

## All American Boy

Bobby Bare

Gather round cats and I'll tell you a story  
'Bout how to become an all American boy  
Buy you a guitar and put it in tune  
You'll be a rockin' and a rollin' soon  
Impressin' the girls pickin' hot licks and all that jazz.

Ah, I bought me a guitar a year ago  
Learned how to play in a day or so  
And all around town it was well understood  
That I was knockin' 'em out like Johnny B. Goode  
Hot licks showin' off, ah, number one.

Yeah, I practiced all day and up into the night  
My papa's hair was turnin' white  
'Cause he didn't like rock'n roll  
He said, ''You can stay boy but that's gotta go.''  
He's a square he just didn't dig me at all.

So I took my guitar picks and all  
Bid farewell to my poor ol' pa  
Split for Memphis where they say y'all  
Them swingin' cats are havin' a ball  
Sessions hot licks and all, they dig me.

I was rockin' and a boppin' and I was gettin' the breaks  
The girls all said that I have what it takes  
When up stepped a man with big cigar  
He said, ''Come here cat, I'm gonna make you a star.  
I'll put you on bandstand, buy you a Cadillac, sign here kid.''

I signed my name and became a star, havin' a ball with my guitar  
Drivin' a big long Cadillac and fightin' the girls off of my back  
They just kept a comin', a screamin', yeah they liked it.

So I picked my guitar with a great big grin  
And the money just kept on pourin' in  
But then one day my Uncle Sam he said, (bang bang) ''Here I am.  
Uncle Sam needs you boy, I'm a gonna cut your hair off.  
Ah, take this rifle kid, give me that guitar, yeah...''