

## P.U.S.A.

Mando Diao

Drove around 'til five o'clock, it was drivers day  
I drove the drivers way,  
Now I must speed up get up wipe up everything I've got  
Wanna hit the pretty ice in my big city, with my big clich@s  
And if I get out, give up, get along with myself

I've gotta get it on the dancefloor, baby where  
in the Post United States of America  
I've got my brotherhood to help me, take 'em there  
In the Post United States of America

Police asked me where to go in a nowhereland  
I'm in a state of sand  
And if I pray well, make hell, gee swell, I'll be OK  
Brothers on my right and left they don't give a shit 'bout my bottomless pit  
And I know, I will turn 'em, all you mothers in'n'out

I wanna get it on the dancefloor...

Love me, fool me, drink my wine in the  
in the Post United States of America  
I wanna go with those who live and dies  
in the Post United States of America