

# Mix Tape

## Jeff Marx and Robert Lopez

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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