

American Boys

Halestorm

Friday night boys and the PBR
Chasing Jack, getting wrecked
In small town bars
You're a big city roller
In NYC
You're a sharp dressed man
Just like ZZ Holding right back in a leather jacket
I like riding bitch
Or sitting on the back
Pretty boys at the university
Watching them walk
In their Levi jeans I can't help but fall
God bless em all
American boys
Gotta love 'em, gotta need 'em
Gotta want 'em
They're my drug of choice
Yeah, yeah, yeah
American boys
Wanna slay 'em, wanna lay 'em
Wanna play 'em
They're my favorite toys
American, American boys Metalhead boys
In the back of a Camaro
Banging to Metallica
on the radio.
From an All-Star stud
To a punk like you
We've got so many flavors
That I just can't choose
They rock the world
Of this American girl American boys
Gotta love 'em, gotta need 'em
Gotta want 'em
They're my drug of choice
Yeah, yeah, yeah
American boys
Wanna slay 'em, wanna lay 'em
Wanna play 'em
They're my favorite toys
American, American boys I've been everywhere
And nothing compares

(American boys)
Ain't nothing like em
Rock me like em, yeah
(American boys)Now make a move
Do what you doAmerican boys
Gotta love 'em, gotta need 'em
Gotta want 'em
They're my drug of choice
Yeah, yeah, yeah
American boys
Wanna slay 'em, wanna lay 'em
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They're my favorite toys
American boysAmerican boys
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They're my favorite toys
American, American boys

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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