Old 97's, Dressing Room Walls

I might have wound up in L.A. panning for gold
Found me a woman to warm up with when the water got cold
But I heard that there ain't no gold there
There's just line upon line of cocaine
I've been there once and I ain't gonna go there again
I stopped believing in true love when Reagan was king
The years have gone by now and the years haven't changed anything
Trying like hell to get better
But I'm gearing myself for the worst
The punk rock will get you if the government don't get you first
I'm gonna write down my name in the lady's room stall
Find me a pay phone and place a few calls
I'm gonna try not to fall down when I'm singing for y'all
I'm gonna die someday staring at the dressing room walls
I'm gonna die someday staring at the dressing room walls
My advice is to not let us boys in
For we chose misery as our rock
Misery must love all the new friends that she's got
I'm gonna write down my name in the lady's room stall
Find me a pay phone and pay for it all
I'm gonna try not to fall down when I'm singing for y'all
I'm gonna die someday staring at the dressing room walls
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