

Whitest Kids U Know, The "The American Song"

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Well, I got in my car
and went down to the bar,
to relax from a full working day.
And while drinkin' my beer,
I happen to hear
this New York banker-type say,
that our country's all wrong,
and that we don't belong,
in affairs that are so far away.
So I pushed back my chair,
and I stood up right there,
and made sure the whole bar heard me say--

"I'm Totally gay for America!
I'm totally gay for the U-S-of A!
From the East to the West,
from the North to the South.
I'd gladly bend down, and take Florida in my mouth!
I'd tongue kiss Mount. Rushmore
And drop my pants to my waist
Then take the Washington monument all the way to its
base!

There ain't a lot of things that make me feel this way.
But this country of mine,
makes me totally gay.

Now, I know things ain't right,
it's on these news every night,
and in the papers almost every day.
I want to hug Uncle Sam,
caress his hair with my hand,
and let him know everything is okay.
Maybe give him a quick peck,
at the nape of his neck.
And rub his shoulders 'til his cares went away.
Trace the curves of his thighs,
and look into his eyes,
and see if he wants to go hit the hay!

'Cause, I'm totally gay for America!

I'm totally gay for the U-S- of A.
I know we could never get married,
but he'd never ask me anyway.
Because it would undermine the family,
I know that's what he'd say.
But we could keep it a secret,
and continue on that way.
And I'd be faithful, and loyal 'til he threw me away!

There's not a lot of things that make me feel this way.
But this country of mine. . .
Makes me totally gay.

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