

Uh-Merica

Regina Spektor

Mrs. E. Roosevelt never heard me shoot my gun
La, la, la
Mrs. E. Roosevelt didn't even knew I owned one
La, la, la
Somewhere between the cobblestone floor and the slated wooden ceiling
La, la, la
Cuddling my semi-automatic what a very fuzzy feeling
La, la
Oh, there's nothing
Like
Emptying a cartridge at the sun

Uh! Merica
Uh! Merica
Uh! Merica
Uh! Merica
Ohhh, there's nothing
Like
Emptying a cartridge at the sun

Oh, we're born alone and then we're covered by m-m-m-mothers' kisses
The mind has already forgotten what the body still misses
Somewhere between the sticky floor and the cracks in the ceiling
Cuddling my semi-automatic dash what a very fuzzy feeling
Oh, there's nothing
Like
Emptying a cartridge at the sun

Uh! Merica
Uh! Merica
Uh! Merica
Uh! Merica
Oh, there's nothing
Like
Emptying a cartridge at the sun

One more time!
Uh! Merica
Uh! Merica
Uh! Merica
Uh! Merica
Oh, there's nothing
Like
Emptying a cartridge at the sun
La, la, la
Emptying a cartridge at the sun
La, la, la
Emptying a cartridge at the sun