

American Dream Truck

Morgan Evans

Six string and a suitcase
Was all I had to my name
Stepping off that airplane
In Music City USA
Soon as my feet hit the ground
I needed wheels to get around
Saw it in a Craigslist ad
I got keys, they got cash
And I

Found a little bit of highway freedom
Little Tennessee breeze in my hair
Five speed and the paint was peeling
My ticket to anywhere
Heard about every high and low
I ever had in this ten year town
Got tough but it kept going
When I broke down
It didn't shine, it didn't fly
It didn't catch any eyes
But it was mine
It was my
American Dream Truck
American Dream Truck

Some days it was a tour bus
Some days it was a moving truck
Some nights it was a too drunk
Free hotel to sober up
Saw a lot of the world in it
Now I even got a girl in it
We've sure come a long, long way
Since I fired it up that first day and I

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American Dream Truck
Oh
Yeah

It hauled the boards that built the house
And maybe sixteen years from now
I might get to hand it down
And tell 'em bout how

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The price went up ever since I got her
Wouldn't sell it for a million dollars