

# Songs for Sale (feat. Lee Ann Womack)

## David Nail

Boiled peanuts anytime, painted on a plywood sign  
Pull to the shoulder and buy a sack  
An old man with a dirty face swears they're the best you'll taste  
Grows 'em fresh in that red dirt field out back, yeah, that's a fact  
Grace is a mechanic's wife and their toe-head boys are her whole life  
Sews patches on blue jeans night and day  
Never does much for herself, doesn't dream of fame or wealth  
Just a ballpark bleacher and a place to pray  
Some are called to preach the gospel, string fence in Colorado  
Some are born to raise a family  
Swing a hammer at a nail, haul bricks or carry mail  
Go to college, Duke or Yale, but me  
I got songs for sale  
There's not a lot of tread on my tires, In some spots you can see the wires  
Just hope they make it to the next town so I can sing  
I'm still learning lots of lessons, I'm still calling it a profession  
Travelin' 'round strummin' these guitar strings  
Some are good at mending bones, fixing drinks and telephones  
Some are born to wear pin stripes on their sleeves  
Swing a hammer at a nail, haul bricks or carry mail  
Go to college, Duke or Yale, but me  
I got songs for sale  
I see it in a lot of places  
I read it in a lot of faces  
Some are called to preach the gospel, string fence in Colorado  
Some are born to raise a family  
Swing a hammer at a nail, haul bricks or carry mail  
Go to college, Duke or Yale, and me  
Yeah me, I got songs for sale  
Yeah, I got songs for sale

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