

Flew in from miami beach boac  
Didn't get you 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.

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

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Show me 'round your snow peaked mountains way down south  
Take me to your daddy's farm  
Let me hear your balala