

# Sloppy Seconds

## 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 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

My pattern with women isn't a flattering image  
But I don't want to run away because I said so  
I don't 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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