

American

Morgan Evans

She got hair as gold as Kansas wheat
Her body moves like Bourbon street
In New Orleans, so wild and free
She's a California red sunset
Stars in her eyes, stripes on her dress
Every summer night feels like the fourth of July

She's American
Making my world better than it's ever been
One part Norma Jean and one part Marilyn
She's making me fall in love with everything American

She's a small town smile, a little white church
'Born to run' on a faded t-shirt
All I know is I'm at home when I'm with her

Yeah, I grew up singing Eagles songs
Sometimes I wonder what took so long
To feel enough to give the best of my love
She's New York pretty all dressed up
But a southern bell in the back of her truck
On an old dirt road, she's where I wanna go

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(American, American)

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