

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 b
ottomless 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