

# Checkered Vans

Mckenna Grace

Aah-ah-ah-aah, ah-ah-aah, ha-ah-ahh-ha, ahh-ha  
Aah-ah-ah-aah, ah-ah-aah, ha-ah-ahh-ha, ahh-ha

Chew me up then spit me out  
Then leave me lyin' on the ground  
A low blow even for you  
Paranoid, you're in my head  
You're in my blood and when I'm dead  
You'll probably dig my grave up too

My stupid heart was in your hands  
You used me like your cigarettes  
Then you stomped me out in your checkered Vans  
Damn, what the hell happened?  
I'll say I should've known, I should've known better  
That you're a backstabber  
But how could I have known  
Behind your grey coat your words are made of daggers  
And cherry lip smacker, smacker

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Aah-ah-ah-aah, ah-ah-aah, ha-ah-ahh-ha, ahh-ha

I'm just gonna hold my breathe  
'Cause all you do is make me sick  
You even ruined air for me  
You ruined parking lots and movie snacks  
And photo booths, imagine that  
I guess no more souvenirs from parties

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I swear you exist just to spite me  
I'm your cigarette so gaslight me  
In your checkered Vans straight out the 90s  
Really put me out, really put me out, put me  
I swear you exist just to spite me  
I'm your cigarette so gaslight me  
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