Expectations

Intensity

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
Expectations
Go to hell
Prom Queen, Miss America
In the backseat in a pair of cuffs
Expectations
Go to hell

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

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