

# 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  
...

Lyrics provided by

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