

The American Dream

Marty Robbins

Well the sun's settin' on the veranda
As the ceilin' fan stirs the air
I pour me another a-what I've been drinkin'
Sit back in my wicker chair
She's still in that big house in Houston
Where we tried to find happiness
Somehow I know she would not understand it
If she could see me like this

There's no lawn to mow 'cause the grass doesn't grow
People get high every day
It's a little bit hotter ya can't drink the water

A dollar still goes a long way
Tequila is sweet, señoritas are neat
And peace of mind is free
Yeah, two-hundred miles south of the border
I found the American dream

We thought we'd found it in Houston
With the house and the cars and the pool
Sometimes people own things, sometimes things own you
I won't even bother to write her
She'd hate it down here anyhow
She can have all the things we had together
I won't be needin' them now

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