

Merica

LIVE

Looks like America's dropped her load
As she was ready to explode
I could not see her from up here
'Cause she was lyin' in the roadMy head's in the ground
I can't make a sound
My head's in the groundLooks like America's dropped her load
She tried to call me on the telephone
Everything is fine, now the baby's here
She'll have to handle this one on her ownMy head's in the ground
I can't make a sound
The priests were all stonedCalifornia was in my mind
And love was a game that we played
PlayedMy heads in the ground
I can't make a sound
The priests were all stoned, yea
The fact that you moaned, yeaMy head's in the ground
My head's in the ground
My head's in the ground

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