

# Expectations

## Dusky

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

Expectations

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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>