

# All Time Low, Dear Maria, Count Me In

I got your picture  
I'm coming with you  
Dear Maria, count me in  
There's a story at the bottom of this bottle  
And I'm the pen

When the lights go up  
I want to watch the way you take the stage by storm  
The way you wrap those boys around your finger  
Go on and play the leader  
'Cause you know it's what you're good at;  
The low road for the fast track  
Make every second last

'Cause I got your picture  
I'm coming with you  
Dear Maria, count me in  
There's a story at the bottom of this bottle  
And I'm the pen  
Make it count when I'm the one who's selling you out  
'Cause it feels like stealing hearts  
Calling your name from the crowd

Live and let live  
You'll be the showgirl of the home-team  
I'll be the narrator  
Telling another tale of the American dream  
I see your name in lights  
We can make you a star  
Girl, we'll take the world by storm  
It isn't that hard...

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Calling your name from the crowd  
Whoa...

Ha ha..

Take a breath  
Don't it sound so easy?  
Never had a doubt  
Now I'm going crazy  
Watching from the floor

Take a breath  
And let the rest come easy  
Never settle down  
'Cause the cash flow leaves me  
Always wanting more

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