

Americana

Ryan Bingham

Well I lost my job today
Because the boss man's out of pay
He said the price of life has gone astray
And he just can't afford my cowboy wage

I got a wild horse
And a wild woman
Gonna load em up
In my pick em up truck
Head back down to the land of luck

And buy a six-pack
And some Marlboro lights
Holdin' hands, we drive all night
Under the moon with no headlights

And we'll pull it over
Whenever I wanna
We'll have no worries
We'll have no cares
Eat some marijuana gummy bears In our underwear

We'll drink some beer
Shoot some guns
Ain't nobody gonna ruin our fun

We're cooking hot dogs
And hamburgers
Got lots of dogs
And lots of kids
And fireworks for all our friends

Because we're Americana
We do whatever we wanna
We support our troops
Salute our flag
Ain't nobody gonna make us sad

We're eating psilocybin
In a backwoods cabin
Down by the river
We pull up chairs
Laughing at jokes that no one dares

To tell in public
We all love it
We don't get tired
We don't get bored
We don't mind sleepin' on a hardwood floor

We love country music and television
We all know what conspiracy
Might just be our reality

We don't get mad
We don't make a fuss
Because life's too short to give two fucks

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