

# Beautiful Sorta

Ryan Adams

All I wanna do is get up, is get up, is get up  
In the morning in the morning  
And not wanna die

I feel alright when I think about you  
Walking through a star field covered in lights  
Wasted like you're losing your job you're so fired  
We're just like the ones we used to make fun of

It's beautiful sorta, beautiful sorta  
Beautiful sorta, but not  
Beautiful sorta, beautiful sorta  
Beautiful sorta, but not  
All I wanna do is get down, is get down, is get down

In the evening, in the evening  
And not wanna die  
Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow

I'm buzzing like a jar full of lightening bugs  
Walking through a star field covered in lights

Wasted like a bum with somebody's wallet  
Pictures inside of you and me, you and I  
So far past sad I'm crazy and scary

It's Beautiful Sorta, Beautiful Sorta  
Beautiful Sorta, but not