

All Time Low, The Girl's A Straight Up Hustler

Lipstick has a way of leaving more than just a mark on my sheets,
coloring my senses cherry red; at least for this week...

Kisses under starry night skies, talked about in song,
we play along, so bitter sweet by our design.

I'm sick and tired of writing songs about you,

This is it, this is the end...

Take off your makeup and put down the camera,

choke on the drama that makes me want to,

tear up the pictures, the pages you've saved,

creating a life of trends and make believe...

I've got no place in my heart for a criminal like you to dwell,
in this endeavor, make this last forever...

I'm just delirious,

You can't be serious,

You're so infamous for leaving me a mess...

Take off your makeup, put down the camera,

choke on the drama that makes me want to,

tear up the pictures and pages you've saved,

creating a life of trends and make believe...

She gets what she wants and she breaks what she gets,

get out while you can or she'll tear you to pieces /

"Are you having a good time sweetheart?"

Take off your makeup, put down the camera,

choke on the drama that makes me want to,

tear up the pictures and pages you've saved,

creating a life of trends and make believe...

Carry on home,

I'll be waiting miles and miles away,

leaving you to be forever seventeen,

cleaning up the messes that you've made.