

Ryan Adams & The Cardinals

"Beautiful Sorta"

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When I say, "L U V", you better believe me, L U V
Give me a beer, 1, 2, 3, 4

All I wanna do is get up, is get up, is get up
In the mornin', in the mornin'
And I wanna die

I feel alright when I think about you
Walkin' through a star field covered in light
Wasted like you're losin' 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 evenin', in the evenin'
And I wanna die tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow

I'm buzzin' like a jar full of lightenin' bolts
Walkin' through a star field covered in light
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
Beautiful sorta, beautiful sorta
Beautiful sorta, but not

I do everything I can to remove you, but it hurts
From all the things that we started

It's beautiful sorta, beautiful sorta
Beautiful sorta, but not

Beautiful sorta, beautiful sorta
Beautiful sorta, but not
Beautiful sorta, beautiful sorta
Beautiful sorta, but not

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Beautiful sorta, beautiful sorta
Beautiful sorta, but not

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