

# USA

## Middle Class Rut

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, la (la la, la la la, la)  
La la, la la la, la (la la, la la la, la) Load up your guns!!  
Load up your guns!! Ah, 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!

Songwriters

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