

## Miguel

### "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*

