

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

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And come at me too human
Drag me down again and leave me

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Yes
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yes