

Kinky Friedman, 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 rollaway 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.