

Faded, **jaded**, fallen **cowboy star**
 Pawn shops **itching** for your **old guitar**
 ... Where you going? ... God only knows
 The **sequins** have fallen from your **clothes**
 / A G D - / / G - D - / G - A - /

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

And everythings been ... **Sold** American
The early times is finished and the **want**-ads all are **red**
Everyone's been ... **Sold** American
 Been **dreaming** dreams in a **roll** away **bed**
 / D - Em - / A - G D / :

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

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

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