

New York City calls my name
I've hustling out here to make it in L.A
But I know this is where I belong
It is where I left all my own and where my heart's feeling low

Call it delusional
And dangerous, too
With a mind of an angel
And a soul of the moon

Call it dysfunctional
In a shameless world
Can you be my savior?
I can be your girl

Beauty queen made of gold
In an egotistical wasteland
She's growing far too old

Fooled by the Hollywood legacy
Like I was born to waste with Tim...

Call it delusional
And dangerous, too
With a mind of an angel
And a soul of the moon

Call it dysfunctional
In a shameless world
Can you be my savior?
I can be your girl

Dark desert night
Dressed in a way
How do you see the end in your eyes?
Ending is yourself
How is it going [?]
I talked to you this morning and now I feel much better
I had you in my mind so much...