

Dead Kennedys "Back In The USSR"

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Flew in from Miami Beach B O A C
Didn't get to sleep last night
On the way a paper bag was on my knee
God I had a dreadful flight

I'm back in the U.S.S.R.
You don't know how lucky you are, boy
Back in the U.S.S.R.

I've been away so long I hardly knew the place
God, it's good to be back home
I leave it till tomorrow to unpack my case
Baby, disconnect the phone

I'm back in the U.S.S.R.
You don't know how lucky you are, boy
Back in the U.S. back in the U.S.
Back in the U.S.S.R.

Well, the Ukraine girls really knock me out
They leave the West behind
The Moscow girls make me sing and shout
That Georgia, Georgia, Georgia's
Always on my my my my my mind

I'm back in the U.S.S.R.
You don't know how lucky you are, boy
Back in the U.S.S.R.

Well, the Ukraine girls really knock me out
They leave the West behind
The Moscow girls make me sing and shout
That Georgia, Georgia, Georgia's
Always on my, my, my, my, my mind

Take me to the real mountains way down in south
Take me to your daddy's farm
And let me hear your balalaika's ringing out
And come and keep your comrade warm

Back in U.S.S.R.
You know how lucky you are, boy

Back in U.S. back in U.S.
Back in the U.S.S.R. boy

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