

Ryan Adams, World War 24

Porcelain doll
Your mother runs an antique shop
She takes some stuff, I take a lot
We sleep all day
Slow response
I'm feelin' like an afterthought
I guess I'm kinda lost in space
And London's okay
She don't even ask what time it is anymore
Dressed up like its World War 24

Sugar sweet
She loves it when it hits her teeth
The river hides the carousel
In London, oh well
Coma comes
Like bullets from a candy gun
Delivers us into the sun
Of London, my love
She don't even ask what time it is anymore
Dressed up like its World War 24

And if we get too high
We'll burn this town
We'll burn this town
We'll burn this town
Oh, baby, bring me down
Oh, baby, bring me down
Oh, baby, bring me down
Oh, baby, bring me down
I'm all yours
I'm all yours
I'm all yours