

# 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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