

The Big Old American Dream

Words and Music by Nathan Bell

Shelly was a large animal vet
Weighed at least 400 pounds
Dale was a skinny patent attorney
Who quit to be a rodeo clown
He got run over by a bull named
twister
And the doctors were shocked to find
That he'd been a woman all along
And Shelley didn't seem to mind

It wasn't the life they expected to live
It wasn't an end to the means
They were just living out on the edge
(He was just hanging on to the edge)
(He was just slipping off of the edge)
(He was just staring out at the edge
of the Big old American Dream

Randall was the first in his family
To get him a piece of ground
He dragged a Clayton home to the
middle of nowhere
Jacked up to settle down
But the bank had strings on the
money
And when everything went to hell
They said you couldn't afford it
anyway boy
So it's probably just as well

Everybody said Jeb looked poorly
But he never would tell them why
And he left the bullets out of the gun
Cause nobody needed to die
He kept saying he was sorry when
he took the money
But he needed it for medicine
He turned around and brought the
money back
And said I'll never do that again

Ryan's heart spoke clearly
He lay down his gun and said no
But they locked him away in
Leavenworth prison
They were never gonna let him go
He said you can't cage a free soul
You can't trap the wind
But he wondered when they put him
down in the hole
If he'd ever be home again