

## Leverage

### "All American"

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Well in 2007 I took a little trip  
Along with my guitar, 'cross the mighty Miss-a-sip  
And I was headin' out to Cali' for a show or two  
Well I'd been drivin' for a damn long time  
My eyes were getting heavy and my throat was dry  
So I stopped off in this little Texas town  
For a brew

Well every one stared, I don't know why  
Had my aviators on just to shade my eye  
It must have been the long hair and saddles I had on  
Yeah I just wasn't quite Western enough  
No boots, hats or buckles or any of that stuff  
And my t-shirt had some lyrics from a Bob Marley song

So I sat at the bar, put my head down low  
Figured just one beer then I would go  
'Cause I'd never been one to go around lookin' for a  
fight  
So I finished the beer  
Put my tip on the bar  
Started making my way out front to the car  
Thought I'd hit the road and everything would be  
alright

Wrong!

You know things don't always go as planned  
You just got to play the cards in your hand  
And that day God dealt me a two and a seven off suite  
Well I'd almost made it to the door  
Then suddenly I found my ass on the floor  
And I'd looked up to see what I'd gotten myself into

He's about six foot five, three hundred pounds  
It was him and his buddies all standin' around  
Just starin' down at me with this evil look in thier eye

He said you look like a goddam liberal bastard  
Bet you love Marilyn Albright and hate Dennis Thacher  
And judgin' by the hippy shit you're wearin' I'd say I'm

right  
Well you're an unpatriotic Yankee piece of shit  
You'll vote Hillary Clinton for president  
And if you'll step outside I'll knock some sense in your  
head

Things were escalatin' really fast  
I had to think of something quick just to save my ass  
So I stood up, brushed my self off, looked at him and  
said

Well I'm an All-American son of a bitch  
I buy import cars and cigarettes  
And I buy my lotto tickets from an Indian  
And there's a Chinese woman cleans my clothes  
My grass gets cut by Juan and Pablo  
Till the Feds catch up and kick both their asses out

Now I'm about as unpatriotic as anybody here  
And I pointed out his German beer  
Hopin' and prayin' I could make him see the light  
You see those leather boots are from New Zealand  
That Swiss Army watch got it's name for a reason  
Now don't you feel ashamed when people ask for the  
time?  
Sir, I'd be glad to step outside and you can look me  
dead in the eye  
And tell me where that all-American cowboy hat was  
made  
Well I crossed my finger, prayed to God I was right  
'Cause if I wasn't there was gonna be a fight  
But he hung his head down low and whispered China

Well I caught a little understanding in his eye  
But the effect wasn't quite what I had in mind  
'Cause he pulled his Russian pistol and chased me out  
the door

Well I'm an All-American son of a bitch  
I buy import cars and cigarettes  
And I buy my lotto tickets from an Indian  
And there's a Chinese woman cleans my clothes  
My grass gets cut by Juan and Pablo  
Till the Feds catch up and kick both their asses out

Oh yeah, I'm an All-American son of a bitch  
I buy import cars and cigarettes  
And I buy my lotto tickets from an Indian  
And there's a Chinese woman cleans my clothes  
My grass gets cut by Juan and Pablo  
Till the Feds catch up and kick both their asses out

Yeah, till the Feds catch up and kick both their asses  
out

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