

All-American Boy

Bobby Bare

Gather 'round, cats, and I'll tell you a story
About how to become an All American Boy
Buy you a guitar and put it in tune
You'll be rockin' and rollin' soon.
Impressin' the girls, pickin' hot licks, and all that jazz

I-I bought me a guitar a year ago
Learned how to play in a day or so
And all around town it was well understood
That I was knockin' 'em out like Johnny B. Goode
Hot licks, showin' off, ah number one.

Well , I 'd practice all day and up into the night
My papa's hair was turnin' white
Cause he didn't like rock'n'roll
He said "You can stay, boy, but that's gotta go."
He's a square, he just didn't dig me at all

So I took my guitar, picks and all
And bid farewell to my poor ole pa
And I split for Memphis where they say all
Them swingin' cats are havin' a ball
Sessions, hot licks and all, they dig me

I was rockin' and boppin' and I's a gettin' the breaks
The girls all said that I had what it takes
When up stepped a man with a big cigar
He said "come here, cat--I'm gonnna make you a star."
"I'll put you on Bandstand, buy ya a Cadillac, sign here, kid."

I signed my name and became a star
Havin' a ball with my guitar
Driving a big long Cadillac and fightin' the girls off ma back
They just kept a'comin', screamin', yeah-they like it

So I'd pick my guitar with a great big grin
And the money just kept on pourin' in
But then one day my Uncle Sam
He said (sound of 3 footsteps) "Here I am"
"Uncle Sam needs you, boy
I'm-a gonna cut your hair
ah-Take this rifle, kid
Gimme that guitar" yeah.