

Guns N' Roses, We're An American Band

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.

We're an American band.
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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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