

# American Trail

Dylan Gossett

Oh boy, Good Lord  
Got your clothes for the American trail  
Oh boy, your choice  
Trade your toys for the hammer and nail  
Saddle up, hit the road  
Got a long, long way to go  
Time is running, real low  
And they ain't making no more

Dear child, so wild  
Don't worry 'bout running thin  
Every choice, every mile  
Is right on your fingertips  
Hurry on, don't be late  
Got a meeting real soon with fate  
It's all before you on your plate  
Just waiting on a name yet to be made

So catch your breath, settle on in  
Find out the hard way is the best way to win  
Fall on down and count your sins  
The American trail's 'bout to strike again  
'Bout to strike again

Eighteen, dream fiend  
Don't let 'em try to drag you down  
No sleep, new scene  
Not looking for the fast way out  
Your head stays down in that mud  
Your soul is tired, and your hands are done  
Get your rest when the sun goes down  
When it comes back up, you're heading out

Catch your breath, settle on in  
Find out the hard way is the best way to win  
Fall on down and count your sins  
The American trail's 'bout to strike again  
Oh, 'bout to strike again

So, catch your breath, settle on in  
Find out the hard way is the best way to win  
Fall on down and count your sins  
The American trail's 'bout to strike again

Catch your breath, settle on in  
Find out the hard way is the best way to win  
Fall on down and count your sins  
The American trail's 'bout to strike again  
'Bout to strike again  
The American trail's 'bout to strike again  
Oh, 'bout to strike again