

# Lady GaGa, John Wayne

3 a.m.  
Mustang speeding  
2 lovers  
Headed for a dead end  
Too fast, hold tight, he laughs  
Running through the red lights  
Hollering over rubber spinning  
Big swing  
Toss another beer can  
Too lit, tonight, praying  
One the moonlight

Every John is just the same  
I'm sick of their city games  
I crave a real wild man  
I'm strung out on John Wayne

Baby, let's get high  
John Wayne  
/2x

Blue cellar and a red-state treasure'  
Love junkie on a 3-day bender  
His grip  
So hard  
Eyes glare  
Trouble like a mug shot  
Charged up  
Cuz the man's on a mission  
1-2, ya  
The gears are shifting  
He called, I cried, we broke  
Racing through the moonlight

Every John is just the same  
I'm sick of their city games  
I crave a real wild man  
I'm strung out on John Wayne

Baby, let's get high  
John Wayne  
/2x

So here I go  
To the eye of the storm  
Just to feel your love  
Knock me over  
Here I go  
Into our love storm

Baby, let's get high  
John Wayne  
/2x