

## Just Like The U.s.a.

Aztec Camera

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,  
'Cause 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,

'Cause 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.

'Cause 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.