

Miss America

Mae Muller

Wanna be on top, fresh out the box, wanna be picture-perfect
A little bit of Botox will hit the spot, no cracks under the surface
I wanna be just like them, feels like I might die trying
I want it bad, but I keep questioning

Am I getting tired?
Am I fighting a losing game?
Have I passed my prime?
And they can't pronounce my name
I am following dreams, and they drive me insane
'Cause I'll never be

Miss America, Miss America
Maybe I'm not, not, not Miss America
It'll take you down
Heavy head that wears the crown
Miss America

Hard to believe that my twenties feel like my life is over
Feel like I'm doing something wrong, but I'm just getting older
This ain't my type of party
Since when did everybody get so messed up?
I miss my confidence

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Am I fighting a losing game?
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