

# Mix Tape

## Robert Lopez and Jeff Marx

I got a twenty-dollar bill  
That says, 'No one's ever seen you without makeup  
          You're always made up'  
          And I'm sick of your tattoos  
And the way you always criticize the Smiths  
          And Morrissey  
          And I know that you're a sucker  
          For anything acoustic  
          But when I say let's keep in touch  
I really mean, I wish that you'd grow up  
          This is the first song for your mix tape  
          And it's short just like your temper  
          Somewhat golden like the afternoons  
We used to spend, before you got too cool  
          I got a twenty-dollar bill  
That says, 'No one's ever seen you without makeup  
          You're always made up'  
          And I'm sick of your tattoos  
And the way you don't appreciate Brand New  
          Or me  
          And I know that you're a sucker  
          For anything acoustic  
          But when I say let's keep in touch  
I hope you know I mean I wish that you'd grow up  
          This is the first song for your mix tape  
          And it's short just like your temper  
          Somewhat golden like the afternoons  
We used to spend, before you got too cool  
          Yeah, but I wish you were my shadow  
          Yeah, but I wish you were my shadow  
          Yeah, but I wish you were my shadow

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