

Sold American
Kinky Friedman

B **A** **E**
Faded, jaded, fallen cowboy star

B **A** **E**
Pawn shops itching for your old guitar

A **E**
Where you going? God only knows

A **B**
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 whipped sidewalk, remembering the time
When coffee with a friend was still a dime [B B/A B/G# B/F# bass run]

[chorus]

E **F#m**
And everythings been Sold American

B
The early times is finished

A **E**
And the want-ads all are read

E **F#m**
Everyones been Sold American

B **A** **E**
Been dreaming dreams in a roll away bed

Writing down your memoirs on a window in the frost
Roulette eyes reflecting another morning lost
Hauled in by the metro for killing time and pain
With the Singing Brakeman screaming through your veins

[chorus]

And everythings been Sold American
The lonely night is morning, for the death it never dies
Everyones been Sold American
Don t let me catch you laughing when the jukebox cries

You told me you were born so much lighter 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
Its almost like they raised the price of fame

[chorus]

And everythings been Sold American
No place to go and brother no place to stay
Everyones been Sold American
Just let that golden greyhound roll your soul away