

American Muscle

Canaan Smith

White knuckles on a hammer
Out swingin' in the sun, I've been there
On a tractor in the summer
Sweat rollin' down the back of that shirt
You work your ass off for a dollar
Puttin' new wrinkles on a blue collar
Hoe-in the row y'all
Till the weekend then we really start kickin' up dirt
Keepin' our boots on American throttle
Drinkin' our beer from American bottles
Up for the job and down for the hustle
Gettin' it down with America muscle
Gimme some blacktop so I can spread them
Wing on the hood of that Trans Am
And a sweet thing ridin' shottie
That's why God made the open road
Keepin' our boots on American throttle
Drinkin' our beer from American bottles
Grippin' the wheel with some white in your knuckles
And ridin' around in American muscle
Yeah, we make it, we spend it, we love it
We live it we see what we want, we go get it
Hey Mr. Fender, thanks for the memories
You set the world on fire with six strings
We got 'em plugged in, we got 'em turned up
From garages to the Madison Square
Keepin' our boots on American throttle
Drinkin' our beer from American bottles
Gimme some Stevie, some Double Trouble
Rockin' the house with American muscle
Keepin' our boots on American throttle
Drinkin' our beer from American bottles
Up for the job and down for the hustle
Gettin' it down with American muscle
American muscle

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