

SLOPPY SECONDS

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

F#min A D

Piano

VERSE 1

F#min A D C#min

Vox.

Pno.

HOOK

F#min A D C#min

Vox.

Cold piz - za Tie - dye shirts Bro - ken hearts Give 'em here Give 'em here

F#min A D C#min

Vox.

Hand-me-downs gim - me gim - me Left - o - vers gim - me gim - me Slop - py se - conds Give 'em here Give 'em here

CHORUS 1 & 2

F#min A D C#min

Vox.

I ___ don't care where you've been how ___ ma - ny miles I ___ still love

F#min A D C#min

Vox.

you I ___ don't care where you've been how ___ ma - ny miles I ___ still love

(repeat 2nd Chorus only)

SLOPPY SECONDS

Verse 1:

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 on your arms and the pink scar
where your doctor had to pull out all the bone chips
cause you were pressing on the gas just a bit hard
Right in the moment when the road curved a bit
sharp
and when you woke up somebody was unclipping
your seatbelt and pulling you from the open win-
dow of your flipped car

Hook:

Cold Pizza
Tie-Die shirts
Broken Hearts (Give em here)
Handmedowns
Leftovers
Sloppy Seconds (Give em here)

Chorus:

I don't care
where you've been
How many miles
I still love you

Verse 2:

Show me someone who says they've got no bag-
gage
I'll show you somebody who's got no story
nothing gory means no glory
So 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 cou-
ple presidents ago and I promise that I will rock it til
it's threadbare, bet on it
every single person's 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
the beer is flat, the cabs have been called
and everybody and their mama can hear the drama
that's happening behind these thin walls

Verse 3:

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 guys 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's
always coming crashing down, better let go
but in a couple years it will be retro
You rocked Mark echo
My shirts had the gecko
cause in the past man, I was hopeless
but now it's why my little cousins look the dopest
Woop woop fuck the fashion po-po
have a stale donut, 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 drinking cold coffee on the phone with
damaged goods

Bridge:

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

Cardboard Castles

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