

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

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

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