American Dream

American Young

I want a sunrise with nothing in the way
Waking up on a wheat field
With broken, oh too late
Leading out to a dirt road
And a mailbox with my last name
I want to step off my back porch
And walk down to the lakeWhere there ain't no Monday morning rush
And there ain't no one-hour break for lunch
The only ties are ties of bight
The only time clocks are the one's we wind
And there ain't no place that you can't park
There ain't no streetlights after dark
No locking the front door up
And no sirens to interrupt my American dreamI want to follow a coyote's footprints in the snow
Hear the sound of a John Deere with a varying bout to go
I wanna drive with my baby in a short-bed Chevrolet
With the radio playing whatever it wants to play
Where there ain't no Monday morning rush
And there ain't no one-hour break for lunch
The only ties are ties of bight
The only time clocks are the one's we windWith no deadlocks breathing down your back
No traffic backing up your stress
No talking above a cloud
And the Reno noise drowning out my American dream
I just want to hold you a thousand miles from here
Just say the word babe, and we'll just disappear
To our American dream, our American dream
Ohh
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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