

## Regina Spektor "Uh-Merica"

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Mrs. E. Roosevelt never heard me shoot my gun  
Mrs. E. Roosevelt didn't even know I owned one  
Somewhere between the cobblestone floor and the  
slated wooden ceiling  
Cuddling my semi-automatic, with a very fuzzy feeling  
Ohh, there's nothing like emptying a cartridge at the  
sun

Uh-merica  
Uh-merica  
Uh-merica  
Uh-merica  
Ohh, there's nothing like emptying a cartridge at the  
sun

Oh, we're born alone and we're covered by m-m-m-  
mother's kisses  
The mind has already forgotten what the body still  
misses  
Somewhere between the sticky floor and the cracks in  
the ceiling  
Cuddling my semi-automatic, what a very fuzzy feeling  
Ohh, there's nothing like emptying a cartridge at the  
sun

Uh-merica  
Uh-merica  
Uh-merica  
Uh-merica  
Ohh, there's nothing like emptying a cartridge at the  
sun

One more time

Uh-merica  
Uh-merica  
Uh-merica  
Uh-merica  
Ohh, there's nothing like emptying a cartridge at the  
sun  
Emptying a cartridge at the sun  
Emptying a cartridge at the sun

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