

# The Last Great American Man

## The Whiskey Saints

Sitting on the brink of an indescribable fall  
I could be heading back but there's no room left to crawl  
Waiting on the name of the last great American hymn  
While people are amazed by the television glaring at them  
Counting on the deaths of the terrifying faithless men  
Eden had its shame but still it found a way to stay clean  
Had the fancy fees to pay its miracle machinery  
But The City is our home and the noise just followed along  
With the dreams we had awake to a fraction of its glorious song  
With a book about the plans for the last great American band  
The people of this nation will protest, they need to  
be mad  
Still bitter from some lover and the finer things that they never had  
I knew it was a waste but wasted is all they show  
Shouting on a whim because there's no one left who knows  
We're mourning from the death of the last great  
American man

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