

Plush Interior (feat. Watsky)

Vinyl Spectrum

She's got a stare, hunt you down like a viper
I shatter like broken glass
I keep it mellow, but she's always actin' hyper
She says it helps time pass

She's got King Kurt, Rey and Jack
Underneath the window shelf
I always tell myself I'm never going back
But no one really knows their true self

She's got me floating in a plush interior
It looks like hell to me
The way she lies contradicts her exterior
She just swallows the key

We'll I've been dreaming in colors and waves
It's the only way I can sleep
She's been dreaming in contrasting shades
It's the only way she can weep

With the legs, and the lips, with the candy apple red
I'm the chassy on the queen size bed
With the mindfuck and the tight sweater
With the bad good looks, and the good bad ideas in her head

I really would like to kiss you before I drop you off at home
Why won't you do what the kids do and act grown?
I can't admit that I miss you, I took your number out on my phone
I tend to pick the ones with the issues, they make me feel less alone

With the cheaps, with the cheaters, with the blush on her cheeks
With the chips in the paint, and the leaks
And the smell of burning rubber when she's heated and I'm weak
And the cigarette holes in the seats

She goes where she likes, no steerin' her
She locks her doors when you're near to her
But sometimes she lets me come inside
Pick upholstery, plush interior

Lyrics Submitted by Ryan

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