

All Time Low, This Is How We Do

Show us off to all your friends,
We're the trophy boys from here to if and when,
we break and break your dreams of,
keeping us a secret.
We're the back-pocket believers,
we're the locals who went postal,
call it treason while you can.

I'm just a face for every picture,
a smile for your scrap-books,
and a story to be told, and told, but I'm
but I'm loving every second
so commemorate this hour,
as the last I spend regretting what I have.

Boys, raise your glasses,
Girls, shake those...
(Get up, get up, get up!)
We're the party,
you're the people;
let's make this night a classic.
We play, you move
(Come on let me hear you!)
We're the party, you're the people,
and this is how we,
this is how we do.

The curtain's rising,
I'm forgetting where I've been.
I watch the lights go up,
on a star without his screen.
Set it off and sing it back.
Direction's keeping me on track.
But I'll admit, I do it all for the attention.

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