

# Glen Campbell, Sold American

Faded jaded fallen cowboy star  
Pawn shops itching for your old guitar  
Where you've gone, it ain't nobody knows  
The sequins have fallen from your clothes

Once you heard the Opry crowd applaud  
Now you're hanging out at 4th and Broad  
On the rain wet sidewalk, remembering the time  
When coffee with a friend was still a dime

Chorus:

Everything's been sold American  
The early times are finished and the want ads are all read  
Everyone's been sold American  
Been dreaming dreams in a rollaway bed

Writing down your memoirs on some window in the frost  
Roulette eyes reflecting another morning lost  
Hauled in by the metro for killing time and pain  
With a singing brakeman screaming through your veins

You told me you were born so much higher than life  
I saw the faded pictures of your children and your wife  
Now they're fumbling through your wallet & they're trying to find your name  
It's almost like they raised the price of fame

Repeat chorus (x2) and end.