

All American

Clay Walker

From the southern tip of Texas
To the top of Bangor, Maine
Those Friday night lights at those hometown games
Man they mean everything

From Wall Street, New York
To West L.A.
There's all kind of people, different but the same
And I'm proud to say that

We're all American
In God we trust
Just living the dream and never givin' up
What we believe in
Yeah we're all American
And we work real hard
Like to barbeque up every July 4th
And hot apple pie, baseball, and friends
We're all American
We're all American

There's a farmer in Kansas
And a teacher in the Bronx
One raising kids and the other raising crops
In the melting pot

I was just a boy
I had a best friend
With a funny last name and a weird accent
Now he's an astronaut

Land of the free
Home of the Brave
We stand together
That's why it's called the U.S.A.

We're all American