

American Thread

Tim Montana

Tough as nails, hard as bricks
Six foot one, walkin' ten foot six
Four on the floor, twelve in the back
With a Weather Guard box and an old gun rack

Feeling fly, ridin' high
Roughneck red till the day we die

We're the eighteen wheelers haulin' loads
Up at dawn, farmers cuttin' rows
Hard hats out there poundin' roads
We're the workin' class, son, and that ain't low
Get the Copenhagen cowboy kind
We're the camouflage on that front line
Stand for the flag till the day we're dead
We're every stitch of this American thread

We're the dusty boots and late night rides
Busted knuckles and bloodshot eyes
Might break our backs, but not our pride
Roughneck red till the day we die

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To the "never quit" stay in the fight
To the boys in blue out savin' lives
From the teachers and the preachers tryna raise 'em right
From the third shift hustle to the nine to five
To the single mom tryna feed her kids
To the bartender 'tendin' on makin' tips
We're all one people at the end of the day
No matter where we're from, we're American made
American made

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