BACK IN THE U.S.S.R.





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BACK IN THE USSR

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.,

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 Come on,
Hu Hey, Hu Hey, Ah 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.

Oh! Show me round your snow peaked mountain way down south, Take me to your Daddy's farm,
Let me hear your balalaikas 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, boy,
Back in the U.S.S.R.

Oh let me tell you, honey!