

Ryan Adams, Beautiful Sorta

All I wanna do is get up, is get up, is get up
In the morning in the morning
And not wanna die

I feel alright when I think about you
Walking through a star field covered in lights
Wasted like you're losing your job you're so fired
We're just like the ones we used to make fun of

It's beautiful sorta, beautiful sorta
Beautiful sorta, but not
Beautiful sorta, beautiful sorta
Beautiful sorta, but not
All I wanna do is get down, is get down, is get down

In the evening, in the evening
And not wanna die
Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow

I'm buzzing like a jar full of lightening bugs
Walking through a star field covered in lights

Wasted like a bum with somebody's wallet
Pictures inside of you and me, you and I
So far past sad I'm crazy and scary

It's Beautiful Sorta, Beautiful Sorta
Beautiful Sorta, but not