

Uh-Merica (Bonus Version)

Regina Spektor

Mrs. E. Roosevelt never heard me shoot my gun
Mrs. E. Roosevelt didn't even know I owned one
Somewhere between the cobblestone floor and the slated wooden ceiling
Cuddling my semi-automatic, with a very fuzzy feeling
Ohh, there's nothing like emptying a cartridge at the sunUh-merica

Uh-merica

Uh-merica

Uh-merica

Ohh, there's nothing like emptying a cartridge at the sunOh, we're born alone and we're covered by m-m-m-
mother's 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
Ohh, there's nothing like emptying a cartridge at the sunUh-merica

Uh-merica

Uh-merica

Uh-merica

Ohh, there's nothing like emptying a cartridge at the sunOne more timeUh-merica

Uh-merica

Uh-merica

Uh-merica

Ohh, there's nothing like emptying a cartridge at the sun
Emptying a cartridge at the sun
Emptying a cartridge at the sun

Songwriters

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