

Plastic Operator "Peppermint"

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Knocking on an open door
it doesn't feel like coming home
i look around and watch my steps
one glimpse of you - and i go back

my peppermint, my sweetest thing
you cannot lose cause i can't win
it must be hard to tell a lie
when i ask "what is on your mind"

from the outside you are sweet
but you hold my hand to fight
sentimental times

careful when you look for more
adjust the vision of your scope
it's kind of sad to see
you're all i need but i am incomplete

my peppermint, my sweetest thing
you'll never lose cause i can't win
you took my heart and that is fine
do it over if you forgot why

from the outside you are sweet
but you hold my hand to fight
sentimental times

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