

# Rob Zombie, 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.  
We're an American band.  
We're coming to your town, we'll help you party it down.  
We're an American band.

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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