Songs For Sale

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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