

# Miss Liberty

Melissa Ferrick

I'm Miss Liberty  
Give me your junkies  
your irresponsible drummers  
I've swept my halls clean of clean  
Your kitchen raiders your wingtip dayrunners

Go plant your flags and make your  
Promise to my promised land  
And we'll make love to the new frontier  
In the hot beach sand

You'll hold me like a drowning man  
And come at me too human and then  
Drag me down again and leave me

Broken like a spine  
Split open like a melon that's been  
Dropped from a high high place  
Broken like a spine  
Split open like a melon that's been dropped

I like this country she's like a whore

Who loves her junkies  
Who loves all her sad outlaws  
Lifts up her skirt to tease and flirt  
With the wretched who have washed up at her shores

When we die i hope someone's god  
Takes us in like immigrants  
And we'll make love in the leftover light  
Of heaven's tenements

You'll hold me like a drowning man  
And come at me too human  
Drag me down again and leave me

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Split open like a melon that's been  
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Yes  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yes