

Live "Merica"

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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 road

My head's in the ground
I can't make a sound
My head's in the ground

Looks 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 own

My head's in the ground
I can't make a sound
The priests were all stoned

California was in my mind
And love was a game that we played
Played

My heads in the ground
I can't make a sound
The priests were all stoned, yea
The fact that you moaned, yea

My head's in the ground
My head's in the ground
My head's in the ground

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