

# 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 clothes Once 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 dime And 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 bed Writing 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 veins And 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 cries You 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 fame And 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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