

Aimée Allen, Miss America

Everything gets old
Everyone is dull
It's always raining
Everyone is scared
'Cause I got Joan Jett hair
But I'll keep changing
No one understands
Why I'm the way I am
So why bring it on?

I don't want to be your Miss America
I won't be your queen for just one day
We just want to sing for your America
Say the things that you're afraid to say

You think I've lost my mind
I call it my good time
It's while you're sleeping
Everyone's force spins
So just go back to bed
You're scared of dreaming
Even if I suck when I'm a little drunk
So what? Just sing along

I don't want to be your Miss America
I won't be your queen for just one day
We just want to sing for your America
Say the things that you're afraid to say

I spit crack in the mold
And I resent growing old
Smoking up and drinking
Doesn't pay the rent, I'm told
I've been locked up, not lucked out
Been fired up, burned out
Been force fed this dick
And bit the cock in my mouth
And I used to be catholic
But now I'm just guilty and filthy
With the all the lies that you filled me
But I'm the queen of kerosene
There is none higher
Got so much fucking fuel
That you can't stop my fire

I don't want to be your Miss America
I won't be your queen for just one day
We just want to sing for your America
Say the things that you're afraid to say

I don't want to be your Miss America
I won't be your queen for just one day
Fuck the east coast/west coast hysteria
Say the things that you're afraid to say