

J Church "Plastic"

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Empty glasses made of plastic,
So unlikely and fantastic,
I might cruise in coffee houses,
I'm returning naked glances

But if the mediocre (vision...) you boring,
You start a conversation on American short stories

Don't even, don't even tell me,
(Don't tell me, don't tell me),
Don't tell me that it's nothing,
Don't tell me that you need it,
Don't even, don't even tell me,
(Don't tell me, don't tell me),
Do you want the complication,
Not open to interpretation

Whose figures are you flexing?
So drunk and interesting,
You should be [... ?] at your studies,
She leave me bruised and bloody

You're trying to say I think I love,
I (smell?) the rest of the day
I'm trying to find the words but there's nothing left to
say

Don't even, don't even tell me,
(Don't tell me, don't tell me),
Don't tell me that it's something,
Don't tell me that you need it,
Don't even, don't even tell me,
(Don't tell me, don't tell me),
Do you want the complication,
Not open to interpretation

Nervous and callous crust,
Smooth and [... ?],
I'm happy with the knowledge I won't see you again

This is not my style,
(Don't even tell me, don't even tell me),

I guess I feel (insane... ?) for a while,
This is not my style,
(Don't even tell me, don't even tell me),
I guess I'm feeling changed, even just for a while

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