

Boy Least Likely To, The "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 couldnt 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 didnt 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 didnt think much of it til 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 didnt even notice it til it fell apart,
I'm glad I hitched my apple wagon to your star.

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