

Rusty Old American Dream

David Wilcox

Well, I don't look all that ragged
For all the time it's been
But 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
I'm a tail-fin road locomotive
From the days of cheap gasoline
And I'm for sale by the side of the road going nowhere
A rusty old American dream
I rolled off the line
In Detroit back in 1958
Spent three days in the showroom
That's all I had to wait
I've been good to all who owned me
So have no fear
C'mon, boy, put your money down
And get me out of here
I'm a tail-fin road locomotive
From the days of cheap gasoline
And I'm for sale by the side of the road going nowhere
A rusty old American dream
This car needs
A young man to own him
One who will
Polish the chrome
I will 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 through the carburetor
And roar into life once again
I'm a tail-fin road locomotive
You can polish my chrome so clean
We can fly off into the sunset together
A rusty old American dream
Still runnin'
A rusty old American dream

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