

## Camera Aztec

### "Just Like The Usa"

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Stuck in my beat suede shoes I can't wait,

Oh what a state to be in.

I need her heart and get a Jack-jones for my sins.

She's gonna ditch that shining, sick machine

And be speeding straight my way.

But I'm churning in neutral, turning in a circle,

Just like the USA.

The secret is silver, it's to shine and never simply  
survive

And don't swallow substitutes and never see second  
prize,

'Cos I know that my might could change my mind,

And I'm told that by rights it's not my find.

I'd be a tribute to temptation in it's glory and it's grave,

But I'm churning in neutral, turning in a circle,

Just like the USA.

The secret is silver, it's to shine and never simply  
survive

And don't swallow substitutes and never see second  
prize,

'Cos I know that my might could change my mind,

And I'm told that by rights it's not my find.

I'd be a tower to your highest hopes,

That no southern storm could sway,  
But I'm churning in neutral, turning in a circle,  
Just like the USA.

I hear those rhyming bells and heed the words they  
say,  
And with a string of diamelles I'll steal her heart away.

'Cos I know that my might could change my mind,  
And I'm told that by rights it's not my find.

In my star-spangled sailor suit,  
I'd be the pioneer by day,  
But I'm churning in neutral, turning in a circle,  
Just like the USA

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