**Rusty Old American Dream**

*David Wilcox*

Well, I don't look all that ragged

For all the time it's been

But I'm weakened underneath me

Where my frame is rusted thin

And this year's state inspection,

I just barely passed

Won't you drive me 'cross the country, boy

This year could be my last

I'm a tail-finned road locomotive

From the days of cheap gasoline

I'm for sale by the side of the road going nowhere

Rusty old American dream

I rolled off the line in Detroit

Back in 1958

Spent three days in the showroom

That's all I had to wait

I've been good to all who've owned me

So have no fear

C'mon, boy, put your money down and get me out of here

I'm a tail-finned road locomotive

From the days of cheap gasoline

I'm for sale by the side of the road going nowhere

Rusty old American dream

Now this car needs a young man to own him

One who will polish the chrome

I will give you the rest of my lifetime

Just don't let me die here alone

Just jump me some juice to my batt'ry

Give that old starter a spin

Hear me whir, sputter, backfire through the carburetor

And roar into life once again

I'm a tail-finned road locomotive

You can polish my chrome so clean

We can fly off into the sunset together

Rusty old American dream

Still runnin'!

Rusty old American dream

*Songwriters: David Patrick Wilcox*

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