Sloppy Seconds

George Watsky

Fuck you if you love a car for its paint job
Love you if you love a car for the road trips
Show me the miles and your arms and the pink scar
Where the doctor had to pull out all the bone chips
Cuz you were pressing on the gas just a bit hard
Right in the moment where the road curved a bit sharp
And when you woke up, somebody was unclipping your seat belt
And pulling you from the open window of your flipped car

[Chorus]
Cold pizza
Tie-dye shirts
Broken hearts
Give'm here, give'm here
Hand me downs
Give me give me leftovers
Give me give me sloppy seconds
Give em here, give em here

I don't care where you've been
How many miles, I still love you (2x)

Show me someone who says they got no baggage
I'll show you somebody whose got no story
Nothing gory means no glory, but baby please don't bore me
We won't know until we get there
The who, or the what, or the when where
My favorite sweater was a present that I got a couple presidents ago
And I promised that I would rock it till it's thread bare
Bet on it
Every single person got a couple skeletons
So pretty soon, in this room
It'll just be me and you when we clear out all the elephants
Me and you and the elements

We all have our pitfalls
Beer's flat, the cabs have been called
And everybody and their momma can hear the drama that's happening behind these thin walls

[Chorus]

I don't care where you've been
How many miles, I still love you (2x)

I dont care (cold pizza)
Where you've been (tie-dye shirts)
How many (broken hearts) miles, I still love you
I dont care (hand me downs)
Where you've been (left overs)
How many (sloppy seconds) miles, I still love you

My pattern with women isn't a flattering image
But I don't want to run away because I said so
I dont want to be the guy to hide all of my flaws
And I'll be giving you the side of me that I don't let show
Everything in fashion
That has ever happened
Always coming crashing down
Better let go
But in a couple years it will be retro
You rock Marc Ecko
My shirts have the gecko
Cuz in the past man, I was hopeless
But now's when my little cousins look the dopest
(whoop whoop)
Fuck the fashion po-po
Have a stale doughnut, I don't need no tips
Fuck a five second rule
That's a plan I never understood
It's September in my kitchen in a Christmas sweater
Sipping cold coffee on the phone with damaged goods

And there is not a single place that I would rather be
I'm fucked up just like you are, and you're fucked up just like me

[Chorus]

I don't care where you've been
How many miles, I still love you (2x)

I don't care (cold pizza)
Where you've been (tie-dye shirts)
How many (broken hearts) miles, I still love you
I don't care (hand me downs)
Where you've been (left overs)

How many (sloppy seconds) miles, I still love you

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