

# We're an American Band

Rob Zombie

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.

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We're coming to your town, we'll help you party it down  
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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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