

SR-71, Right Now

She clings to me like cellophane,
Fake plastic submarine,
Slowly driving me insane,
But now that's over.

So what if the sex was great,
Just a temporary escape,
Another thing I grew to hate,
But now that's over!

Why
Why do you always kick me when I'm high,
Knock me down till we see eye to eye
Figured her out
I know she may not be Miss Right
But she'll do right now
She'll do right now

I used to hang on every word,
Each lie was more absurd
Kept me so insecure
But now that's over

She taught me how to trust,
And to believe in us,
And then she taught me how to cuss
That bitch it's over

You know I used to be.. such a nice boy

Why
Why do you always kick me when I'm high,
Knock me down till we see eye to eye
Figured her out
I know she may not be Miss Right
But she'll do right now

She clings to me like cellophane,
Fake plastic submarine,
She's driving me insane,
But now that's over (now that's over)

Why
Why do you always kick me when I'm high,
Knock me down till we see eye to eye
Figured her out
I know she may not be Miss Right
But she'll do right now
She'll do right now
Right now
Oh, right now