

# American Saturday Night

Brad Paisley

(Whoa oh oh oh)

(Whoa oh oh oh)

She's got Brazilian leather boots on the pedal of her German car

Listenin' to the Beatles singin' "Back in the USSR"

Yeah, she's goin' around the world tonight, but she ain't leavin' here

She's just goin' to meet her boyfriend down at the street fair

And it's a French kiss, Italian ice

Spanish moss in the moonlight

(Whoa oh oh oh)

Just another American Saturday night

There's a big toga party tonight down at Delta Chi

They got Canadian bacon on their pizza pie

They got a cooler full of cold Coronas and Amstel Light

It's like we're all livin' in a big ol' cup

Just fire up the blender, mix it all up

It's a French kiss, Italian ice

Margaritas in the moonlight

(Whoa oh oh oh)

Just another American Saturday night

You know everywhere has somethin' they're known for

Although usually it washes up on our shores

My great-great-great-granddaddy stepped off of that ship

I bet he never ever dreamed we'd have all this

You know everywhere has somethin' they're known for

Although usually it washes up on our shores

Little Italy and Chinatown sittin' there side by side

Live from New York

(It's Saturday Night!)

It's a French kiss, Italian ice

Spanish moss in the moonlight

(Whoa oh oh oh)

Just another American, I'm just another American

And it's just another American Saturday night

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