

# Tate McRae, plastic palm trees

Used to drive 'round in your Wrangler  
In our deadbeat town  
In the parking lot  
We would talk about all the drama  
Had nothing better to do

Now I go out with my new friends  
To a party downtown  
In a new dress  
'Til the liquor runs out  
Every weekend  
Go out with somebody new

You could say that all my dreams came true  
Oh, what an underwhelming view

Thought that it was real  
Thought that it was worth it  
Out the window, everything was looking perfect  
Caught in a dream  
It's not what it seems

Thought that I was fine sitting in the backseat  
In the mirror really looked like I was happy  
Caught in a dream  
'Til something in my head said  
"I'm sorry"  
You were just looking at plastic palm trees  
Plastic palm trees

Didn't know you need a motive  
To keep a friend around  
To find a boyfriend who doesn't mess around  
Bet if you saw me doing well  
You'd hit me outta the blue

You could say that all my dreams came true  
Oh, what an oh-so-lonely view

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Thought that it was worth it  
Out the window, everything was looking perfect  
Caught in a dream  
It's not what it seems

Thought that I was fine sitting in the backseat  
In the mirror really looked like I was happy  
Caught in a dream  
'Til something in my head said  
"I'm sorry"  
You were just looking at plastic palm trees  
Plastic palm trees

It's not how it used to be  
Staring at plastic palm trees  
It's not how it used to be  
Staring at plastic palm trees