

## 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

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