

## World War 24

Ryan Adams

Porcelain doll  
Your mother runs an antique shop  
She takes some stuff, I take a lot  
We sleep all day  
Slow response  
I'm feelin' like an afterthought  
I guess I'm kinda lost in space  
And London's okay  
She don't even ask what time it is anymore  
Dressed up like its World War 24

Sugar sweet  
She loves it when it hits her teeth  
The river hides the carousel  
In London, oh well  
Coma comes  
Like bullets from a candy gun  
Delivers us into the sun  
Of London, my love  
She don't even ask what time it is anymore  
Dressed up like its World War 24

And if we get too high  
We'll burn this town  
We'll burn this town  
We'll burn this town  
Oh, baby, bring me down  
Oh, baby, bring me down  
Oh, baby, bring me down  
Oh, baby, bring me down  
I'm all yours  
I'm all yours  
I'm all yours