Sold American

Kinky Friedman

Faded jaded falling cowboy star
Pawnshops itching for your old guitar
Where you're going, God only knows
The sequins have fallen from your clothesOnce you heard the Opry crowd applaud
Now you're hanging out at Fourth and Broad
On the rain wet sidewalk remembering the time
When coffee with a friend was still a dimeAnd everything's been sold American
The early times is finished and the want ads all are read
Everyone's been sold American
In 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 veinsAnd everything's been sold American
The lonely night is mourning for the death it never dies
Everyone's been sold American
Don't let me catch you laughing when the jukebox criesYou told me, you were born so much higher than life
But I've seen the faded pictures of your children and your wife
Now they're fumbling through your wallet
And they're trying to find your name
It's almost like they raise the price of fameAnd everything's been sold American
No place to go and brother, no place to stay
Everyone's been sold American
Just let that golden Greyhound roll your soul away

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