

Uh-Merica (Bonus Version)

Regina Spektor

Mrs. E. Roosevelt never heard me shoot my gun
La, la, la
Mrs. E. Roosevelt didn't even know 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
Ohhh, 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—what a very fuzzy feeling
Ohhh, 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 One more time!
Uh! Merica
Uh! Merica
Uh! Merica
Uh! Merica
Ohhh, 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

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