

## Mando Diao "P.U.S.A."

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Drove around till five 'o clock  
It was drivers day, I drove the driver away  
Now I must speed up, get up, wipe up, everything I've  
got  
Wanna hit the pretty ice in my big city with my big  
cliches  
And if I get out, give up, get along with myself

I've gotta get it on the dance floor, baby where  
In the Post United States of America  
I've got my brotherhood to help me, take 'em there  
In the Post United States of America  
In the Post United States of America  
In the Post United States of America

Police asked me where to go in a nowhere land  
I'm in a state of sand  
And if I pray well, make hell, gee swell, I'll be okay  
Brother's on my right and left  
They don't give a shit about my bottomless pit  
And I know, I will turn 'em, all you mothers in n' out

I wanna get it on the dance floor, baby where  
In the Post United States of America  
I've got my brotherhood to help me [Incomprehensible]  
In the Post United States of America  
In the Post United States of America  
In the Post United States of America

[Inaudible]

Love me, fool me, drink my wine  
In the Post United States of America  
I wanna go with those who live and dies  
In the Post United States of America  
In the Post United States of America  
In the Post United States of America

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