

# Miss America

Allen, Aimee

Everything gets old  
Everyone is dull  
It's always raining  
Everyone is scared  
'Cause I got Joan Jett hair  
But I'll keep changing  
No one understands  
Why I'm the way I am  
So why bring it on?  
I don't want to be your Miss America  
I won't be your queen for just one day  
We just want to sing for your America  
Say the things that you're afraid to say  
You think I've lost my mind  
I call it my good time  
It's while you're sleeping  
Everyone's force spins  
So just go back to bed  
You're scared of dreaming  
Even if I suck when I'm a little drunk  
So what? Just sing along  
I don't want to be your Miss America  
I won't be your queen for just one day  
We just want to sing for your America  
Say the things that you're afraid to say  
I spit crack in the mold  
And I resent growing old  
Smoking up and drinking  
Doesn't pay the rent, I'm told  
I've been locked up, not lucked out  
Been fired up, burned out  
Been force fed this dick  
And bit the cock in my mouth  
And I used to be catholic  
But now I'm just guilty and filthy  
With the all the lies that you filled me  
But I'm the queen of kerosene  
There is none higher  
Got so much fucking fuel  
That you can't stop my fire  
I don't want to be your Miss America  
I won't be your queen for just one day  
We just want to sing for your America  
Say the things that you're afraid to say  
I don't want to be your Miss America  
I won't be your queen for just one day  
Fuck the east coast/west coast hysteria  
Say the things that you're afraid to say