

# 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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