Aztec Camera, Just Like The U.S.A.

Words and music by Roddy Frame

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.
'Cos 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.
'Cos 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 star 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.
'Cos I know that my might could change my mind,
And I'm told that by rights it's not my find.
In my star-bangled sailor suit,
I'd be the pioneer by day,
But I'm churning in neutral, turning in a circle,
Just like the USA.