

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 sunUh! Merica

Uh! Merica

Uh! Merica

Uh! Merica

Ohhh, there's nothing

Like

Emptying a cartridge at the sunOh, 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 sunUh! Merica

Uh! Merica

Uh! Merica

Uh! Merica

Oh, there's nothing

Like

Emptying a cartridge at the sun

Songwriters

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