

# We're an American Band

## Raging Slab

Driving in the south, the motor's on fire  
Let's put it out, before the flames go higher  
Monday matinee, in pull we are life's throb  
So hard to choose between conceit and rock  
Some college in the spring, the sound is all wrong

Reset the mate to our Flamin Groovies song  
Driving, night again, they're late, car crash  
We'll turn to look unless we're going too fast

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