

Expectations

ensnare

Baby, innocence
Is one day gonna be decadence
Prom Queen, Miss America
In the backseat in a pair of cuffs
Sixteen, little runaway
From the Five-O and got away
From a small town with no scene
Looking for a shot on the big screen

Expectations

Go to hell

Expectations

Go to hell

Not so innocent

On the streets hustlin'

Never be Miss America

In the backseat of a Celica

Crashing with a deadbeat

Living large on a love seat

In a small town, no scene

Turns out it was nothing but a pipe dream

Expectations

Go to hell

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Go to hell

Rich girl, wannabe

Bought a quick pick from the lottery

Watching TV with her boyfriend

Fell asleep, left the ticket on the nightstand

He stayed awake to see the ball drop

Turned it way down, she never woke up

Grabbed the keys to her car in the back lot

Through a shot of Jack back, left with the jackpot

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Go to hell

Prom Queen, Miss America

In the backseat in a pair of cuffs

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Go to hell

Never be Miss America
In the backseat in a pair of cuffs

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