

Ryan Adams, Wish You Were Here

Cotton candy and a rotten mouth
You know you're so fucked up
You know I couldn't help but have it for you

And everybody knows the way I walk
And knows the way I talk
And knows the way I feel about you
It's all a bunch of shit
And there's nothing to do around here
It's totally fucked up
I'm totally fucked up
Wish you were here

And streets that only turn to boulevards
And houses with back yards
and it's raining like hell on the cars
And everybody knows the way I walk
And knows the way I talk
Knows the way I feel about you
It's all a bunch of shit
And there's nothing to do around here
It's totally fucked
I'm totally fucked
Wish you were here

And if I could have my way
We'd take some drugs
And we'd smile
We'd smile
We'd smile
But not tonight, my dear
Wish you were here
Wish you were here
Wish you were here
Wish you were here