

American Dream (turned to rust) – P. Christian

**INTRO**

D A7sus4 G 1x  
G G9 (3x023x)

**VERSE 1**

D A7sus4  
Like the call girl in the lobby  
G D  
She don't expect too much

At the Hotel Montego  
In a Sunday morning bust

Em G  
Night shot in a cheap hotel and she's  
D A7sus4  
Headed for the bus  
Em G D A7sus4 G  
Dreams once held turned to rust

**VERSE 2**

The tired crowd drifts away  
As she steps into the morning sun

A drunken bum lifts his paper bag  
And declares an undying crush

With salty words that would  
Once have made her blush  
Em G D  
Innocence turned to rust

**CHORUS**

Em7 G  
Wake up, wake up  
D  
You could be asleep  
Em7 G D  
Holding fast to the American Dream  
G Em7  
If this is what you were taught it'd be then

D A7sus4  
You were bought and paid like me

Em7 G D  
Yeah, they got off cheap  
D A7sus4 G 2x

**VERSE 3**

The bus arrives and she steps aboard  
To face another hard ride home

She takes a seat near a family man  
Who's never been left alone

His distant gaze reflecting  
Thoughts better not discussed

Hopes and dreams turned to rust

**CHORUS**

Wake up, wake up  
You could be asleep  
Holding fast to the American Dream  
If this is what you were taught it'd be then  
You were bought and paid like me  
Yeah, they got off cheap

**OUTRO**

Em7 G D  
Em7 G D  
G Em7 D A7sus4  
Em7 G  
D Em7(020430) G(320030) GM7(3x0032) 3x  
DM7