

Miss America

Agents of Good Roots

Miss America, music lover, a dancer in the USO
A one time loser a two time fiend,
Says she even likes Black Crowes
Bought a faux fur now she's a hip girl
Head full of acid and pearls
The cops said no, so we left Idaho
Heading to the cost for the show
Said she's a sinner but you know she's a saint
Still she's trouble with a capital "T".

(chorus):

Cause you know she's gonna
Rock and roll
Miss America is
Rock and roll
She gotta lip for the fool
And you know she's gonna
Rock and roll

Keep your head up
And look for the cup
Fill it with the wine from the still.
Miss America, music lover
Spent the last 20 years on the pill.
Said she's a sinner but you know she's a saint
Still she's tripping with a capital "T".

(chorus)

(chorus)

Got divorced, left court broke, of course
Baggin' alimon' for the jag
Quit cigarettes so she's tired and tense
Just a 50 year groupie in drag.
Said she's a sinner but she knows she's a saint
Still she's trouble with a capital "T".

(chorus)