

# Hall of Shame

Ryan Adams

When the A-side plays  
And it spins and sways  
And it sounds like thunder

There is no one to blame  
With your missing names  
And your missing numbers

When on the pages burning  
When torn from the spine  
Would you judge the cover?

Will you write our names  
Where the pavements laid  
That our bones are under

Party directions into a grave  
We're lost

No one is laughing  
We are lost  
And no one is laughing  
We are lost  
And no one is laughing  
In the halls of shame

When the B-side stops  
When the needle drops  
And it says what band

And it makes that noise  
Like a private cry  
When the silence fails

And you wrote our names  
At the stick in the street  
With your fucked up hair

As your eyes turned black  
Your mascara ran screaming, 'I was here'  
Well, you sort of were  
And you sort of weren't, dear  
We're lost  
And no one is laughing  
We are lost  
And no one is laughing  
We are lost  
And no one is laughing  
We are lost  
And no one is laughing  
No, in the halls of shame