

# All-American Boy

Bobby Bare

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

I-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.

Well , I 'd practice 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  
And bid farewell to my poor ole pa  
And I split for Memphis where they say all  
Them swingin' cats are havin' a ball  
Sessions, hot licks and all, they dig me

I was rockin' and boppin' and I's a gettin' the breaks  
The girls all said that I had what it takes  
When up stepped a man with a big cigar  
He said "come here, cat--I'm gonnna make you a star."  
"I'll put you on Bandstand, buy ya a Cadillac, sign here, kid."

I signed my name and became a star  
Havin' a ball with my guitar  
Driving a big long Cadillac and fightin' the girls off ma back  
They just kept a'comin', screamin', yeah-they like it

So I'd pick my guitar with a great big grin  
And the money just kept on pourin' in  
But then one day my Uncle Sam  
He said (sound of 3 footsteps) "Here I am"  
"Uncle Sam needs you, boy  
I'm-a gonna cut your hair  
ah-Take this rifle, kid  
Gimme that guitar" yeah.