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 streetsCan 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 amI'm an American in Amsterdam, Amsterdam, Amsterdam

I'm an American inSilver 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 strangersLater on tonight he's gonna turn back into Elvis

When they kick his ass out of the sex showWe 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 amI'm an American in Amsterdam, Amsterdam

I'm an American in Amsterdam, Amsterdam, Amsterdam

I'm an American in Amsterdam, Amsterdam, Amsterdam

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

I'm an American in Amsterdam, Amsterdam, Amsterdam

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

I'm an American in Amsterdam, Amsterdam, Amsterdam

I'm an American in Amsterdam, Amsterdam, Amsterdam

 $I'm\ an\ American\ in\ Amsterdam,\ AmsterdamI'm\ an\ American\ in\ Amsterdam,\ Amsterdam$

Amsterdam

I'm an American in Amsterdam, Amsterdam, Amsterdam

I'm an American in Amsterdam, Amsterdam, Amsterdam

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