

Ryan Adams, Do Miss America

So, tell me how you feel without your medicine
Hold you head feelin' paranoid
Sweet sixteen for a schizoid

So, tell me how you feel
Now you're the only one
Held you head in the setting sun
Sweet black smoke with the poison

Hey, come everybody do Miss America
Hey, you know when she goes down it's hysterical

So, tell me how you feel without your medicine
Hold your head feeling paranoid
Running down the street from a mergatroid

So, tell me how you feel
Now you're the only one
Held your head in the setting sun
Sweet black smoke from a crooked gun

Hey, come everybody do Miss America
Hey, you know when she goes down it's hysterical