

Rusty Old American Dream

[**David Wilcox**](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 thinAnd this year's state inspection
I just barely passed
Won't you drive me 'cross the country, boy
This year could be my lastI'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 dreamI rolled off the line
In Detroit back in 1958
Spent three days in the showroom
That's all I had to waitI've been good to all who owned me
Sso have no fear
C'mon, boy, put your money down
And get me out of hereI'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 dreamThis car needs
A young man to own him
One who will
Polish the chromeI will give you
The rest of my lifetime
But don't let me
Die here aloneJust jump me
Some juice to my battery
Give that old starter a spin
Hear me whir, sputter
Backfire through the carberator
And roar into life once againI'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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