P.U.S.A.

Mando Diao

Drove around till five 'o clock
It was drivers day, I drove the driver away
Now I must speed up, get up, wipe up, everything I've got
Wanna hit the pretty ice in my big city with my big cliches
And if I get out, give up, get along with myselfI've gotta get it on the dance floor, baby where
In the Post United States of America
I've got my brotherhood to help me, take 'em there
In the Post United States of America
In the Post United States of America
In the Post United States of AmericaPolice asked me where to go in a nowhere land
I'm in a state of sand
And if I pray well, make hell, gee swell, I'll be okay
Brother's on my right and left
They don't give a shit about my bottomless pit
And I know, I will turn 'em, all you mothers in n' outI wanna get it on the dance floor, baby where
In the Post United States of America
I've got my brotherhood to help me [Incomprehensible]
In the Post United States of America
In the Post United States of America
In the Post United States of America[Inaudible]Love me, fool me, drink my wine
In the Post United States of America
I wanna go with those who live and dies
In the Post United States of America
In the Post United States of America
In the Post United States of America

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