

# Quicksilver

Holly Miranda

Well I was lying in my girlfriend's bed  
Dreaming while my [?] got wrecked  
The message of the stars were very clear  
She put up her smoke and spoke into my ear

All men are villains, girls are quicksilver  
Running through their hands, [?] pleasures  
Take drastic measures

In speeding cars  
Need shooting stars  
We'll make 'em bad so we'll never win  
My stupid heart  
Loves live guitars  
And girls with crooked grins

Oh if you don't kill me  
You'll probably fill me  
With dread

Well the moon is in the seventh house  
But my girl, she's nowhere to be found  
So I rolled up into a crib  
Take a look around I wonder where she is

I prefer villains, and make them millions  
And then repent, those types of endeavors  
I tend to treasure, oh

In speeding cars  
Need shooting stars  
We'll make 'em bad so we'll never win  
My stupid heart  
Loves filthy bars  
And girls with velvet skin

Criminal lovers, under my covers  
And again

Well she said  
Let me tell you 'bout my mother  
She ate disappointment  
For breakfast, lunch and supper

The writing on the wall is very clear  
It was hell back there she wants heaven right here

All men are villains, girls are quicksilver  
Running through their hands  
My criminal brothers, we've been discovered  
Oh

In speeding cars  
Need shooting stars  
We'll make 'em bad so we'll never win  
My stupid heart  
Loves live guitars

And girls with crooked grins

In speeding cars  
Need shooting stars  
We'll make 'em bad so we'll never win  
My stupid heart  
Loves filthy bars  
And girls with velvet skin

My stupid heart  
My stupid heart  
My stupid heart  
No

My stupid heart  
My stupid heart  
My stupid stupid stupid stupid  
Stupid (heart) stupid stupid stupid stupid  
Stupid