

At The Drive In "Plastic Memories"

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There's nothing like the way she looks
When she fucks me those her big brown eyes

I know she's mad at me (mad at me)
When would we feel

The blue bird has arrived
Favor of the plane is the question
Did it matter how much I cope with out
A little more then a distance

Mad at me (mad at me)

Got to affect her with her peck
Jealous soul eyes
But I'm just playing

Mad at me (mad at me)

All that matters now

All that matters now
Is the matter of effect
Inside her beautiful Smile
In the picket Fence Cartel
We all become what we most dislike [x3]
Find one assassin

Mad at me (mad at me)
When would we

She was just coming of age

Mad at me (mad at me)

In the picket Fence Cartel
We all become what we most dislike

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