

## 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  
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The drugs ain't working  
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