

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