

# Ryan Adams, Wish You Were Here

Cotton candy and a rotten mouth  
You know you're so fucked up  
You know I couldn't help but have it for you

And everybody knows the way I walk  
And knows the way I talk  
And knows the way I feel about you  
It's all a bunch of shit  
And there's nothing to do around here  
It's totally fucked up  
I'm totally fucked up  
Wish you were here

And streets that only turn to boulevards  
And houses with back yards  
and it's raining like hell on the cars  
And everybody knows the way I walk  
And knows the way I talk  
Knows the way I feel about you  
It's all a bunch of shit  
And there's nothing to do around here  
It's totally fucked  
I'm totally fucked  
Wish you were here

And if I could have my way  
We'd take some drugs  
And we'd smile  
We'd smile  
We'd smile  
But not tonight, my dear  
Wish you were here  
Wish you were here  
Wish you were here  
Wish you were here