

The Hardest Part

Ryan Adams

I was shooting in the back of the car
When the windows smashed on the police cars
I was swimming through the streets of New York
With my cocaine dagger and throats to cut
And it was making her cry...
But it was making me high

She was a hooker at the age of sixteen
All she wanted was the money, she didn't need an I.D.
She was a junkie, and I know it's cliché
But then so was her life, I mean, she lived in L.A.
And it was making her cry...
But it was making her high

And it was making her cry...
And it was making her high

Riot in my skull
The demons are coming
Los Angeles is dead
These drugs ain't working
Painted it all black
The chains are jerking
Los Angeles is dead
The drugs ain't working
Riot in my skull
The demons are coming
Los Angeles is dead
The drugs ain't working
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The drugs ain't working
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