

# So american



Drivin' on the right-side road  
He says I'm pretty wearin' his clothes  
And he's got hands that make Hell seem cold  
Feet on the dashboard, he's like a poem I wish I wrote  
I wish I wrote  
And he laughs at all my jokes  
And he says I'm so American  
Oh, God, it's just not fair of him  
To make me feel this much  
I'd go anywhere he goes  
And he says I'm so American  
Oh, God, I'm gonna marry him  
If he keeps this shit up  
I might just be in lo-lo-, lo-lo-, lo-lo-, lo-lo-lo-lo-love  
God, I'm so boring, and I'm so rude  
Can't have a conversation if it's not all about you  
The way you dress, and the books you read  
I really love my bed, but, man, it's hard to sleep when he's with me  
When he's with me  
And he laughs at all my jokes  
And he says I'm so American  
Oh, God, it's just not fair of him  
To make me feel this much  
I'd go anywhere he goes  
And he says I'm so American  
Oh, God, I'm gonna marry him  
If he keeps this shit up  
I might just be in lo-lo-, lo-lo-, lo-lo-, lo-lo-lo-lo-love  
I apologize if it's a little too much, just a little too soon  
But if the conversation ever were to come up  
I don't wanna assume this stuff  
But ain't it love?  
I think I'm in love  
And he laughs at all my jokes  
And he says I'm so American  
Oh, God, it's just not fair of him  
To make me feel this much  
I'd go anywhere he goes  
And he says I'm so American  
Oh, God, I'm gonna marry him  
If he keeps this shit up  
I might just be in lo-lo-, lo-lo-, lo-lo-, lo-lo-lo-lo-love