

Rusty Old American Dream

Pat Green

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

And I'm a tail fin road locomotive
From the days of cheap gasoline
For sale on the side of the road goin' nowhere
A rusty old American dream

I rolled off of the line in Detroit back in 1968
Spent two days on the showroom; 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, get me outta here

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This car needs a young man to own him
One who will polish the chrome
I'll give you the rest of my lifetime
Just don't let me die here alone

Just jump me some juice to my battery
And give that old starter a spin
Here me roar a sputter, back fire to the carburetor
And roar into life once again

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