

USA

We Butter the Bread With Butter

[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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