USA

Sprague Brothers

[Zack sings:]Pack up your guns; you're going to need them
Because outside your house, there's a war
Yea and if you don't look like you don't even breath then
There ain't nothing sacred here anymore
I'm from the USA
USA
USA
I'm from the USA, yea!
Lock up your shit so no one can steal it
Because the enemy lives outside your door
At least that's what you're made to believe in
Without fear, you ain't got no control
I'm from the USA
USA
USA
I'm from the USA, yea!
You treat 'em like you don't look down

You run out, you just breed more
So send out all you can,
You lose them, you just send more
You treat 'em like you don't look down
You treat 'em like that
La la, la la la, laaaa
(La la, la la la, laaaa)
La la, la la la, laaaa
(La la, la la la, laaaa)
Load up your guns!!
Load up your guns!!
AHHHH, DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE I COME FROM???
I'M FROM THE USA!!!
USA!!!
USA!!!
I'M FROM THE USA!!!
YEA! YEA! YEA! YEA!
YEA! YEA! YEA! YEA!

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