

All American Boy

Guided by Voices

I ran half baked
With the broken hearts
Stealing my way
To my shell
Where I could dream
And plan for all my broken schemes
Where the rattle of the guitar shakes my brain
Shoot me down again
I'm on my way, to a better place to see
Well sing it

All American Boy

I poured a shot
Into a paper cup
And washed down the tears as the Stones played
A special tune that filled the room
Of this hollow soul
Searching for a spark
To find my way
So I just get my head around
And some folks say it's not ok, it's just the way
You've got to say it

All American Boy
All American Boy
All American Boy
All American Boy
You got to know
You got to see

I rode half baked
With the broken hearts
Sealing my fate to my shell
Where I could dream and plan
For all my broken schemes
Where the rattle of the guitar shake my brain
If I could just get my head around it
And shake it off of me
You've got to mean it

All American Boy
All American Boy...