

Levi Lowrey "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 sandles 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 Marylin 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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