

Plastic

Girlfriends

I'm bad at goodbyes
Is it a good time
To tell you I miss the days
When you were all mine?
Stay awake all night
Tequila sunrise
Looking right at me
Seeing through bloodshot eyes

I'll show you where it all went wrong
'Cause I already know
I was busy holding on
While you were letting go
Never got a sorry from you
How predictable
And even though it's sad but true

Maybe we were plastic, we were pretend
Like romantic movies that we watched just to make you happy
Made up like the love song that I wrote to
Make you stop screaming when you got mad at me
I'm a little bit hurt
But you're a little bit worse
Plastic, we were pretend, and it's tragic
No matter what I'll never make you happy

We got too many issues
For us to get through
Maybe I have a chance
But it's not with you
Not enough tissues
For when I miss you
Done with the bad days
I'm ready for good news

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'Cause I already know
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While you were letting go
Never got a sorry from you
How predictable
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