American Beautiful

The Henningsens

She puts her boots and bandanna on
She has a hankering for Rolling Stones
She likes her vegetables home grown
A lot like the boy waiting out in the truck

She'll take a hill like Roosevelt
Holds up her pants with a Bible belt
She cracks 'em up like a liberty bell
A whole lot of tender and a little bit tough

Ooh, ooh, ooh
She's a little unusual
Ooh, ooh, ooh
She's American beautiful

Well, he is a mutt with a pedigree
Sinatra junkie in a pair of jeans
He pays his dues in the Land of the Free
Says, "Why walk; baby, we were born to fly"

Ooh, ooh, ooh
He's a little unusual
Ooh, ooh, ooh
He's American beautiful

Yeah, yeah, yeah

I saw that girl in a mirror once
With a boy like that in a cloud of dust
I think they look a lot like us
'Cause we are, we are, we are

Ooh, ooh, ooh
We are a little unusual
Ooh, ooh, ooh
We are American beautiful

Yeah, ooh, ooh, ooh
We are a little unusual
Ooh, ooh, ooh

We are American, American, American beautiful

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