

P.U.S.A

Mando Diao

A **F#m** **Bm**
Drove around til five o clock, it was drivers day
E
I drove the drivers way,
D7 **A**
Now I must speed up get up wipe up everything I ve got
F#m **Bm** **E**
Wanna hit the pretty ice in my big city, with my big clichés
D7
And if I get out, give up, get along with myself

(refrão)

A **F#m** **D** **A**
I ve gotta get it on the dancefloor, baby where
A **F#m** **D** **A**
in the Post United States of America
A **F#m** **D** **A**
I ve got my brotherhood to help me, take em there
A **F#m** **D** **A**
In the Post United States of America
A **F#m** **D** **A**
In the Post United States of America
A **F#m** **G** **E**
In the Post United States of Ameeeeeeeeerica

(verso)

A **F#m** **Bm**
Police asked me where to go in a nowhere land
E
I m in a state of sand
D7 **A**
And if I pray well, make hell, gee swell, I ll be OK
F#m **Bm** **E**
Brothers on my right and left they don t give a shit bout my bottomless pit
D7
And I know, I will turn em, all you mothers in n out

(refrão)

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In the Post United States of America
A F#m G E
In the Post United States of Ameeeeeeeeerica

(solo)
A F#m D E
A F#m D E
A F#m D E
A F#m G G F# F E E F F
G G G G E

A F#m D A
Love me, fool me, drink my wine in the
A F#m D A
in the Post United States of America
A F#m D A
I wanna go with those who live and dies
A F#m D A
in the Post United States of America
A F#m D A
In the Post United States of America
A F#m G E A
In the Post United States of Ameeeeeeeeeriiiiiiiica