

Pat Boone

"Rusty Old American Dream"

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I don't look all that ragged for all the time it's been,
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 tailfin road locomotive from the days of cheap
gasoline,
For sale on the side of the road going nowhere,
A rusty old American dream.

I rolled off the line in Detroit back in 1958,
Spent twodays on the showroom, that's all I had to wait.
I've been good to all who owned me, so have no fear;
Come on, boy, put your money down and get me out of
here!

I'm a tailfin road locomotive from the days of cheap
gasoline,
For sale on the side of the road going nowhere,
A rusty old American dream.

This car needs a young man to own him
One who will polish the chrome,
I will give you the rest of my lifetime,
But 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 to the carberator,
And roar into life once again.

I'm a tailfin road locomotive you can polish my chrome
so clean.
We can fly off into the sunset together
A rusty old American dream, still runnin'.
A rusty old American dream.

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