

# Mike Doughty, American Car

My circus train pulls through the night  
Full of lions and trapeze artists  
I'm done with elephants and clowns  
I want to  
Run away and join the office

Aimless sister, you're surrounded  
Angel-faced and I'm astounded  
How sweet you are

In your long, black American car  
And you know just where to find me  
If I don't know who you are  
You will remind me

There's a girl down in the bar  
A flaming star upon her shoulder  
Slugging hot pink frozen drinks  
To put the foot down on her smolder

Easy, cowboy, what's the rush now?  
She may cleave me like a snowplow

All the lazy days are gone  
Still the grind is grinding on  
Throw the memories in a drawer