, that's a fact

Grace is a mechanic's wife and their toe-head boys are her whole life
Sews patches on blue jeans night and day
Never does much for herself, doesn't dream of fame or wealth
Just a ballpark bleacher and a place to pray

Some are called to preach the gospel
String fence in Colorado
Some are born to raise a family
Swing a hammer at a nail
Haul bricks or carry mail
Go to college, Duke or Yale, but me,
I got songs for sale

There's not a lot of tread on my tires, in some spots you can see the wires
Just hope they make it to the next town so I can sing
I'm still earning lots of lessons, I'm still calling it a profession
Travelin' 'round strummin' these guitar strings

Some are good at mending houses
Fixing drink and telephones
Some are born to wear pinstripes on their sleeves
Swing a hammer at a nail
Haul bricks or carry mail
Go to college, Duke or Yale, but me,
I got songs for sale

I see it in a lot of places
I read it on a lot of faces

Some are called to preach the gospel
String fence in Colorado
Some are born to raise a family
Swing a hammer at a nail
Haul bricks or carry mail
Go to college, Duke or Yale, and me,
Yeah me, I got songs for sale
Yeah, I got songs for sale