

The Beatles, Back In The U.S.S.R.

Flew in from Miami Beach by BOAC
Didn't get to bed last night.
All the way the paper bag was on my knee,
Man, 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.

Been away so long I hardly knew the place,
Gee, it's good to be back home.
Leave it till tomorrow to unpack my case,
Honey 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.S.R.

Well, the Ukrainian girls really knock me out,
They leave the West behind.
And Moscow girls make me sing and shout
That Georgia's always on my-my-my-my-my my mind.

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

Well, the Ukrainian girls really knock me out,
They leave the West behind.
And Moscow girls make me sing and shout
That Georgia's always on my-my-my-my-my my mind.

Show me round your snow peaked mountains way down south,
Take me to your daddy's farm.
Let me hear your balalaika's ringing out,
Come and keep your comrade warm.
I'm back in the U.S.S.R.
You don't know how lucky you are, boys.
Back in the U.S.S.R.