

The Kid's American

Matthew Wilder

Rocket with the top down, whoa
Barrelin' down Highway 9
Pickin' up the same crowd, whoa
By the Pepsi sign

Baby, gun your gas
Paint your lipstick on 'til it shines like glass
Midnight riders, lovers, rock 'n' roll
Oh yeah
Yeah, yeah

Got it in the blood, the kid's American
Underneath the hood, you know the kid's American
'Cause he looks so good, the kid's American
Cruisin' faster than he should, the kid's American

Out behind the high school, whoa
Smokin' that cigarette
Deep into the blue jean, whoa
And gonna get deeper yet

On the night cool grass
Something's in the wind and it's comin' fast
Hold on, baby, try to take it slow
Oh no
Yeah, yeah

Got it in the blood, the kid's American
Underneath the hood, you know the kid's American
'Cause he looks so good, the kid's American
Cruisin' faster than he should, the kid's American
Look out now

Drag it out all night
'Til there's nothing left by morning light
Drive it 'til your chassis bottoms out
Oh yeah
Yeah, yeah

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