## **American In Amsterdam**

## Wheatus

It's only been an hour but I think I feel the power Tell me where do you guys wanna go to Well, I could go for that but I need to buy a hat I think I saw some for sale on the small streets Can I play the game without a plan? I think Pete has the map But tell me what's the difference? I do not know exactly where I am I'm an American in Amsterdam, Amsterdam, Amsterdam I'm an American in Silver Mushroom Jesus, he is standing in between us Preaching words that he doesn't believe I think that he's cracking 'cos he keeps calling me Captain And he's barking and growling at strangers Later on tonight he's gonna turn back into Elvis When they kick his ass out of the sex show We play in a band that has no fans I think Pete lost the map We don't know where were going I'm trying to remember who I am I'm an American in Amsterdam, Amsterdam, Amsterdam Mike prefers a quiet conversation in the pub But the English are pissed, drunk and raging "Hey Bono", they said when they threw peanuts at my head And said, "Hey prick can we try on your glasses?" Now, I am just a dork but listen I come from New York So I said, "Hey, what are you guys, Irish?" We came to play the game without a plan Pete puked on the map We don't know where were going

## I do not exactly who I am

I'm an American in Amsterdam, Amsterdam, Amsterdam I'm an American in Amsterdam, Amsterdam, Amsterdam

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