

# All American Girl

## Train

To be that good, it must be taxin'  
No such thing as satisfaction  
You're makin' things happen while I'm relaxin'  
Like a Sunday afternoon  
My dad used to tell me I was lazy  
I got dance moves like Patrick Swayze  
I'm the left over turkey for the world's mayonnaisey  
The star next to the moon  
Now I know I'm just here to amuse you  
And I don't mean to abuse you  
But if I could just use you one more time  
Tell me what it's like  
To be the queen of it all  
The Neiman Marcus of the Mall  
And tell me what it's like to be the one and only  
All American Girl  
Now I never had a supernatural feelin'  
Not to mention a sexual healin'  
But every now and then I get to the kneelin'  
To thank him for it all  
But you probably got some inside connection  
So many numbers that you gotta rolodex them  
So much muscle that you never gotta flex them  
To catch you when you fall  
And I know I'm just here to amuse you  
And I don't mean to confuse you  
But if I could just use you one more time  
Tell me what it's like to be the house on the hill  
The number one diet pill  
And tell me what it's like to be the one and only  
All American Girl  
Now I bet you won't say you get crazy  
Or that you don't shave your legs  
When you're lazy  
Or that you're just like everybody else in the world  
You just got lucky, that's all  
And I know you're not here to amuse me  
But you sure know how to confuse me  
So if I could just ask you once again  
To tell me what it's like to be a star on the rise  
A breakfast cereal prize  
And tell me what it's like to be the one and only

All American Girl  
The All American Girl  
The all amazing crazy girl  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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