

# Ryan Adams, To Be The One

Well the pills I got they ask me lets go out for a while  
And the knives up in the kitchen are all too dull to smile  
Yeah and the sun it tries to warn me  
Boy those wings are made of wax  
While the things I do to kill me  
They just tell me to relax  
But oh Cinderella  
All dressed up in all your boots and all your charms  
I'm not the fellow  
To protect you or to keep you from all your harm  
And I don't know which is worse  
To wake up and see the sun  
Or to be the one be the one

Be the one that's gone  
And the empty bottle it misses you  
Yeah and I'm the one that its talking to  
And with you and I just barely strangers  
I'm pretty much just left the fool  
Damn don't the streets look empty though  
Just wandering round here without you

Oh the empty bottle it misses you and I'm the one its talking to  
And I don't know which is worse  
To wake up and see the sun

Or to be the one be the one that's gone