

bryska, Miss Americana (prod. by Mark Neve)

Oh I really fell in love with miss Americana
I don't wanna make a change to fit the panorama
Y'all got me nah nah nah nah
I think I have a trauma
All I want is to be brave ain't got to care about 'em

Watch me fading up with time
While I count the teardrops vanishing my mind
Wish I could pretend I am terrible at math,
Bring a little summer to my winter heart

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I am miss Americana
I am miss Americana

Went a bit too far
Tiny waist
Can find me in the dark
Always dressed in
Such a perfect smile
Pressure is easy to hide
I only find peace in the night

Lookin' like a sweetheart but I might
Maybe made some things not so polite
Baby, tell me
Would you still look at me like I'm the sun
If you knew all of the things that I've done

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