

## **The Whiskey Saints**

# **"The Last Great American Man"**

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Sitting on the brink of an indescribable fall  
I could be heading back but there's no room left to  
crawl  
Waiting on the name of the last great American hymn  
While people are amazed by the television glaring at  
them  
Counting on the deaths of the terrifying faithless men

Eden had its shame but still it found a way to stay clean  
Had the fancy fees to pay its miracle machinery  
But The City is our home and the noise just followed  
along  
With the dreams we had awake to a fraction of its  
glorious song  
With a book about the plans for the last great American  
band  
The people of this nation will protest, they need to be  
mad  
Still bitter from some lover and the finer things that  
they never had  
I knew it was a waste but wasted is all they show  
Shouting on a whim because there's no one left who  
knows

We're mourning from the death of the last great  
American man

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