

Styx, Miss America

(James Young)

You were the apple of the public's eye as you cut the ribbon at the local mall
A mirage for both you and us. How can it be real?
We love your body in that photograph, your home state sure must be proud
The queen of the United States, or have you lost your crown

Well aren't you Miss America
Don't you Miss America
Won't you Miss America
Our love

Well are you really who we think you are
Or does that smile seem to wear you down
This girl who you once were is screaming jump out
This dream that you must live - a disease for which there is no cure
This roller coaster ride you're on won't stop to let you off

Well aren't you Miss America
Don't you Miss America
Won't you Miss America
Our love

Miss America, Miss America
Miss America, Miss America

Well it's true just take a look - The cover sometimes makes the book
And the judges, do they ever ask to read between your lines
And in your cage at the human zoo, they all stop to look at you
Next year, what will you do when you have been forgotten

Well aren't you Miss America
Don't you Miss America
Won't you Miss America
Our love