Sold American

Glen Campbell

Faded jaded fallen cowboy star
Pawn shops itching for your old guitar
Where you've gone, it ain't nobody knows
The sequins have fallen from your clothesOnce you heard the Opry crowd applaud
Now you're hanging out at 4th and Broad
On the rain wet sidewalk, remembering the time
When coffee with a friend was still a dime[Chorus]
Everything's been sold American
The early times are finished and the want ads are all read
Everyone's been sold American
Been dreaming dreams in a roll away bedWriting down your memoirs on some window in the frost
Roulette eyes reflecting another morning lost
Hauled in by the metro for killing time and pain
With a singing brakeman screaming through your veinsYou told me you were born so much higher than life
I saw the faded pictures of your children and your wife
Now they're fumbling through your wallet & they're trying to find your name
It's almost like they raised the price of fame[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters
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