

Boy Least Likely To "I'm Glad I Hitched My Apple Wagon To Your Star"

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I was young and I was stupid, I had just turned
seventeen
I took my hits on a dumb road trip to Nashville
Tennessee
I packed my antihistamines and Tupperware drums
A harmonica and a box guitar
In a canvas covered wagon stuff with apples and with
guns

We quietly slipped across the border into Arkansas
But still we couldn't find what it was we were looking for
So we trucked on down to try our luck along the Rio
Grande
But I couldn't help but notice how
The little things that used to make us happy, made us
sad

But still I'm glad I hitched my apple wagon to your star
I never would've got here if I'd followed my heart
I didn't think much of it till I took it apart
I'm glad I hitched my apple wagon to your star

We never ever made it down to Nashville in the end
And no one ever signed our stupid country disco band
However hard we tried, it never seemed to be enough
We never did get famous
Still it made us kind of happy and it kept me off of
drugs

And now I'm glad I hitched my apple wagon to your star
I never would've got here if I'd followed my heart
I didn't think much of it till I took it apart
I'm glad I hitched my apple wagon to your star

But still I'm glad I hitched my apple wagon to your star
I'm happy if you're happy but it breaks my heart
I didn't even notice it 'til it fell apart
I'm glad I hitched my apple wagon to your star

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