

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

(Lennon/McCartney)

Oh, flew in from Miami Beach B.O.A.C.  
Didn't get to bed last night  
On 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. (Yeah)

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.  
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  
And Moscow girls make me sing and shout  
That Georgia's always on my mind

Aw come on!  
Ho yeah!  
Ho yeah!  
Ho ho yeah!  
Yeah yeah!

Yeah 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 Ukraine girls really knock me out  
They leave the West behind  
And Moscow girls make me sing and shout  
That Georgia's always on my mind

Oh, show me around 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.  
Hey you don't know how lucky you are boys  
Back in the U.S.S.R.

Oh let me tell you, honey  
Hey, I'm back!  
I'm back in the U.S.S.R.  
Yes, I'm free!  
Yeah, back in the U.S.S.R.

Ha ha