American Muscle

Canaan Smith

White knuckles on a hammer, out swingin' in the sun, I've been there
On a tractor in the summer, sweat rollin' down the back of that shirt
You work your ass off for a dollar, puttin' new wrinkles on a blue collar
Hoe-in the row y'all, till the weekend then we really start kickin' up dirt

Keepin' our boots on American throttle, drinkin' our beer from American bottles
Up for the job and down for the hustle, gettin' it down with America muscle

Gimme some blacktop so I can spread them wing on the hood of that Trans Am
And a sweet thing ridin' shottie, that's why God made the open road

Keepin' our boots on American throttle, drinkin' our beer from American bottles
Grippin' the wheel with some white in your knuckles and ridin' around in American muscle

Yeah, we make it, we spend it, we love it, we live it we see what we want, we go get it

Hey Mr. Fender, thanks for the memories, you set the world on fire with six strings
We got 'em plugged in, we got 'em turned up, from garages to the Madison Square

Keepin' our boots on American throttle, drinkin' our beer from American bottles
Gimme some Stevie, some Double Trouble, rockin' the house with American muscle

Keepin' our boots on American throttle, drinkin' our beer from American bottles
Up for the job and down for the hustle, gettin' it down with American muscle
American muscle

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