

We're An American Band

Jackyl

On the road for forty days
Last night in Little Rock put me in a haze.
Sweet, sweet Connie doin' her act
She had the whole show and that's a natural fact.
Up all night with Freddy King
I got to tell you poker's his thing
A booze 'n ladies keep me right
As long as we can make it to the show tonight

We're an American band
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We're coming to your town, we'll help you party it down
We're an American band

Four young chaquitas in Omaha
Was waitin' for the band to return from the show
Feelin' good, feelin' right, it's Saturday night
The hotel detective he was out-a-sight
Now, these fine ladies, they had a plan
They was out to meet the boys in the band
They said, "Come on, dudes, let's get it on,"
And we proceeded to tear that hotel down

We're an American Band, Oh-oh
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