

Miss California

The Heavy

She is a lunatic
She'll wreck your body and she'll break your soul
Despite her rhetoric
She won't be happy till she's taken controlIt was all that I could muster
To put that witch down
Just another zombie
In another zombie townShe used to be Miss California
A trail of broken hearts to her door
She used to be Miss California
But she don't turn their heads anymoreWhat kind of maniac
Spends your money as she spits your bones?
No aphrodisiac could mask the echo of her aching death-moansIt was more than just a crucifix
To keep that thing at bay
You save your small town nightmare
For another rainy dayShe used to be Miss California
A trail of broken hearts to her door
She used to be Miss California
But she don't turn their heads anymoreYour ballroom days are over
It's getting hard to hide
That bitter look that's on your face
When you're that messed-up insideShe used to be Miss California
A trail of broken hearts to her door
She used to be Miss California
But she don't turn their heads anymoreShe used to be Miss California
A trail of broken hearts to her door
She used to be Miss California
But she don't turn their heads anymore

Songwriters

DAN TAYLOR, KELVIN SWABY, SPENCER PAGE, TOBY MCLAREN, CHRIS ELLULPublished by
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