

# 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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