

# American Boys

## Halestorm

Friday night boys and the PBR  
Chasing Jack, getting wrecked  
In small town bars  
You're a big city roller  
In NYC  
You're a sharp dressed man  
Just like ZZ Holding right back in a leather jacket  
I like riding bitch  
Or sitting on the back  
Pretty boys at the university  
Watching them walk  
In their Levi jeans I can't help but fall  
God bless em all  
American boys  
Gotta love 'em, gotta need 'em  
Gotta want 'em  
They're my drug of choice  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
American boys  
Wanna slay 'em, wanna lay 'em  
Wanna play 'em  
They're my favorite toys  
American, American boys Metalhead boys  
In the back of a Camaro  
Banging to Metallica  
on the radio.  
From an All-Star stud  
To a punk like you  
We've got so many flavors  
That I just can't choose  
They rock the world  
Of this American girl American boys  
Gotta love 'em, gotta need 'em  
Gotta want 'em  
They're my drug of choice  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
American boys  
Wanna slay 'em, wanna lay 'em  
Wanna play 'em  
They're my favorite toys  
American, American boys I've been everywhere  
And nothing compares

(American boys)  
Ain't nothing like em  
Rock me like em, yeah  
(American boys)Now make a move  
Do what you doAmerican boys  
Gotta love 'em, gotta need 'em  
Gotta want 'em  
They're my drug of choice  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
American boys  
Wanna slay 'em, wanna lay 'em  
Wanna play 'em  
They're my favorite toys  
American boysAmerican boys  
Gotta love 'em, gotta need 'em  
Gotta want 'em  
They're my drug of choice  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
American boys  
Wanna slay 'em, wanna lay 'em  
Wanna play 'em  
They're my favorite toys  
American, American boys

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>