

David Byrne, Miss America

I love America, her secret's safe with me
And I know her wicked ways
The parts you never see

Oh super-girl, you'll be my super-model
Although you have a reputation
Can I afford to move above my station
I'm not the only heart you've conquered

And I love America, but boy can she be cruel
And I know how tall she is
Without her platform shoes

Oh super-girl, you'll be my super-model
Although at times it might seem awkward
Don't run away, oh don't you recognize me
I'm not the only heart you've conquered

And I kissed America, when she was fleecing me
She knows I understand that she needs to be free
And I miss America and sometimes she does too
And sometimes I think of her
When she is fucking you

I love America
Yo siempre he confiado en ti [=I have always trusted you]
I love America
Por que me tratas asi? [=Why do you treat me like this?]

Oh super-girl, you'll be my super-model
Although your pants are round your ankles
And when you're down, I'll be your Dirty Harry
It will be just like in the movies

Oh super-girl, you'll be my super-model
Although at times it might seem awkward
Don't look away, I'll be your teenage fanclub
I'm not the only heart you've conquered